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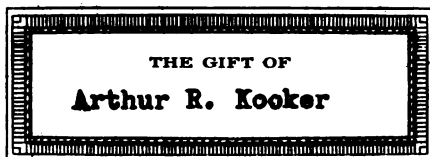
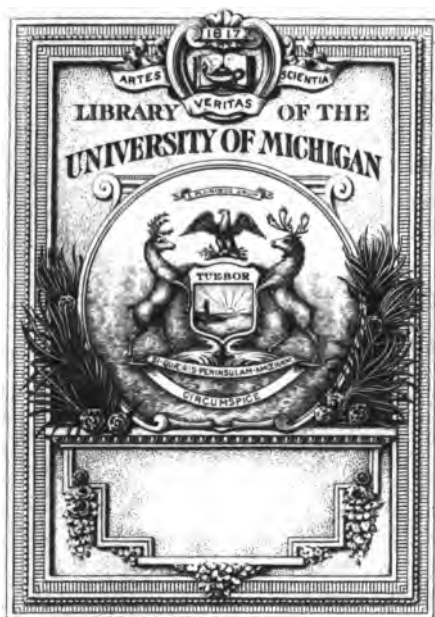
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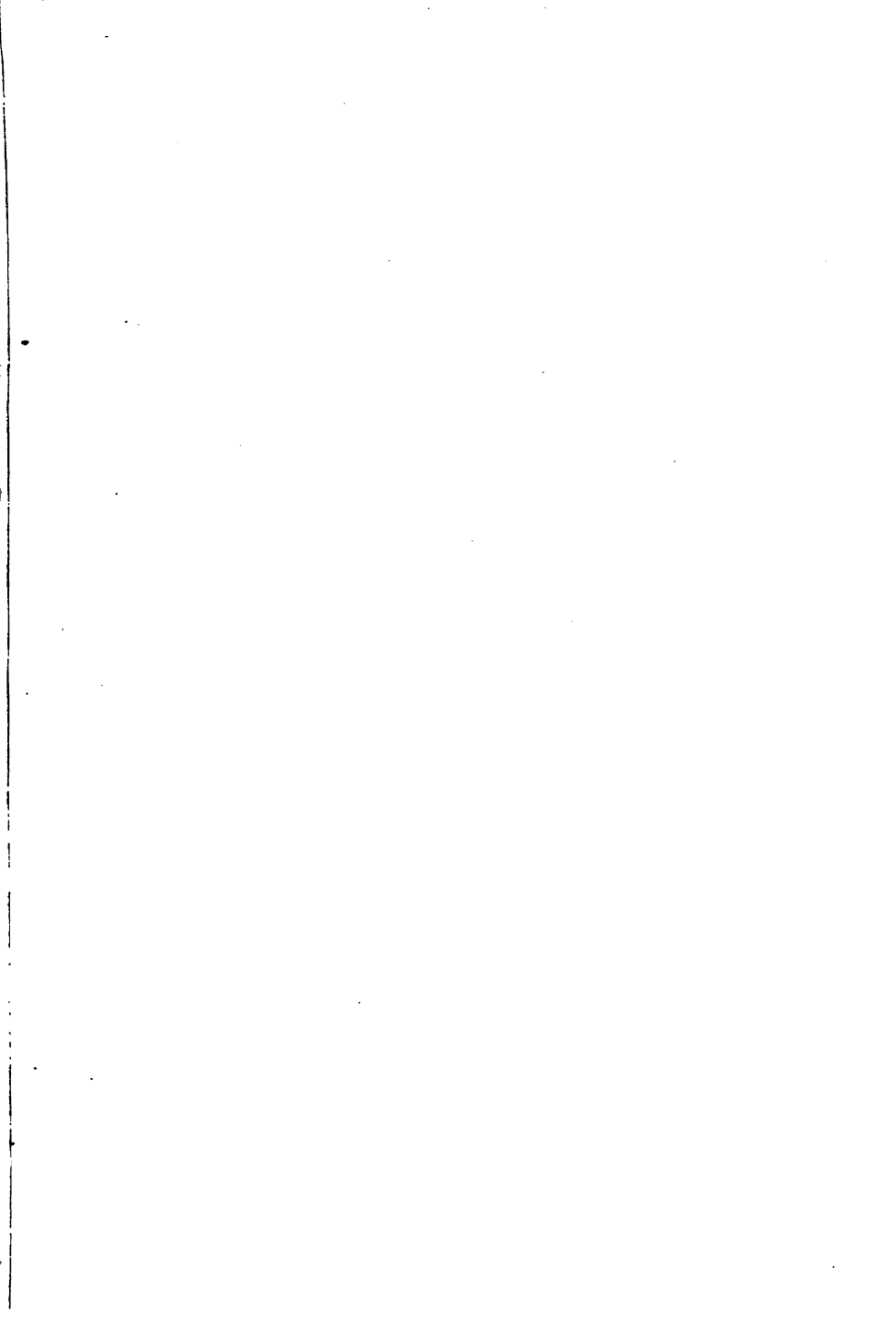
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Gives for the truth,
R. D. D. D.



A CONSECRATED LIFE

A Sketch of the Life and Labors of

Rev. Ransom Dunn, D.D.

1818-1900

By his daughter.

Mrs. HELEN DUNN GATES



BOSTON, MASS.:
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TO THE MANY WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM,
AND THE STILL LARGER NUMBER TO WHOM
HIS LIFE HAS BEEN AN INSPIRATION AND HIS
WORK A BLESSING, THIS VOLUME IS GIVEN BY
HIS DAUGHTERS, WITH THE HOPE THAT IT MAY BE
NOT ONLY A LOVING TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY,
BUT AN INCENTIVE TO OTHERS TO "SPEND AND
BE SPENT" IN THE SERVICE OF HIM WHO
"LOVED US AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR US."

Gift
Arthur F. Kooker
5-13-46

Preface

AT the urgent request of many friends this story of the life of Ransom Dunn has been prepared. He was a worker, not a record keeper, and much of his service is known only to the Master whom he served. His thought was ever for others, not of himself. His public efforts were largely extemporaneous and much of his ablest work without proper reports. But he kept at times brief journals for his convenience, and always preserved all letters received from friends. From these and the family letters, and many other sources, facts have been gathered.

For the kind assistance of numerous friends who have helped to make possible the completion of this work, our thanks are due. Also to the Morning Star Publishing House for the use of its files, to Mr. George A. Slayton for the files of *The Christian Freeman*, to Mrs. H. J. Carr for

files of Hillsdale College publications, and to Rev. D. M. Fisk for his biographical sketch of Professor Dunn.

If this sketch may bring to the memory of the old friends who have not gone on to meet him this energetic, consecrated worker, or recall to alumni of Hillsdale College the genial, saintly professor whom all students loved, or stir some young hearts to more devoted Christian service, it will have achieved its object.

HELEN DUNN GATES.

Scranton, Pa., July, 1901.

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I

ANCESTRY.—EARLY LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND

To few is granted the privilege of so long a life in such an important period of the world's history as the one whose life we attempt to chronicle. To have lived nearly the whole of the nineteenth century and watched the development of our country and the world, to have seen the immense strides taken in science and invention, the improvements in modes of travel and in conveniences of the homes of the people, was indeed a privilege.

When Ransom Dunn first opened his eyes in a pioneer's cabin in New England it was to see the flickering candle and the light from the log fireplace. He lived to see the lamp, the gas, and the electric light ; to feel the comforting warmth from the wood stove, coal furnace, and steam-heating plant. The settlers in those early days heard from each other rarely, only when some

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one journeyed from place to place on foot or horseback. To-day the white wings of the postal service are everywhere, the flying express carries messages, and the telegraph carries them faster still, while through the telephone we hear even the voices of friends from long distances. The journeys of those times were laborious efforts by stage-coach or private conveyance over roads made by occasional travelers. The bicycle, automobile, and electric car were not dreamed of, and the first proposals of steamboat and railway laughed at. Then the doctor carried in his saddlebags his small stock of medicines, and with his limited medical knowledge ministered to the needs of the scattered population. Now the science of surgery and medicine, with its many life-saving means and the comforts and luxuries of its hospitals with trained nurses, as well as educated specialists, performs wonders for suffering humanity. Invention has changed the methods of agriculture and business; book making has become an art, and book reading universal. Changes in public sentiment in regard to republican ideas, antislavery principles, the temperance question, and other moral reforms have been marked; while

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Christian activities for the masses in the great cities that have grown up in our country, and for the teeming populations of other lands, have been wonderfully increased.

Ransom Dunn, in his long life, not only saw and felt these changes but was a part of them, a factor in their development. His life of over eighty years was a record whose every page has its felt influence and permanent result. But to study it rightly we must begin back of its active work, for, as one historian has well said, "the entire man is seen in the cradle of the child. We must watch the infant in his mother's arms; we must see the first images which the external world casts upon the dark mirror of his mind, the first occurrences which he witnesses; we must hear the first words which awaken the sleeping powers of thought,—if we would understand the prejudices, the habits and passions, which will rule his life." Still farther back, indeed, should we trace the life stream and know the ancestry and their environments, and the influences thus brought to bear upon the life of the individual.

It will be interesting, then, to learn some facts in regard to the Dunn family. In 1635 there

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sailed from London, for the new colony of Virginia, the ship *Barmaneston*, Captain James Ricroft. The government, thinking that too many were leaving England, ordered that each alternate name should be erased from the list enrolled for passage. Thus the name of Oliver Cromwell was stricken out and he remained in England, while the name of Joseph Dunn, the next on the list, was retained, and he came to America. His son Thomas was made secretary of the party that was going on to New England. Most of these settled in Massachusetts. John Dunn, the grandson of Thomas, lived in Barnstable, and here in 1716 was born the little Doratha, the first child born in that town. Four other children came to his home, the youngest being George, who settled in Oakham, Mass. He was drafted by the English for the French and Indian War in 1745, and was taken prisoner and carried to France, exchanged and sent to Quebec. When he returned to Massachusetts after an absence of seven years, he found his wife had been dead five years. The little boy she left him, Alexander Dunn, became a lieutenant in the American army, and died in the

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battle of **Saratoga** in 1777. The father also entered the army of the Revolution, and, after the battle of **Bunker Hill**, was in the battle of **White Plains**, where he died on the field or was taken with other prisoners to starve in the "British hell-hole," as the **Long Island** prison was called. He had married again and left a family of eight children, who became scattered, some going to **Ohio**, others to **New York** and **Michigan**. One son, **James**, settled in **Bakersfield, Vt.**, about 1795. The next to the youngest was **John**, who seems to have been an active, energetic young man. He was a "teacher of singing schools and reading schools," and loved to travel from place to place to see and learn all he could. His brother **Joel** wrote him from **New Braintree**, in 1796: "I advise you to stop roving, for it is in vain to satisfy the eye you have roved over hill and valley. I am in hopes you will get a piece of land, and labor for yourself, so that you can reap the rewards in old age."

But it was not so much the advice of his brother as the face of a **Cornish** maiden, that led him to look for a home. For when his school closed in **Cornish, N. H.**, in 1796, he married

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Betsy Bartlett, the daughter of a well-to-do family of that town. The honeymoon might not have suited some maidens of to-day, for when he left her in the spring he had no chance to hear from her or send her a letter until September, when he wrote: "I arrived safely in Bakersfield, and have been at work on my house, which will soon be fit to live in. I shall be down to see you in eight weeks. It will be best to move in February, when sleighing is good." The house to which he took his young wife was a log cabin, the eleventh one built in that town. The location is thus described: "One of the numerous branches of the Green Mountains terminates about fifteen miles east of St. Albans and thirty miles north of Burlington in the town of Bakersfield. To the southwest, some three or four miles, lay 'Fletcher Hills' with a sort of opening between them and the blue head of Mt. Mansfield, some twenty-five miles distant, whose white cap is seldom laid aside until nearly July." John Dunn had thought to make a home in the Genesee valley in New York State, where relatives had gone and sent back reports of rich lands to be secured at cheap prices. But the relatives of his wife objected to

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their going to "such a wilderness, so far away," and he remained in New England. It may be questioned whether this was Providential leading, whether the sturdy sons reared in the cold snows of Vermont, and coming in contact with the awakening religious life of that period in New England, might not have been "speculators instead of preachers," as one of them said, had they been in a new and fertile country. John Dunn, however, found New England, near the Canada line, sufficiently new and near enough to a wilderness to demand hard work, and he went at it with determination. Three children, two sons and a daughter, came to the home to add to the enjoyment as well as care. In the midst of the hard but happy work the wife suddenly died, and left him alone with the little ones.

One of his neighbors was Major Elkanah Reed, whose family had moved from Massachusetts to Townshend, Vermont, and this young man had just made a home in Bakersfield for his young girl-wife. An older sister, Abigail Reed, was with them, and out of sympathy for the little children went to Mr. Dunn's home to help in time of need. Her quiet, kind ways soon won the

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heart of the father as well as the children, and she became his wife. Among old papers are found letters from her parents, Thomas and Ruth Reed, of Townshend, to their "loving children," Abigail and John, expressing appreciation of letters sent, and urging them to "send at every opportunity." These letters show the strong family attachment and also the circumstances of the times without postal facilities. Ransom remembers, when he was five years old, his mother's grief when a letter from her sister, Mrs. Ruth Reed Wright, told how their mother had died at Westminster, and asking that relatives at Fletcher be informed of the sad event. The letter is in the possession of the family, and closes with these pathetic words. "I want to see you so much, and brother Thomas promises to go with me two years from this winter if life and health are preserved"—a sad commentary on the poverty of the pioneer settlers and the lack of traveling accommodations.

Eight children were born to John and Abigail Dunn, four daughters and four sons, all of whom not only had enviable reputations in their neighborhood, but lived to hold positions of influence,

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and some of them to be widely known. The four sons became ministers. Hiram, the oldest, preached forty-five years as a Methodist Episcopal minister, and took into the church nearly five thousand people. He died suddenly in 1876, in the midst of a revival at Valley Falls, N. Y., where over one hundred had professed conversion. Lewis was a Baptist minister and preached for twenty-nine years in Fairfax, Vermont, holding the respect and love of the people by his ability and character. He became president of Pella College, Iowa, where he died on Thanksgiving Day, 1888, honored and esteemed by a large circle of friends. His son, Rev. A. T. Dunn, D. D., of Waterville, Me., is the General Secretary of the State Baptist Association; and a daughter, Mrs. Cornelia Henry, is a missionary in Tahiti. The youngest son of John Dunn was Thomas, an evangelist of great earnestness, a chaplain in the army, and appointed by General Butler superintendent of schools for colored children in New Orleans, where he died in 1862. The other son was Ransom, the tenth child of his father and seventh of his mother, born July 7, 1818. At his birth, when his mother's sister,

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Aunt Betsy Reed Carroll, asked what should be his name, the answer came quickly, "Ransom, for he is the ransomed of the Lord." Years proved that he was truly so, and also a chosen vessel for the King's service, for he spent sixty-four years in the ministry; forty-three years as a professor in a Christian college, thirty-five of these as a teacher of theology. Thus these four brothers gave one hundred and fifty years to the Christian ministry.

A home that could start such influences must have characteristics worthy of study. The father was a man of more than ordinary intellectual ability. He was a close thinker, and few dared to oppose him in argument. With little help from others he made himself an acknowledged authority on many questions. He helped to establish a village library and was himself its most constant reader. He was a practical and industrious man, however, not a dreamer. Working on his farm, or as a mason or carpenter, he kept his large family in comfortable circumstances and trained them to work. As Ransom expressed it, "he was a living example of mind in action." He served as justice of the peace in his town, and as

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Mother of Ransom Dunn.

sheriff of the county, and no one was more called on as administrator of estates and for other business matters than "Squire Dunn." In the War of 1812 he was captain of a company.

The mother was industrious and frugal, mild and even-tempered. She was never known to speak harshly, yet controlled well the children,—"a kind, patient, hard-working mother." A

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letter, written by a relative who visited her in 1845, speaks of "Aunt Dunn just as good and motherly as ever." Her son says of her and the home: "The soil was hard and stony, the climate rigorous, my father's health always feeble, and without taxing the imagination it is easy to see dark and trying days in that old log house with that large family, and especially during the war and the cold season that followed. I have heard my mother tell something of them, though she never complained. Her piety was not demonstrative, but her goodness of heart and daily example were an inestimable blessing to the family." She is well remembered by younger relatives as an old lady, in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Roys, of Woonsocket, Conn., where she died in 1858. Although eighty years of age, and nearly blind from old age and a growing cataract, she was bright and interested in affairs, and to the last devoted to her children.

In this quiet atmosphere of undemonstrative affection and earnest thinking, the little Ransom grew up. Being next to the youngest, and a delicate child, he was much in the house with mother and sisters. May not this account in part for the

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tender side of his nature and for the marked courtesy and gallantry toward women throughout his life? A nervous affection threatened his life when small, and the care of a sister, who kept him in the open air in the little home-made cart, saved his life, as he believed. Was it then he gained his love for the hills of Vermont, the dark foliage against the ever-changing clouds, and the rippling brooks below? This love for New England scenery never left him, and he always visited • the old home scenes whenever possible. His wife on one of these visits in their later years wrote to a daughter: "Your father is enjoying roaming over these mountains as usual, and no wonder, for the view is grand. We are waiting for a glimpse of 'the old man' (Mt. Mansfield) through the mists before we leave the green hills of Vermont and go through the heart of the White Mountains to the seashore."

The favorite place of the slender little boy in the old home was on the floor at full length in front of the large log fireplace, with a book. He learned to read ~~before he was~~ five years old, by a word method of his own, before the days of kindergartens. His ~~description~~ of this is interesting.

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“Every boy,” he says, “has a starting-point from which he takes the grand leap of his life. And somewhat in accordance with the character of this point and the extent of the leap will be his destiny for life. It may appear trivial at the time, perhaps unseen by others, and possibly forgotten by himself, but there is a point at which the intellect breaks forth, in connection with something learned or something performed, into a more intellectual or spiritual life. With me the ‘big primer’ was the occasion, trying to read it the great effort. A small primer had been mastered, with its long list of letters and monosyllables. But now the book with long words and stories was presented. With firm resolution I seated myself upon the pile of chips near the big wood-pile, and commenced the task word by word, letter by letter. How slow the progress! While I had laboriously read only one page my father had read almost half a volume of Gibbon’s ‘Decline and Fall,’ and my sister nearly finished a book of ‘Captain Cook’s Travels.’ I said, ‘I will read as fast as anybody,’ and I did. A second and third reading supplied the words not known, and corrected mispronounced ones, and with untiring

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energy and application I soon made those stories of George Washington mine." As he grew older and read more he formed the habit of making abstracts to aid his memory in collecting facts. Such notes on the history of Egypt, and also extracts on practical Christian living, made when thirteen years old, are now in the hands of his children and show the bent of his mind.

Childish amusements were few, but a great treat was "muster day," when the militia drilled on the green and the children spent their few hard-earned and greedily saved pennies for gingerbread. The picture he drew in later life of the bombastic "Colonel" who had never been in a battle and whose bravery was not without question, and of the awkward squad, showed that underneath the childish curiosity were both a vein of humor and a keen judgment of human nature.

A cousin tells of him that his playmates "loved him because he never quarreled with them but made up any differences that might arise among the children." His love for little children and for helpless animals was noticeable, and this regard for all living things always characterized him.

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He could never bear to hear a baby cry, and one who knew him said, "It always seemed as if his face said, 'Let the little ones come unto me.'"

II

EARLY CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.—THE CALL TO SERVICE

The early religious experience that led to the decision of the life-work of Ransom Dunn can fortunately be given in his own words, from papers found in his desk after his death. "My father and mother were once Methodists but the class was disbanded, and they never again united with an organized church. But my father, though naturally inquisitive and doubtful respecting everything not positively demonstrated, never denied the existence of a God, the truth of the Bible, or the doctrine of immortality. In life strictly moral, with much more general knowledge than ordinary men of his position in life, he lived a thoughtful life and at last died in peace. My mother was a lover of God and man, with a belief in Christ and

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redemption. With such a head and heart to preside over the family, there was no excuse for neglecting study or worship.

“At eight years of age my thoughts were seriously turned toward God by the conversion of an older brother. Several times I retired in the evening for prayer, as I had seen him do; but a strange fearfulness prevented, and I concluded to wait four years, when I would be as old as my brother. From that time my interest in religion seemed to cease, and my heart grew harder. But at the end of four years, my conviction of sin returned with added sorrow for loss of time. My first attempts at prayer were interrupted, every plan for reformation was defeated, and another year was lost by mental conflict and procrastination. Much of this time, attracted by a new church and Sunday-school library, I walked three miles for the service, improving my taste for reading, but not my piety.

“About this time, a godly sister of mine, Amanda Dunn Montague, and her husband invited a few other Christians in the neighborhood to meet on Sabbath evenings at sunset

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and pray for a revival. I knew of these seasons of prayer, but did not attend until a gentleman returning from a camp-meeting full of the zeal of a new convert went through the neighborhood exhorting the people to seek salvation. The earnest prayers of the few were heard; the revival was there and continued for three months without any preacher. Prayer meetings in private houses, seasons of prayer in groves, were the means used under God of gathering most of the young people, and some heads of families, but no children of my age. On one Wednesday evening a very good man, my brother-in-law, expressed regret that no public conversions had occurred for two weeks, and questioned if any would take up the sad lamentation, 'The harvest is past, and the summer is ended, and I am not saved.' The text was repeated three times, and to me it was the most impressive and effectual of any text I ever heard. It led me to a decision, and the next Sabbath evening I gave my heart to Christ."

Thus the example and prayers of Christian relatives and friends were the means, with the Holy Spirit's power, of leading to the Saviour

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this timid, sensitive boy who was destined to become a courageous soldier of the cross. None of those most instrumental in his salvation are now living, but their work has been going on through his life all these years and will continue through the hundreds he in turn has led to Christ. Among those who influenced him was his school teacher, of whom he tells this incident: "When about twelve years of age, I was sitting in school with a boy who was very restless, and the teacher picked up his slate and gave him a copy to write, 'Time, Time, how few there be that know thy worth!' That sentence brought to me by accident apparently awakened a purpose that has not changed, and had a great influence on my life."

Another helpful friend was his Aunt Betsy Carrol, at whose house on "King's Hill" many prayer meetings were held, and who had special interest in Ransom. She lived to visit him when a pastor in Boston, and to show her continued zeal by house-to-house visitation of the street in which they lived. The gentleman whose earnest words at last brought him to a decision was Harry Montague, whose wife was

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the self-appointed nurse of his sickly childhood, and now his spiritual guide to salvation.

But his mind was not yet at rest. He says: "For three years my profession of faith was maintained by attending and participating in prayer meetings, although I never in any meeting exceeded one minute in speaking or prayer. I united with no church. There were two pedo-baptist churches not far from my home, but as I did not believe that infant sprinkling was Christian baptism, I could not unite with either without approving of what I did not believe, or assuming it proper to receive members without baptism. I did not like the episcopacy which occasioned the dissolution of the society to which my parents belonged, neither could I accept the predestination of the other church, which believed repentance, faith, and salvation possible only for the elect, and that regeneration by the immutable purpose of God necessarily must precede repentance and faith. Unionism as advocated by the *Union Herald* of New York, and by John Truax and his associates in New England, weakened the feeling of obligation respecting church membership and vis-

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ible ordinances. But the Lord interposed and led me to feel intensely anxious for a deeper work of grace in my heart. The ideas of the spiritual God and freedom from sin that led to my first prayer, 'Though my sins are as many as the sands on the sea-shore, yet, O Lord, forgive them all,' had somewhat lost their force on my soul, through these years of weakness. Now I prayed and struggled for weeks for increase of divine grace. At last I went twenty miles to attend a meeting of days, hoping for new light and power. But more discouraged than ever I started home at sunset. The half-developed moon and the fleecy clouds only added gloom to the evening ride. I could think of no other place to go for help, and, in a kind of sinking self-abnegation, I said in my heart to God, 'I can do nothing else.' Before I was aware of it the gloom was gone, the stars broke through the clouds. God was good. Upon reaching home it seemed more desirable to retire to the grove for prayer than to bed for rest. The next day seemed like a new day. In the next prayer meeting the atmosphere was different. Instead of a minute in prayer I

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wanted an hour ; instead of a single sentence of testimony I could exhort earnestly. The farmer's kitchen seemed as good a place for worship as the most splendid church. That little church of ten members, mostly old people, among the hills back from the main road, with no prospect for a house of worship or pastor, seemed to me better than the large church in the village, because their doctrines agreed with the New Testament, and their praying was in the Holy Ghost. I was baptized and united with that church, and the membership has never been regretted."

The condition of New England for some years after the War of 1812 was hard. Great scarcity of provisions was felt. Ransom remembered hearing his mother tell that when his father was in the army they ate their last meal of potatoes, and she did not know where the next meal would come from, when she saw the father coming up the road, and things brightened with his coming. There were several cold and unproductive seasons. Spotted fever swept over New England. A tide of emigration to the

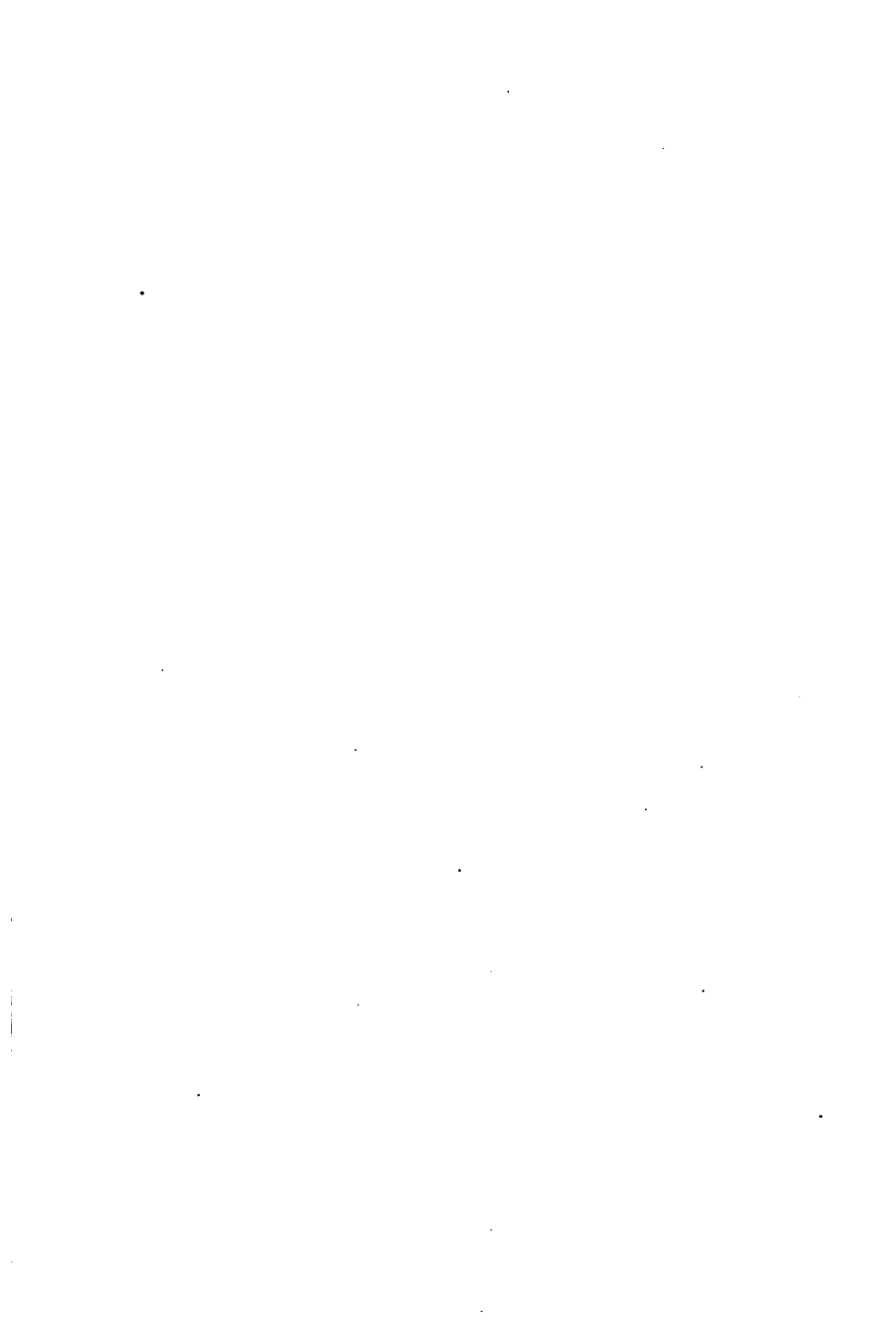
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new West set in. A general religious torpor seemed to prevail. The influence of the wonderful awakenings under Whitefield fifty years previous had somewhat faded away. Dissipation and profanity were prevalent. We have seen how this was realized in Vermont, and the few consecrated Christians were praying for re-awakenings. One small and young denomination was standing for vital piety and active Christian service as opposed to the hireling unconsecrated ministry, hyper-Calvinism, and other errors of the larger churches. Its leader had been Benjamin Randall, a convert of George Whitefield and a man of wonderful spiritual power. His associates and followers were noted for humble piety and self-sacrificing labors; and, conversion of souls being their chief object, revivals followed their efforts everywhere. Randall and Buzzell had started churches of this faith in Vermont, Colby and others followed them, and the influence of this devoted people was being felt.

Charles Bowles, a negro born in Boston, whose mother was a daughter of a celebrated officer in the American army, had become a



The Old Home in Bakersfield, Vermont.



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Christian and united with this people, called the Freewill Baptists. He was a man of great natural ability, and felt called to the ministry, and the results of his first efforts in Vermont seemed to prove his divine call, for one hundred and fifty were converted and a church of ninety organized. At one time he stopped at the home of John Dunn at Bakersfield, and as he left he placed his hand on the head of little Ransom and said, "My boy, be ready for the call of the Lord. He may want you." This little incident made a deep impression upon the young boy. In 1823, Mr. Bowles organized a church at Enosburgh, Vermont, consisting of five members, one of whom was Perley Hall, a licensed Methodist Episcopal preacher who was soon ordained as a Free Baptist minister. Thus was laid the foundation of the Enosburgh Q. M., with which Ransom became connected. It was the preaching of Elder Bowles and Elder Fay that first stirred the heart of the young boy. It was Elder Perley Hall who baptized the young man in 1834.

"About this time," he tells us, "I read an article in *The Morning Star* on 'The Valley of the

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Mississippi,' giving a plain statement of the present and prospective population and religious needs of that vast field. Before closing that reading in deep feeling and tears the conviction was upon me with awful force that it was my duty to go there and preach the Gospel." It would be interesting to know what hand penned the article that turned the thoughts of this young man toward the opening fields of the West. We may not know positively, but possibly it was such ringing sentences as these from the pen of the scholarly Arthur Caverno in the issue of Aug. 20, 1834: "What a vast field is opened for missionary labor in the West! Where shall they look for help if not to New England? Every western breeze brings to our ears the plaintive cry, 'Come over and help us!' Have we none among Free Baptists who will say, 'Here am I, send me'? The voice that cries for aid is mighty and irresistible. For who is there that can but reflect that the salvation of a soul in western wilds though tenanted a log cabin is as much an object of concern to Jesus Christ as the most cultivated man in a New England city? We must, and

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through Divine grace will, do something." This, and other editorials from David Marks and William Burr, together with selections from "Peck's Guide to Emigrants" and Dr. Lyman Beecher's book on the West, gave the issues of *The Morning Star* at that time a new outlook. This paper, started in 1826 in Limerick, Maine, and moved to Dover, N. H., in 1833, was the organ of the Freewill Baptists; and as we scan the pages of those early numbers we read in the constant reports of revivals and the earnest defence of Scripture truth the spiritual character of that denomination. It was this paper that, next to the Bible perhaps, influenced Ransom Dunn most at this time. The publication of Finney's lectures on revivals and other articles of like nature stirred his heart, but it was this plea for the great West that rang in his ears continually. It was to those who had gone where churches were few, and pastors and evangelists were needed, that he felt called to go and preach. He says, "This conviction never left me, although the reasons against it seemed irresistible. I knew my ability was inadequate, the means for an education impossible,

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inflammation of my eyes unfavorable for study, and that my parents with their estimate of ministers would be shocked at any such notion. I had never seen a Freewill Baptist supported in the ministry, nor a Freewill Baptist house of worship, choir, or Sabbath school. Nothing but the conviction of duty and the promises of God could furnish the least encouragement. A year of conflict ensued between the conviction of duty and the impossibility of its performance. Having concluded to leave the whole matter to the Providence of God, I was about to open the subject to my father when he was suddenly taken sick and died in 1835. But my sisters were settled with their families, my oldest brother a Methodist Episcopal preacher, my second brother in school studying for the Baptist ministry, and the care of the mother and the farm seemed to rest on me. Thus another year was passed with the continued conviction of duty in regard to my life-work." During part of the time, according to his father's suggestion he acted as clerk in the village store. But it was evident to his employer as well as to himself that he was not

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adapted to that work. The Lord was opening the way for him to go into the life-work He had chosen for him.

At the monthly church conference in August, 1836, it was voted unanimously, without his previous knowledge of such intention, that "the church request the Q. M. to give Brother Ransom Dunn license to preach the Gospel." Upon the first Saturday of September, 1836, such license was granted. "Thus," he says, "was I thrust into the field, and not daring to resist any longer immediately commenced the work, intending to concentrate all my study and energies toward that end." His first sermon had been preached at his home church at their request, the text being, "Now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee." The council for examination consisted of five Freewill Baptists ministers, Perley Hall, Anson Kilburn, Amos Davis, Raymond Austin, and David Colby. The question was asked, "What supernatural evidence have you of a call to preach?" and the answer was, "I have a deep and settled conviction that it is a duty, and I believe it is the Holy Spirit that produces this

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conviction." And throughout his whole life he never swerved from this position. He felt "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." That evening the moderator called upon him to preach, and he took the text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

Under appointment as a Quarterly Meeting missionary his labors were mostly in Vermont that winter, with brief visits to Canada and New York. He was gaining in experience and was strengthening the churches and there were already many calls for his services. But his native State was not destined to be the field of his labors. The early conviction that it was his duty to go West returned with added power, and after a struggle in the snowy woods of Canada one night, he settled forever the question of his position and place as he said, "Anywhere, Lord!" and turned his face toward the great West away from home and friends. "Everything was surrendered and God's will and truth were satisfactory, regardless of popularity, policy, or apparent consequences." This was his consecration at eighteen years of age, and this devotion to God's will and service became his attitude through life.

III

EVANGELISTIC WORK IN OHIO

To travel from Vermont to Ohio in 1837 seemed more of an undertaking than to go to Europe to-day. In 1824, Joab and John B. Dunn, the half-brothers of Ransom, went to New York City to work, and the receiving of their letters, telling of their long trip and the great city, was an important event in the home; and their death, soon after their return, a shock to the community, and a great blow to the father. Hiram and Lewis, older brothers of Ransom, had been to Massachusetts and Connecticut in 1831, and their accounts of the events of their first long journey were read with great interest. As they were driving cattle through, they were eleven days on the road, and, passing through Rutland, Manchester, and other towns, saw many unfamiliar sights. The most wonderful thing they saw was a pipe organ; another beautiful sight was a

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peacock, which they called "a turkey with a colored tail three feet long." Rye bread instead of Indian was the staple diet, and a queer pie "made of a stalk like dock weed" (rhubarb) was a new luxury. The fashionable ladies with "pantalets" were described to the sisters. Working for twelve dollars a month, and sometimes four dollars a week, they made enough during the summer to return with store clothes on and money in their pockets, to be the envy of the other boys in the neighborhood who had not traveled.

But this proposed journey of the younger brother Ransom was a different matter. It was neither for business nor pleasure, and it was so far they could hardly expect to see him again. The mother parted from him with tears, giving him as she thought her last good-bye. He settled his father's estate, and took his part, thirteen dollars, to prepare for his trip. He had expected to go with Jairus Davis, who had been to Ohio the previous year, but Mr. Davis was at that time successfully conducting revivals in Vermont and thought best not to leave. His brother Kinsman decided to go, but he was

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young and inexperienced in travel. Two women going to western New York were placed under the care of Mr. Dunn. The party went by stage-coach to Saratoga, where they had their first ride on a railroad, a line of twenty miles having just been built. The cars were like stage-coaches, the road was a single track with flat rail, and the train went ten miles an hour. The conductor stood on the side of the car to take fares and to watch for the coming of the other train. At the Pan-American Exposition this year a similar train is to be seen in the railway transportation exhibit, the "De Witt Clinton," whose little engine presents a striking contrast to the immense locomotive of modern construction by its side. At Schenectady they reached the Erie Canal, which was to take them to the Great Lakes.

They stopped at Rochester and heard Elder David Marks preach, and Mr. Dunn received his cordial God-speed to his new field of labor. The wife of David Marks, now Mrs. Hills, recalls the early acquaintance and lifelong friendship of David Marks and Ransom Dunn, and says, "They were congenial spirits, alike in their consecration to the

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work of their chosen denomination ; they were alike in their almost incessant labors, in their zeal and earnestness in preaching and their consuming passion for the salvation of souls." After Mr. Mark's death in 1845, Mr. Dunn wrote to his wife, "I mourn as I never before mourned for any minister. I read his 'Narrative' with deep interest soon after my conversion and it produced an anxious desire for more holiness of heart and higher attainments in the Christian life. After my call to the ministry, I read it again and the effect was deepened. Much of my usefulness—if there are any useful spots in my life—can be attributed to that peculiar sympathy for sinners and anxiety for their salvation which was wrought in my heart by reading his 'Narrative' more than any other book except the Bible." After their Sunday at Rochester with Elder Marks, our travelers went on to Buffalo, where they took a steamer for Conneaut. The whole trip took nine days and cost eight dollars, which Mr. Dunn was obliged to borrow of a friend.

Leaving the steamer at Conneaut, he took his little trunk on his back, climbed over the logs at the landing, and made his way to the home of

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Silas Davis, an older brother of Jairus and Kinsman. He felt the reception a little cool. The country was new, several young preachers had visited that section,—some of them not well qualified to be of service to the cause,—and the good brethren looked a little askance at this boy preacher from the Green Mountains. He was too modest to tell of his own work, so he went into the corn field to work for his board for a few days, determined to wait till the approaching session of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting and prove his call. The meeting came. The stranger attended, sat on the back seat, and when opportunity was offered arose and spoke. The ministers and congregation felt the thrill of suppressed power in the speech of this frail looking young man, and all eyes were turned upon him as he quietly took his seat and bowed his head in prayer. The moderator of the meeting was Rev. Josiah Fowler, father of Spencer J. Fowler, afterward professor in Hillsdale College. At the close of the prayer service, Elder Fowler and Elder Wire came to him and said, "You are to preach the sermon." "Oh, I can't," he said, "and yet that's what I came

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for." A few moments of prayer and thought in the open air, and he went to the platform and spoke with powerful effect from the text: "Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not thy holy spirit from me. Then will I teach transgressors thy way, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." Prophetic words! At the close of the service, a fine looking elderly lady came up to him and said, "I heard a voice say, 'Behold thy son!' Come to my home." She was a widow, Mrs. Hause, a good Christian lady who lived in a comfortable house which for a time became his home.

Rev. J. B. Davis had written from northern Ohio the previous year: "Religion is in a low state. We want men who have been called of God, willing to face cold storms, travel muddy roads, lodge in log houses,—men who have the grace of God, and whose faces are set as a flint toward Zion. I believe God is calling some to come to Ohio." Could he have better described the one God was calling—Ransom Dunn? And now he was here, and the work was ready for him. Elder Wire made an appointment for him at Lenox, and other places asked for his services. At

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these first meetings small collections were taken, amounting to about nine dollars, so he could pay the debt for his trip from New England to Ohio.

He tells us that "at the next session of the Ashtabula Q. M., held at Mecca in Trumbull Co., August, 1837, a request for my ordination, voted and presented without my knowledge, from the Lenox church, was considered. And as the council and conference unanimously approved, and as I had settled it as a rule of life never to seek responsibility of place or office, nor to refuse to attempt what Providence and the church might demand, the decision of the Conference was executed." He was appointed to preach the sermon after the council, which he did, speaking on Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. His journal shows that that night was a sleepless one. He wept and prayed as he thought of the responsibility laid upon his life "being set apart at his early age for the work of the ministry and the administration of the ordinances." Sunday morning, August 20th, the day appointed for the ordination, the journal tells us, "was a beautiful morning, and as I walked out and beheld the beauties of nature and considered

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my past life and future prospects, very solemn feelings passed through my mind. I felt a conviction that it would be my duty to address the people that morning—though, why I should with other older ministers present I did not know—and after praying earnestly that the Lord would help me in a remarkable manner if called upon, I started for the block meeting-house and met the moderator, who said, ‘You are to preach first this morning,’ and if ever the Lord helped me he did then.” No house could hold the great audience that gathered from the surrounding country, and a hastily constructed platform in an open space made the pulpit from which the young candidate with earnest face pleaded with souls as he spoke from the text, “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.” Sinners were awakened to conviction and backsliders were turned to duty. Among these was the brother-in-law of Silas Davis, A. K. Moulton, who became a brilliant preacher, forceful writer, and energetic worker in the denomination, and his son the president of Rio Grande College.

But the hour arrived which he called “the most momentous of my life, and the trials and re-

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sponsibilities of a Christian minister came before my mind, and I could only cry in the humility of my soul, 'My Lord and my God.' " The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Samuel Wire, the text being 2 Cor. 3: 6. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dan H. Miller, the charge was given by Rev. Josiah Fowler; and the young preacher went from the green of Mecca to his next appointment and to others, as Providence opened the way—an ordained minister, but the same humble, devoted evangelist, using every opportunity to present the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few quotations from his journal will show the character of his life and work. "Thursday. This morning I chanced to fall in company with a young man walking from New Lyme to Colebrook. After conversing with him for a time, I urged upon him the claims of God, and the necessity for giving himself at once to him, and invited him to turn aside with me into the grove, where I prayed for him. He then prayed for himself for the first time, and promised to live a Christian life." "Friday. Spent most of the day studying and writing. Attended a prayer

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meeting in the evening." "Sunday. Attended a meeting at a large schoolhouse. More than half the congregation could not get into the house." A frequent entry is, "Spent the forenoon in meditation and prayer," and almost every day that has not meetings records "visited several families," with interesting incidents of personal conversation and prayer, and results following in reclaiming backsliders or leading to decision for Christ some unconverted one. Notwithstanding the incessant labors in public work, he found time for much study, and was systematic in keeping memoranda of texts used; of travel, with the kind mention of homes where he was entertained; of donations received in money and articles.

Usually he walked to and from his preaching places. It is related that, on one occasion, night overtook him in the woods and he lost his way. It was winter and the snow was drifting. He did not dare to sit still, he dared not go on into the depths of the forest, so he found a large tree and continued walking around it all night. But it was one of the most peaceful nights of his life, he said afterward, for he felt the presence

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of God himself with him. After a time he succeeded in getting a horse and saved much time and strength for his work. At one time he had an appointment at Trumbull, and had to ride fifteen miles in the midst of a pouring rain. It was in the autumn, and the falling leaves had obliterated the winding path, and fog and mist grew so dense that he could not see. His voice could not be heard by distant settlers, and this section was known to be infested with wolves. The prospect was dreary, for night was coming on. He concluded to let the horse find his own way out, but found the horse sinking in mud, and even though he used his hand and whip to defend himself the branches of trees often struck his face. So he dismounted, felt for a large tree, and taking his saddle for a seat placed himself as comfortably as possible for the night. "In this gloomy situation," he says, "I found the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always,' verified in a remarkable manner. Occasionally the rustling of the leaves reminded me that the wild beasts were not far off, and branches of trees fell very near me, but the tree under which I sat was not broken by wind or lightning. In

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the morning, by winding my way around the logs, I was directed by a kind Providence towards inhabitants, and by ten o'clock was seated by a good fire and given refreshment." Again in the winter he had a narrow escape from death. "It was a cold and blustering day, but I had an appointment at Charlestown. I had ridden about a mile, when we met a man with a wheelbarrow, which terrified my horse and caused him to turn so quickly as to roll the saddle upon his side, and while trying to save myself from falling the girth unbuckled and I was thrown upon the ground, which was frozen. My horse's feet came directly over me, but I was mercifully spared, and went on my way. When I arrived at my destination my clothes were covered with ice, and I was chilled through. This is a specimen of the ease of a traveling minister." It was a life of faith and dependence on God. One day as he was riding along, he noticed that his trousers were well worn and knew that he had no others and no money to buy any, and he told the Lord about it. As he came to a field a man recognized him and said: "How are you getting along? Isn't there something I can do for you?"

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Don't you want some new clothes? You know I'm a sort of tailor." He got off from his horse and had his measures taken for a new suit.

But the greatest compensations were in the spiritual results. His first baptism was at Wayne and he thus reported it. "I had the privilege of leading five happy converts into the river. This being the first time I had administered the ordinance, I felt something of a trembling, but realizing where my trust was, I ventured forth, and the Lord helped me and caused me to rejoice with joy unspeakable, as also all the candidates. This I rank with the happiest days of my life." Many of the meetings were held in schoolhouses, but some in the homes of the people. The wife of Rev. Samuel Clawson, now living in Iowa, remembers a meeting in her house when it was so crowded that they knelt on her kitchen table to pray. Rev. N. W. Bixby, who tells this story, says, "The dear old lady delights to tell of the great reformation in that town at that time."

The places visited the first season were Lenox, New Lyme, Trumbull, Green, Williamsfield, and other communities in Ashtabula and Trumbull

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counties. In the winter he was called to Medina county, and the first of a series of glorious revivals took place at LaFayette. Among the converts were Mr. and Mrs. Field, the father and mother of Mrs. A. F. Johnston, the lady principal of Oberlin College. A church of forty members was organized in this place, the first church organized by Ransom Dunn, and the first church planted in that town. Extensive reformatations also occurred at Westfield, New York, and Seville. One of his helpers in Medina county was S. B. Dyer, son of Rev. S. B. Dyer, of New Hampshire. His daughter remembers the services in the log schoolhouse at LaFayette, when the men stood, and the children sat in the little chairs which had been brought for them in the wagons, the women occupying the school benches and other seats provided for the occasion. Others who lived too far to attend, or were too small to go, eagerly anticipated the occasional visit of the preacher, when his conversation at the table, his leading of family prayer, were remembered and discussed for a long time after. One lady has the thirty-seventh Psalm marked in her Bible "Elder

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Dunn's Psalm " because, she says, from childhood it has been her remembrance of him and its lesson of trust so like him always.

In 1838 Trumbull, Williamsfield, and Wayne were the scenes of great revivals. At these protracted meetings, as they were called, he often preached three times a day. During this year he had three hundred and sixty-five meetings and traveled over three thousand miles. At Wayne there were one hundred conversions, fifty coming forward for prayer after a single sermon. It is related that some of the converts in these meetings gave their jewelry to the preacher to use for the cause of Christ. He sold it as requested, and gave the money to the missionary field.

In January, 1839, a Christian man in the town of Cherry Valley offered to heat and furnish with seats the upper story of a large wood house, if Elder Dunn would come for a two days' meeting. He came, and found every available space filled in this hall. Four hundred people were waiting the message of God from this Spirit-filled preacher. For eight days this was the very gate of heaven to these anxious souls. As a result of this Pentecost over one hundred were baptized and gathered

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into a church. Among them were several who became ministers, S. F. Smith, E. D. Lewis, the Woodworth brothers, and others. Rev. E. H. Higbee says of this revival at Cherry Valley : " I have never been in any meeting before or since of such depth and power, nor of so wide extent, for it extended over ten townships. They came for miles in all directions to hear the Word of God, and out of that revival sprang a score of ministers directly and indirectly." Rev. Jairus E. Davis had returned to Ohio and held some meetings with Mr. Dunn. At Berg Hill nearly fifty were baptized and formed into a church. " At Richmond," Mr. Dunn says, " there was not a praying man three months before in the whole district. Fifty, and many of them heads of families, were led to Christ."

Dr. G. H. Ball, president of Keuka College, gives an account of some of the meetings where he first heard him preach. " One was in Green, Trumbull county, in which Rev. D. L. Rice and many others were converted. Though I heard him only twice, his rapidity of thought, forceful utterance, and magnetic power impressed me deeply. He was only a year older than I, but

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appeared more mature, and was judged by people generally to be at least twenty-five instead of twenty years of age. He had then been preaching fully two years. His language was elegant and strong, his sentences well formed, statements lucid, illustrations vivid, and manner animated and graceful. The young men who listened to criticise pronounced him a natural born orator, with the hot blood of Scotch, Irish, and Yankee in his veins. The following year I was teaching in Mercer county. The school was large, with the majority of the scholars sixteen to twenty years of age. After a while it was announced that Elder Dunn was coming, and I at once told my pupils that a sweeping revival was imminent, for 'that Dunn is a concrete tornado.' The effect of his presence and sermons was all my prophecy suggested. Scores were converted in a week. Among the converts were J. S. Manning, the apostle to the freedmen, and myself. For several years after this I seldom saw or heard him, as I was at school, but his reputation filled the air on the Western Reserve. Among all denominations, he was sought on every hand for revival meetings."

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There were many exhibitions of deep feeling during these meetings, but that it was real conviction of sin and the influence of the Holy Spirit was evident from the changed lives and from the permanent results. Some of the Free Baptist churches then formed exist to-day. Other converts went into other denominations, and many churches in that section owe their foundation to the consecrated labors of this pioneer evangelist. And the young men who, through his influence, were not only led to Christ but into the Gospel ministry, went into other States and built up churches. A lady who taught in some of these places years afterward, said, "It was my privilege to meet many who took their first steps heavenward through your influence, and to see the lasting good on these communities of your meetings and conversations." Mrs. Temperance Hyde of New Lyme, who knew him intimately, wrote to him in late life: "When you came to Ohio you were called 'the boy preacher,' but you were not a babe in Christ, for you were strong in the Lord, and God's blessing followed you wherever you went. You sowed your seed

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"The Boy Preacher." 1838.

in the early dew, harvested your grain while the sun was up, and now as the shadows are falling you are taking in your sheaves."

It is interesting to note that he not only started these converts in the Christian life, but continued his assistance and kept their friendship, as we shall see as we meet them in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, New York, and elsewhere, and his letters show that so long as they lived they were

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his loyal friends. The wife of D. L. Rice relates that after his ordination by Elder Dunn, as his old friends loved to call him, Mr. Rice was appointed to preach his first sermon at Lenox, and Elder Dunn went with him to encourage him. He told him he would be glad to let him stand on him if it would do him any good. His converts were noted for their earnest labor, and were well grounded in the faith.

It was astonishing how soon the unknown boy from the Vermont hills had become the acknowledged leader in the religious life of that country and known throughout the denomination. His name was now mentioned first in all accounts of quarterly and yearly meetings, and his few and brief letters given prominent place in the *Star* columns. It will be interesting to quote from some of these letters in regard to the work as he saw it at the time. He writes to Mr. Burr from LaFayette, May, 1838: "Perhaps it would not be entirely uninteresting to some of the readers of your periodical, and particularly those with whom I have had acquaintance in the eastern country, to hear something from the youth in whose welfare they seemed to manifest some

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degree of interest. Last June, after passing through a trying scene in parting with a large circle of relatives, I bade adieu to the hills and vales of Vermont. Although but a youth, in my nineteenth year, I felt to trust in that God that directed and sustained David. By his direction I found my way to the Ashtabula Quarterly Meeting, where I spent the season ; and then, after spending a few weeks in Portage and Geauga counties, I went to Huron county, where I tarried four weeks, mostly in Hartland, where the Lord saw fit to revive his work. Then I came to this place and was joined by Elder J. E. Davis. A number have been baptized and a church organized. In accordance with a request from Westfield, we held a meeting in that place, which lasted seventeen days. Scores were seen flocking to the altar for prayer, whose heartfelt sighs bespoke the anguish of their hearts. But soon the song of the happy convert was heard which gladdens the hearts of saints on earth, and causes angels in heaven to rejoice. It is estimated that one hundred in these two places, who a few weeks ago were on the broad road to destruction, are now on their way to heaven. Thus a work is commenced

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which it is hoped will spread over this whole section, for a vast field lies before us, in which field may God grant that I may humbly, devotedly, and laboriously spend my days." A glimpse of the reverse side of the picture is given in a letter from Rev. J. E. Davis, in which he says: "We hear the Macedonian cry from adjoining towns, but we are much worn out and our health is rather poor. But we propose to die in the vineyard of the Lord." And Mr. Dunn's journal tells how he was so exhausted with meetings and lack of rest that he slept while he rode on horseback from one place to the next appointment, and gratefully acknowledged the kindness of friends who sheltered, in the windy, snowy day and cold night, the fatigued and homesick wanderer.

Rev. M. R. Kenney, who was converted under the preaching of Rev. Ransom Dunn, in one of these schoolhouse meetings, near Ashtabula, in 1842, when asked the reason for the remarkable power of this preacher replied: "The great reason for his success was his earnest, eloquent enforcement of God's claims, which struck conviction to the hearts of his hearers. The extent of his influence can never be measured, but it can

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never die." Something of the methods used, in addition to this searching presentation of God's truth, can be inferred from this quotation from one of his letters, speaking of his meeting at Cherry Valley: "After one sermon to converts seventy-five or eighty arose in quick succession and spoke of peace in believing, which they had found during this series of meetings." On another occasion he spoke of "the simplicity of measures employed. All who were willing to converse freely upon the subject of religion were asked to occupy seats in front, and thus most were personally conversed with." Of the real preparation that brought the result, only God can fully know. It was the incessant study of the Bible on horseback, in the grove, in his room. It was the days of fasting and prayer, the struggles alone with God in the woods, when like Jacob he cried, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me," and like him he had "power with God and with men, and prevailed."

One who heard him in these days says: "His preaching was like the tender beseeching of our dear Lord. He had no 'holy tone' like the Baptists of those times, but more than filled its

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place by pathos and forceful argument. His preaching was a contrast to the cold, dogmatic, literary style of the Congregationalists we had heard, and the generalissimo style of the Methodists. It was not denunciatory, but tender and sympathetic and Christly, and yet it was powerful. It was like the charge at Balaklava—few could withstand its force." Dr. Ball gives the secret of it in these words: "His supreme desire was to win souls to Christ. His enthusiasm in this line of work was all masterful. To win souls was the purpose of his everyday life. He thought about it, prayed over it, planned for it. He studied his Bible and constructed his sermons with this sole result in view. His whole being was on fire to accomplish this one end; consequently his sermons and appeals were all but irresistible. Yet he was always fond of metaphysical discussion and subtle argument, and delighted in sharp distinctions and clear definitions, and excelled in strong statements, and by forceful diction and sweep of emotion he carried his hearers as by storm. They could scarcely resist his appeals or question the conclusiveness of his rapid logic."

IV

A HOME IN OHIO—GEAUGA SEMINARY—EASTERN PASTORATES.

When the lad left the old home, it was with the promise that if alive he would come back to his mother in three years. His letters show that he never forgot her nor the old home. He wrote to her in September, 1838, as follows: "Having learned that I have an opportunity of sending free—the first since I left home—I thought it must be improved. Notwithstanding I have ridden six miles since dark, and feel more like sleeping than writing, yet an opportunity of conversing with mother, even after ten o'clock at night, would be one of the greatest privileges. In August I went to Marion county, and rode through a beautiful country. It is truly a pleasant sight to stand and gaze over a prairie comprising thousands of acres, covered with crops such as are not found in Vermont, with the occasional woodlands. I passed

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by one farm on which I counted eighty stacks of hay. While in Huron county I went through a cornfield where some of the ears were higher than my head. But after all, Vermont is still home to me. I wish brother Lewis would come out and see the Western country and me." In the summer of 1839 he wrote her: "Since I last sent a letter to you I have met with hundreds of individuals and passed through a variety of scenes, but all these various incidents have not in the least erased from the page of memory your countenance nor kindness. . . . My health has not been quite as good as usual lately, and I have been afflicted with hoarseness, but not sufficient to prevent me from holding meetings. I find many warm-hearted friends. I am now at Cherry Valley, where I organized a church in April, which now numbers seventy-five. They have purchased a site and propose to build a meeting-house of their own. The one they now use holds nearly five hundred people, and has been crowded every Sabbath that I have been in town, and some have been baptized every Sabbath I have had a meeting here. They wish me to preach for them regularly for a year, once in two weeks, and have sub-

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scribed \$120, besides my board. They are exceedingly anxious to have me settle with them, but how long I shall tarry is not certain. Should I consent I should have a good home, probably a good house to preach in, a good support, a pleasant, healthful country to reside in. But thus far I have calculated to be actuated only by a sense of duty, and I am still firmly resolved to pursue that course. When duty shall thus call I shall make my way to Vermont. Till then, dear mother, let us say to Him whose right it is to rule, 'Thy will be done.' I must say at times I am a little homesick, but generally am happy and contented, and during the past few months have had some as happy hours as I ever had in my life. I have received a letter from brother Thomas, and want more letters from friends in Vermont, Amanda and Harry in particular."

The three years so full of rich experience were almost gone, and in the spring of 1840 he started back to Vermont. His oldest brother, Hiram, was a circuit preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church, with his home at Ferrisburg, Vt. Ransom writes in his journal; "After many gloomy hours on my long journey alone, and having been

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absent from all my relatives for nearly three years, it was with satisfaction not to be described that I again beheld the face of my brother. The next day, after hearing him in the morning, I preached at his request. Being earnestly solicited by my brother and others to hold a protracted meeting, I at last consented. My health having improved while on my journey, I spoke with considerable ease, but soon my voice became very hoarse ; however, I was enabled to go on with the meeting, which lasted two weeks. Between sixty and seventy persons came forward for prayer the first week, and many were hopefully converted to God. The next week also saw some happy conversions. The people were very kind, and my stay in Ferrisburg will long be gratefully remembered." In company with another brother, Lewis, who had come to meet him, he started for Bakersfield, stopping with a Mr. Prouty, at Jericho, from whose house he had made his start for the trip to Ohio, and also visiting Rev. J. E. Davis on the way. He says: " As I drew near the old farm I passed the old schoolhouse where I had sat in school so many days. My friends were well and glad to see me, but every-

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thing had changed ; the children were grown out of my knowledge, and the older ones fast growing aged. But there were some interesting events of this week at the old place that will never be effaced from memory, and the Sabbath day was peculiarly so. My brother preached in the old town house in the morning to a good congregation. He spoke especially of his anticipated labors as a missionary in India. In the afternoon I spoke to a large assembly. At five o'clock I preached at the schoolhouse, and exhorted my former associates to yield to Christ. At the close of the meeting we repaired to a stream, on the banks of which I had stood many a time with the fishing line, where I was permitted to baptize six, four of whom were my former schoolmates, and one was my youngest brother, for whom I had had much anxiety the first fall after going to Ohio. He said it was my letter, written at that time while on my knees, which arrested his attention and changed him from a vain, wicked youth to an obedient Christian."

The older brother, Lewis, was at that time attending school at New Hampton Academy, New Hampshire, where the lady he afterward married,

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Miss Lucy Ann Teale, was a student and teacher. This academy was in charge of the Calvinistic Baptists, and was afterward moved to Fairfax, Vermont, where this same Lewis A. Dunn was pastor of the church for twenty-nine years, and trustee of the institution. Through his influence the Freewill Baptists were urged to occupy the ground at New Hampton, and opened an academy there. Professor Stanton and Rev. I. D. Stewart were among the first teachers. The Biblical School of Whitestown, N. Y., with Rev. J. J. Butler and Rev. J. Fullonton as teachers, was afterwards located here until it became connected with Bates College. A commercial department was added to the New Hampton Institute, and for many years, under the efficient supervision of Professor A. B. Meservey, who has just passed to his reward, this school has done a great work. But at the time of which we write, one three-story brick building, in a country village, with no railroad or telegraph, was the extent of this school. But able teachers were there molding the lives of earnest students. Among these teachers were Eli B. Smith and J. Newton Brown, men of ac-

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knowledgeed ability. Here the young preacher from the West came to spend his summer vacation.

Ransom Dunn was a student always and everywhere. From the days when the little boy rejoiced in his first geography over which he pored by the light from the old log fireplace, or walked three miles to the village to get Rollins' History or Josephus, to the time he carried his growing library with him in Ohio, studying as he went, he was eager for knowledge. And his was a logical and analytical mind. He had thought out for himself his theology amid skepticism and Universalism. He had made his own commentary by the constant comparing of Scripture. But now he had the privilege for a short time of sitting down to study, with students and teachers, his favorite themes, moral philosophy, evidences of Christianity, and natural theology. And with his trained memory and habits of attention he could do in weeks what others would do in months. But this close application soon showed its results on the eyes, always weak, and after one term he was obliged to give up the study. During these weeks at New Hampton he had been

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in the habit of attending the Freewill Baptist churches in the vicinity. The pastor of one of them, Ebenezer Fisk, invited him to stop with him while resting his eyes, and his son tells us that "with some hesitancy Elder Fisk invited this stripling to occupy his pulpit," and he adds: "It was remarkable with what rapidity this hesitation was wont to vanish when that mouth was once open." After he had spoken for them two or three times, they gave him a present of eight dollars, much to his surprise, and the regard manifested on short acquaintance deeply touched him. He had driven through from Ohio to Vermont, and at his brother's suggestion brought his horse and carriage to New Hampton, and was thus enabled to attend meetings in various directions on the Sabbath, and met the ministers of New Hampshire and Maine, an acquaintance to be pleasantly renewed a little later.

The last of August Mr. Dunn returned to Ohio. During his visit East he had some correspondence with Mary Eliza Allen, whom he had met in 1838 in Williamsfield. This family was related to Ethan Allen, of Vermont, of Revolutionary fame. The mother had been an invalid, and the daugh-

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ter's reputation as a home maker as well as a Christian worker had reached the ears of the evangelist before he met her. Her earnestness and ability were evident as the meetings progressed. She had been sprinkled in infancy, and felt it her duty to go forward in believer's baptism, and so presented herself to him as a candidate for this Christian ordinance. She was a highly cultivated woman, with gracious manners. On his return to Ohio they were married by Rev. D. M. L. Rollin. And the wanderer had now a little home of his own. The salary received from his regular appointments was only two hundred dollars a year, but gifts in addition made a comfortable living.

He tells a little incident showing how this was brought about, and why he was a pastor in a home in Ohio instead of a traveling missionary in the far West as he expected. It seems that the first year he was in Ohio he bought a horse, and a good brother signed the note with him, payable in one year. Just before the pay day he returned to Ashtabula county, intending to get more time if possible, if not, to give up the horse to the endorser, as he was still unable to pay for

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it. The horse had grown finely, and the endorser had agreed to pay twenty-five per cent advance on cost. "But before reaching the place," Mr. Dunn says, "the horse was taken sick and soon closed his own troubles if not mine. I was in debt for a dead horse, no money to pay the debt or buy another, and to leave on foot as before anticipated for new settlements without paying the debt would not be favorable to conscience or reputation. In the place where I met with this loss the people requested me to preach half the time for six months, and agreed to pay for the dead horse. I consented to stay, although it was hard to give up the Western tour. Using the spare Sabbaths for special efforts, I had a two days' meeting in Trumbull; shortly after in Williamsfield, where we had a glorious time, and where I became acquainted with Miss Eliza Allen, who afterward became Mrs. Dunn. A few weeks later I held the meeting in Cherry Valley, where over one hundred were baptized within a few months, a church organized, and pledges taken for a meeting-house. Preachers were scarce. I was asked to take the pastoral charge, which continued for five years. I was married, instead

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of living single like Paul; was a pastor instead of an evangelist as anticipated; was in Ohio, instead of visiting Illinois and then returning to New England as expected. The death of that colt was apparently God's plan for directing my life, and my social and professional position hinged upon that trivial event." He might also have added, his future life work in a new field of activity; for it was at this time in Ohio that he began to pass into his second profession that was to occupy so large a part of his useful life—that of teacher.

The Ohio and Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting appointed Hon. Samuel Philbrick, Rev. A. K. Moulton, and Rev. Ransom Dunn a committee to establish an academy at Chester, in Geauga county. Mr. Dunn canvassed the county, riding more than one thousand miles in its interests. He also secured the active interest of David Marks in the enterprise. "The Ohio legislature put restrictions into the charter first granted, forbidding the admission of students of color, and Elder Dunn joined himself heartily with others in protest, and finally a clean charter was obtained. At that time," Dr. Ball says, "such a

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result was significant, as the proslavery spirit even in Ohio was strong and aggressive." The intention was to make it a manual labor school, and eighty acres of land were purchased for a farm. While the buildings were being erected the school opened in 1842, in the church. The students paid from three dollars to five dollars a term for tuition, and boarded in families for one dollar a week. The school was named the "Western Reserve Seminary" but afterward called "Geauga Seminary." Its first teacher was Asahel Nichols. Mr. Marks was trying to raise a fund of ten thousand dollars, and succeeded in securing most of it in pledges, over two thousand dollars having been subscribed in Chester, and one hundred dollars donated by the Free Baptist Education Society. At this school were educated many of the ministers who afterward became leaders in the denomination. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Branch had charge of the school from 1845 to 1849, and were most devoted in their work. They were followed by Rev. Geo. H. Ball, who numbered James A. Garfield among his pupils. Mrs. Garfield, then Miss Rudolph, was also a student here. Rev. George T. Day

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was principal for a short time. Rev. C. B. Mills and Prof. Spencer J. Fowler were the last principals. When Hillsdale College was established it was thought best to centre the educational work there, and through the influence of Ransom Dunn and Samuel Philbrick the funds and apparatus were turned over to the college, the building sold for a public school, and the useful work of the seminary merged into the new and larger institution.

While our Ohio minister was so busily engaged in planting churches and schools in the West he was not forgotten in New England. In 1840 William Burr and others had organized what is now the Washington Street church of Dover, N. H., and they called Rev. Ransom Dunn to be their first pastor. Mr. Burr's first letter had reached him just as he was going to New Hampton, and urged him to come for a visit if no more, to see the church and to preach to them, and stated that two hundred dollars had been subscribed, and one hundred dollars more could be secured if he would come to remain. But he had felt that Ohio's need was greater, and had gone back to labor among the churches there. The

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work had been heavy, for in addition to his pastoral charge he had numerous calls for special meetings, which he never declined if able to go. The sickness of his wife's brothers had brought added family cares, as the oversight of the widowed mother's farm fell upon him. His own family had increased by the birth of two boys, Newell Ransom at Cherry Valley, July 13, 1841, and Francis Wayland in Wayne, Jan. 29, 1843.

The call to Dover was now renewed, and finally accepted for a year. He traveled with his own conveyance from Ohio to New England. One evening, as he was driving along, his carriage failed in some part and he fixed it as well as possible and resumed his journey. But the horse would not proceed, and after a little delay he decided to turn back to the house just passed, and give his horse rest, and wait until daylight to repair the carriage, instead of pushing on, as intended, to a friend's home a little farther ahead. He was kindly received, and tarried for the night. The next morning he found that just in front of the place where they had stopped was a dangerous break in the road. This story is told by Rev. N. W. Bixby, then a pastor in Vermont, as "one

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of the many Providences that protected his life till his work was done." During his stay at Dover the church was completed and paid for. The basement was used as the publication house of the *Morning Star* for a long time. This pastorate gave him his first fixed salary, four hundred dollars. His work was not only in the church, though that was constantly increasing, but his lectures on temperance and slavery were numerous and effective. But he was not satisfied with results of his efforts in direct soul saving. He wrote to his mother: "I am aware that there are various ways to do good, and that a man is not always the most useful when he makes the most noise and produces the most excitement. I am aware, too, that it is not always known when we are doing the most, but, leaving the event with God, we may know we are doing the best we can. But it is my present conviction that my labors would be more useful in Ohio. We are, however, settled in a comfortable home and quite contented, and the people manifest extreme anxiety for my continued stay." He said afterward of this Dover experience: "The associations and acquaintances were most agree-

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able, especially with the church officers; and Brother Burr was the best church deacon I ever saw. My attachments for that people were strong and lasting, and their success and prosperity have ever been a source of great joy to me."

To quote a former biographer: "Mr. Dunn was now twenty-six years of age, known, loved, and honored, East and West, and looked upon as one of the rising men of the denomination. He had a worthy record as an evangelist, a reputation as a powerful preacher, and now he was to widen his sphere of influence and win laurels in the new and untried field of teaching." Geauga Seminary needed him, and the church at Chester called him, and he said, "Having labored anxiously and earnestly for the establishment of that Western seminary and given encouragement to them and the church thereof of future help, I felt obliged to accept their call."

He was at this time recording secretary of the Home Mission Society, and at their annual meeting in October, 1843, the stirring words with which he closed his report made a strong impression: "Dear brethren, something must be done

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now. Unless we awake and go into this great Western field the harvest will perish, souls be lost, God dishonored, and we condemned." His voice was heard, too, in the Education Society, the voice of the future teacher in seminary and college, urging the education of the ministry; but, lest he should be thought to belittle the work of those who had not the chance for education, he added: "The first impression made upon my heart was by one called to preach after he was forty years old and with no opportunity for education. But the power of the Holy Ghost was with him. Let us have such preachers." The General Conference met at Unadilla Forks, N. Y., that year. David Marks thus reports one speech of Ransom Dunn: "The pressing invitations to come to the West have not been urged without a feeling response in my heart. I have felt deeply for all our benevolent institutions, foreign missions, education, and antislavery, but for home missions more, because on its success depends in great measure all the others. At the East I have fared well. The brethren's hearts have been open and they have been liberal. Good offers were held out to induce my stay. But I could

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not rest. A cry was in my ears from the West, and I am now on my way again to that field of labor. I am ashamed that I have accomplished no more, yet it is interesting to see in that section five thousand members where there were two thousand. To that land, and even beyond to the cabins of the wilderness, I hasten with delight. Farewell, Brother Burr, and others with whom I have taken sweet counsel. The widening field calls us to separate for a season." One who heard eye-witnesses tell of this occasion, says: "It was a most impressive scene when this young man, slight of form, smooth of face, nervous in speech and manner, pleaded for home missions. He knew both East and West. At that time honor and preferment invited the Christian minister to Eastern fields. Hardship, unending toil, and scanty remuneration were the reward of him who cast his lot with the West. But only the clear light of eternity can reveal all that it meant when Ransom Dunn gave his life to the cause of Christ in our great West."

Among the interested listeners to this impassioned speech was a young man who had come with David Marks and his wife from Ohio, a

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long horseback journey, to attend this General Conference. His name was Edmund B. Fairfield. He was a graduate and tutor of Oberlin College, and was now entering upon his first work for the Free Baptists. These two young men, Fairfield and Dunn, were to meet again, not only in denominational gatherings, but in the arduous task of founding a college.

While he was attending this conference the wife and little boys had gone by rail and stage from Dover to Fairfax for a visit, and at its close the family went on to Ohio, where in November he became a pastor of the church at Chester, and had constant accessions to its membership while he remained. He gave a series of lectures on natural theology in the seminary, and taught a class in moral science; and was heard in various places in lectures against slavery and infidelity. A revival at Chagrin Falls brought out seventy-five converts, but he was obliged to close the meeting on account of his health. The raw winds from Lake Erie, together with the continuous speaking, brought on throat trouble, and a change of climate was recommended. "The church at Great Falls, N. H., had been shattered

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Rev. Ransom Dunn. 1845.

with severe trials and needed a discreet and able pastor, and it was believed Ransom Dunn was just the man," a record tells us. And he himself says: "When those who knew the situation wrote that it seemed the only hope of the church, the call was accepted, and from 1845 to 1848 we enjoyed there a precious work of grace. About two hundred professed faith in Christ, but

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the loss of a factory dam sent many to their homes, so that only one hundred united with our church." A letter written at that time thus tells the story: "Our large meeting-house is frequently crowded, and when the congregation is dismissed for a season of prayer and conversation with anxious souls, over two hundred often remain. Last evening, after testimony from sixty who had been converted during the revival, it was necessary to prevent others from taking part because nearly one hundred were waiting for personal conversation." The love of the people of Great Falls for him is well shown in the following letter from Rev. J. M. W. Farnham, a missionary in Shanghai, who knew him at this time: "I sat under Dr. Dunn's preaching when he was a young man and I was a lad in the cotton mills at Great Falls. I looked upon him with that love and veneration which nearly all felt who came within the sphere of his influence. He won my boyish love as an eloquent and devout man of God, and I have never ceased to think of him with affection. I had been out of the country twenty years and was visiting at Ocean Park. Professor Dunn was to preach in

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the Temple. I knew I was changed, and could not expect to listen to him as I had done so many years ago. Was it a boyish fancy? Must he not suffer by comparison with Newman Hall, Henry Ward Beecher, Spurgeon, or other eloquent preachers? I composed myself to listen, and with what result? There was no place for comparison or criticism. I was as enchanted as ever with his earnestness and eloquence, which, like the magnificent natural scenery of old Lebanon, does not suffer by comparison. There was no diminution, no dwindling, with my ideal preacher, the Rev. Ransom Dunn." The regard of the church showed itself in a donation visit, whose substantial results were seventy dollars in money, besides many useful articles. The pastor thus acknowledged it: "Not only does the unmerited liberality of the many donors richly deserve expressions of gratitude from myself and Mrs. Dunn, but the very uncommon religious interest calls for eternal praise to God, and will often be looked back upon as a green spot in the desert of life." The converts showed their interest in the church as well as the pastor by their systematic giving in response to his plans.

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He used to say: "A cent will make as much noise as a quarter in a collection box. Have regular weekly pledges."

These were busy days, not only in pastoral duties but in other directions. "Millerism," "Come-outism," and "Anti-ism" were disturbing the peace of the churches; antislavery agitation was shaking the country. Men of clear brains and forceful speech were in demand. The Free Baptists stood openly and boldly for abolition principles. While this position for abolition of slavery caused them some persecution it also won them friends. It was because of their position on this question that Otis Robinson Bachelor joined this denomination and became one of their pioneer missionaries to India. They had organized an Antislavery Society, and at their meeting in Lowell in 1845 Ransom Dunn was elected president and made chairman of the executive committee. John P. Hale of New Hampshire, with others, was protesting against the annexation of slave States. "Candor and good sense characterized Pastor Dunn as a helper," and his brilliant talents were gladly used in New England for the cause of antislavery.

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The teaching qualities which began to develop in Geauga Seminary were not idle here, awaiting their larger development in Hillsdale College. For the quarterly meetings asked his aid in ministerial institutes, and requested the publication of the doctrinal sermons given by request. And the informal meetings of pastors of neighboring churches became a regular class for the study of theology with Pastor Dunn as leader, meeting weekly in his study. One of the most interested of this number of earnest students was Rev. William Littlefield, whose son is now in Congress. He was pastor at Lebanon, Me., where he invited Mr. Dunn to assist him in special meetings. One of the New Hampshire pastors at that time was Rev. G. P. Ramsey, whose wife, Vienna G. Ramsey, is still with us, and will continue to live, after she is gone, through her verses. She writes of Dr. Dunn and his influence in the State and denomination as follows: "Of all men whom I have known there is not one who has inspired me with greater love and reverence. To know him was to love him. I remember him as the perfect gentleman, the modest but wise counselor, the brilliant orator

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who forgot himself in his love for Christ and the church. His presence in our gatherings was always a benediction, and we thanked God for the gift of such a brother. His influence for good remains among the churches of New England that knew him half a century ago."

At the General Conference at Sutton, Vt., in 1847, he served on committees on antislavery and on the Sabbath. He was heard in brief and pointed remarks on temperance and Sabbath Schools. The reporter (E. B. Fairfield) said: "Brother Dunn speaks so rapidly it is impossible to do him justice in any report. The reporter hardly knows which of his words to put down—he can't get them all—and very few get down at all." These are some of the words he did get: "These children will be educated somehow, if not religiously, then for death and hell. Impressions are being made as lasting as eternity. Half the labor of mankind is to undo what has been done wrong. There are hundreds of children and youth in our factory towns that should be turned into our Sunday schools." When it came to home missions, "Brother Dunn!" was called for by voices in all directions. He gave a vigor-

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ous address, full of information and prophecy in regard to the growth of the West, and closing with words of pathos and feeling: "I am not, as some suppose, a native of the West. In New England are the grave of my father and the home of my widowed mother and my brothers and sisters. But God drove me West in my youth to work in that wide field independent of any society. And, God willing, that field I shall yet occupy though circumstances for the present have made it duty to labor in the East. The moment we fold our arms and cease to make aggressive movements, we die. We must lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes and stretch out into new fields." He little thought how God was to send him West this time, and what waves of sorrow should roll over his own soul before his next missionary work should have its struggles and rewards.

V

THE FIRST GREAT SORROW—BOSTON PASTOR- ATE—PROSTRATED

The spring of 1848 found Pastor Dunn tired after a severe winter's work. Invitations to assist Rev. E. B. Fairfield in Roxbury and other pastors in other places had come to him in addition to the numerous demands in his own community and State. The church at Brockport extended him a call to be their pastor. But he wrote to his mother : "Mother Allen's health is failing and she feels as though we must be there. We may return this summer. The people are exceedingly unwilling to have us leave, and if mother is willing, we may sell the property and bring her here with us next year. My services close here in April, and Brother Noyes of Boston is very anxious I should supply his desk while he visits England."

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Other events, however, were to decide his plans. A shadow was creeping over the pastor's home in Great Falls. Mrs. Dunn had taken a severe cold, and it soon became evident that the wife, with her rare intellectual attainments and deep piety, was fast sinking with consumption. Mrs. Hills, who was then the wife of Rev. E. Hutchins, pastor at Dover, tells us, "Mrs. Dunn was a charming, lovely, Christian woman, whom to know was to love, a fit partner for an ambassador of God." Her devotion to her children and to her husband's work had been too much for the frail body, perhaps. She had tried to keep with him in his studies and to be with him in his Christian labors, but now she was obliged to give it all up. He took her to Boston for consultation and treatment, and was tenderly devoted in his care. The longing for the old home and mother and the hope that change of climate might benefit, sent the family back to Ohio in May. But no climate or care could prevail. The anxious husband tried to throw himself into religious work as of old and was gladly welcomed to quarterly meeting sessions; but he could see, as could all the sympathizing friends, that the end



Cedelia.

Mrs. Mary Eliza Dunn

Ransom.

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of the happy home life was near. "On the 4th of August, Ransom at seven, Wayland five, and baby Cedelia three years of age, with the distracted father, stood around the dying bed of a victorious saint." To each of the children she gave a Bible, with her parting words; to her husband she said, "Tell them—tell sinners—I loved them to the last"; to her friends at Great Falls she sent a message telling of the blessed support and consolation of religion in the dying hour. When the bereaved husband tried to give these messages, he said, "I can scarcely comprehend the strength of that grace which enabled her, with a smile bespeaking more of heaven than earth, to say, while swinging out from the promontory overlooking eternity, as she gazed on the abyss below, with an air of perfect triumph, 'All is well.'"

At the funeral service at Cherry Valley and the burial in Wayne, two of her husband's converts officiated, Rev. D. L. Rice and Rev. Rufus Clark. And here we must adopt the language of another: "Biography may portray the external, may even picture states of mind in developing manhood, but what pen can reveal the Gethsemane of a grief-distraught soul? The

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torture of the dismembered home, the quartering out of the little brood, the leaving of the nest through the chill of winter — perhaps some can imagine the untold tale.”

A trip West was planned to give weakening nerves relief, for “Ashtabula county was no longer home,” he said, “but one of the most gloomy spots on earth.” He had learned with Lowell, that “the many make the household, but only one the home.” A canal boat was taken at Warren, Ohio, for Beaver, Pa., and then the Ohio River steamer which he describes as “a two-story farmhouse with a narrow piazza on the side and sawmill wheel behind.” He found the river “not as romantic as expected, hills not high enough to be sublime nor low enough to be cultivated, and piled down close on either bank.” One of the passengers was Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Disciple denomination, “a man of dignified sternness.” Other interesting passengers were a Swedenborgian priest, and some soldiers returning from Mexico. The crew were rough and profane, the meals poor, and progress slow, so that it was a fatiguing journey. He passed by Maineville, where good Elder Moses

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Dudley lived and Elder Hutchins and others had labored. The large cities impressed him — “Louisville with forty thousand people and only nine churches; St. Louis with fifty thousand, busy and wicked”; and here he was twelve hundred miles from home and yet five hundred miles from his destination, and said, “The farther I go the more I am impressed with the vastness of our Western country. Ohio is hardly a fair start West.” From the Ohio he passed into the Mississippi, which he followed to Galena and then “went thirty or forty miles to see Brethren Tourjee, Woodworth, and Eastman, former friends in Ohio, and attended several meetings where many rose for prayers—the field is already white to harvest.” Kinsman and Isaac Davis had recently purchased land in this section of Wisconsin and were making homes, and preaching. Racine and Johnston were also visited, and the return trip made by the Lakes to Cleveland, and the last of October found him back in Chester, Ohio, to see the little boys, who had been left in the care of friends. His accounts of this Western tour, a long and extensive one for that time, touching ten States, are now inter-

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esting to look back upon, showing not only the condition of the country in that formative period, but his discernment and prophecy regarding its future; and the knowledge of this field thus gained was to serve him well in a new work not then dreamed of, but already preparing for him—a college endowment agency. His stop in West Virginia called forth this exclamation: “My first walk on soil cursed with slavery! Here exists the power that tears the image of God from its high position and tramples it in the dust.” At St. Louis he preached in a colored Methodist Episcopal church, his “first privilege of preaching to poor slaves.” His last word of the field as he saw it is pathetic: “My soul sinks within me as I look at these great cities growing up and these vast stretches of prairie. Where are the men? Where are the means? May God send forth laborers, and open hearts to sustain them.” But he sees the difficulties—“if there is any motto universal it is ‘Another 80,’ there is always another section of land adjoining. Sacrifice is needed on the part of emigrants to be willing to go to places near church privileges, or to give toward building and support of churches, and so

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stand against this thirst for wealth and greed for land." Though on a trip for rest he preached at every place where opportunity offered, and his visits to the homes of the new settlers and meetings were "as cold water to a thirsty soul." At Wiota he assisted in revival meetings, where about thirty rose for prayer.

He resumed his pastoral labors at Cherry Valley and held special meetings in various places during the winter. Eastern friends had not forgotten him, for he received a call to be the pastor of the church at Manchester, N. H. Friends who had known and respected him before, learned to love him still more now. As one of them, Rev. G. H. Ball, said: "His great bereavement disclosed new excellences of character. His married life had been delightful, and when death severed the family ties he felt it keenly. He was ardent in his affection, crushed by his sorrow, yet serene in his faith and joyous in the assurance of the loving care of God. I then learned much of his inner life and was led to admire his personal virtues, as I had before admired his talents and public services."

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Early one morning, as he left the home where his little boys were boarding, to go to an appointment, he was surprised to see the two little fellows following after, carrying their little hair-covered trunk between them, and they cried after him, "Papa, we're going with you ; we have our things all packed." He tried to explain that he was going to a place forty miles away, and he was on horseback, but they assured him they could "keep up with the horse and wouldn't be a bit of trouble." We can imagine how the father rode that forty miles in tears and prayers ; and are not surprised to learn that he soon settled up affairs in Ohio and took the little boys to the dearest friend of the mother, who had the little girl in her care, and so tried to keep the little family together, and near relatives, and where he could visit them frequently, for his work was now to be in the East.

He had been requested to go to Cincinnati, to Wisconsin, and to Michigan. This was the time of the great California gold excitement, and several ministers of his acquaintance were anxious to follow the prospecting parties and go as missionaries to this new mining country if he would

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join the company. He was in painful suspense in regard to his duty. But the Home Mission Board desired him to assist in work in cities in the East. Buffalo had been first suggested, and then the appointment changed to New York City, where Rev. Silas Curtis had been doing some preliminary work. In March, 1849, he began preaching in Stuyvesant Institute, a disused medical lecture room, at 659 Broadway. There were fifteen hearers, including the choir, which consisted of E. W. Page and wife. A better place on Grand Street was soon secured and furnished, and the congregation rapidly increased, and the minister became known and called upon in union services in temperance agitation. But the church interest in Boston demanded immediate attention. The church there urged his coming and sent a committee to see him, and the Board recommended it, and, with his usual prompt response to the call of duty, he went in June to this important field. A letter says: "For how long is uncertain. The afflictions of the past year have taken all of my earthly goods, and I can hardly stay longer than expenses can be paid, but, hoping for the best, it is my design to 'spend and be spent' for the cause of Christ."

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But he was not to prosecute this great work alone. September first he went to the little home in Alfred, Maine, where the children had already found a new mother, and took Miss Cyrena Emery to Dover, N. H., where they were married by his friend, Rev. Elias Hutchins, his successor as pastor of the Washington Street church. Miss Emery was a native of Sanford, Me., her ancestors being officers in the army of the Revolution. One of them, Noah Emery of Exeter, N. H., gave the estates to Dartmouth College when it was founded in 1769. He was clerk of the Assembly during the Revolution, and the records in the State-house at Concord are in his handwriting, one of them being the official copy, in red ink, of the Declaration of Independence. Her father and mother had died while she and her brother were small, and they had lived with their uncle until large enough to go away to work or to school. Another uncle, John Storer, gave ten thousand dollars for the founding of Storer College at Harper's Ferry. It was at Great Falls that she first met Mr. and Mrs. Dunn and became an inmate of their home while attending school there. It was to her he turned



The Boston pastor and his wife.

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when the necessity came to go West, and she accompanied the failing wife and little children to Ohio, and brought the little girl back with her to her brother's home. On Mr. Dunn's return he found his little Cedelia improving rapidly under her care and tutorage, and devoted to "Mama Cyrena." During the summer Ransom had also been with her, and whether fishing in the creek or giving temperance lectures to the assembled children of the neighborhood, the active, nervous lad had learned to respect the kind authority of this motherly young woman. Wayland had been much at the home of one of the members of the Great Falls church, Mr. Farnham, but his occasional visits to Alfred had renewed the acquaintance with his former friend and his mother's friend in the Great Falls home. And so it was again a happy home that the pastor now had in Boston. Mrs. Dunn entered upon this new life and work with some trepidation, but much faith in her husband and trust in God, saying, "I will do the best I can and leave the event with God," a spirit which actuated them both through life.

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He thus tells the story of his first work in Boston : " By advertising in papers and putting forth much personal effort, fifty-one people scattered over old Boylston Hall listened to my first sermon. After visiting every available hall in the city a better place was secured, and soon filled with four hundred and eighty hearers. The revival interest increased with the congregation, cases of conviction and conversion occurred every week for two months, between twenty and thirty were added to the church within a few days. In the spring of 1850 the Bennett Street church was purchased and held subject to a mortgage of only six thousand dollars." The salary of the pastor was six hundred dollars. It was fortunate that Mrs. Dunn was blessed with what Mrs. Stowe called " New England faculty," so that her economy and industry were able to make this sum support the family ; and that his ability was such as to win him a place without the influence of wealth.

The active life of this city pastor was a marvel, but he was able to accomplish much by system and energy. His forenoons were given to study, the afternoons to calling on the scattered congre-

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gation and new members. Mrs. Dunn accompanied him often in these pastoral visits. His evenings were devoted to the church meetings and personal conversation with converts. He found time for much assistance to other pastors, churches, and institutions ; for among his letters are notes of thanks for books purchased for Rev. O. B. Cheney, for himself and for the academy in which he was interested ; for like favors for Rev. E. B. Fairfield and the new school at Spring Arbor, Mich. ; and for Rev. E. H. Higbee and other friends in Ohio. Requests came to look after young men coming to the city for work ; to assist in procuring furniture for churches ; advice was asked in regard to ministers. He arranged for one or two hundred delegates coming through Boston to the General Conference at Providence in the fall of 1850 ; made plans for the sailing of Rev. R. Cooley and wife, and Miss Crawford to India from Boston that season, and procured things desired by Dr. O. R. Bacheler that she might take to him. Rev. Nathan Woodworth wrote from Illinois at this time asking advice of " Bishop Dunn " in regard to work in that State — a title not inappropriate, perhaps, considering

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the esteem in which he was held. He received an urgent letter from the church at Providence to become its pastor, but his heart was in the work at Boston. *The Christian Observer* and other papers had occasionally articles from his pen which were gladly read by friends at a distance, whose oft-repeated remark was, as Mr. Rice said, "Oh, that I could hear Brother Dunn preach again!"

Among his enthusiastic parishioners in Boston was Azael Lovejoy, who was afterward ordained and became a pastor at Unity, Me., where he baptized George C. Chase, now president of Bates College, who says that "The inspiration imparted by Ranson Dunn was a living force in the ministry of Mr. Lovejoy, who always spoke of him with deep emotion." Mr. Dunn was not hidden by his multiplied labors for his own church and favors for his friends, but his ability was recognized by others, for at the Free Soil District Convention in 1850 he was nominated for representative.

But in the midst of this encouraging work "a calamity made an end of plans and almost of the planner. The weary pastor was returning in a

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cab from a baptism. A careless flirt of a driver's whip broke Mr. Dunn's spectacles, and drove many fragments of glass into his eye. Inflammation set in, the sight was endangered. It was a desperate fight for the best oculists and physicians Boston afforded. The sight was saved, but the spare diet, the repeated cupping and leeching had weakened the body far beyond what was realized. The indomitable will was left, and the accumulated work of three months was crowded into thirty days. The undermined citadel of nervous strength tottered and fell. The twenty pounds of flesh lost was never regained, and the shock to the system he never fully outgrew."

During his two years' pastorate he had been an interested spectator at surgical operations in Massachusetts General Hospital, and an attendant on the lectures on anatomy and physiology by Oliver Wendell Homes, Dr. Reynolds, and others at Harvard University. By his study of natural theology for more than ten years, including the works of Paley and Godwin, and their discussion of the manifestation of intention and design in the human system, he had acquired a

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taste for this scientific study. Now when his health failed he secured a manikin, a skeleton, and some charts for illustrating lectures upon these subjects, and prepared a series of popular talks, hoping thus to support his family for a time, as he could not preach nor live in the city.

It was a sad time for him and for the friends of the church. They surprised him with a call one evening, leaving a purse of eighty dollars as a token of their esteem and sympathy. He wrote in February, 1851: "It was trying to enter the ministry, but quite as much so to leave it. But when six of the best physicians of Boston say that the brain has been taxed to excess, and rest is the only remedy, and that it will be a long time before the difficulty can be removed, and my consciousness sustains their decision, I must act upon it. For more than five years I have not been free from unusual causes of anxiety and occasions for extra exertions. When I went to Great Falls it was a question whether that important church should live or die. For months I struggled, wept, and prayed, day and night. The clouds broke. A great revival commenced, and for one hundred and five evenings our meet-

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ing-house was open every evening, and from January 15th to May 15th I was out of meetings but two evenings. Pecuniary embarrassments of the church occasioned anxiety, then sickness in the family, and watching the decline of my dear wife ; casting a gloom upon my heart and shattered nervous system. I then found myself in Boston, with not fifty seats taken in the hall. After much study and prayer we succeeded in securing a commodious house of worship last July. But the effort had been too much. I had a strange dizziness in the head, a peculiar sensation about the heart, a general prostration. I struggled on until October, and after rest tried again, only to give up. I am too young a man to believe myself actually worn out, and yet the prospect is dark. But all is in the hands of God. For the present I am a rambling, itinerant lecturer. I have no capital to enter business even if I could endure the care, I have no trade even if I had the strength, I could not labor on the farm. The flower and vigor of my life have been spent in the ministry and without accumulating anything. I must now have some honorable, honest work for a time, that I can endure. If any blame

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me it is because they do not understand, but God knows my heart. When I am gone my children may read this and know how much I loved them and how I loved the ministry of Jesus Christ."

He started on his travels, like Abraham, "not knowing whither he went," but with faith in God for direction. They moved toward Vermont, stopping at small towns on the way. At each place he would secure a hall, Mrs. Dunn would see that it was in order, the boys would distribute small handbills. Usually after the first lecture more would be requested and he spoke to full houses, and so board bills were paid, and the change proved slightly beneficial. A short visit was made at the home of his brother in Fairfax, and with other relatives near. At their urgent request he tried to preach one day, and his journal says: "This one sermon exhausted me more than a week of lecturing. In a lecture I can be easy and cheerful, but as soon as I begin to preach my feelings become deeply impressed and the nerves feel the excitement. Even earnest praying and careful religious thinking affect me. What shall I do? The Lord have mercy on me and mine."

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The decision was made to go West in the spring of 1851, and they started early in April, taking the Lake steamer at Ogdensburg, stopping at the Falls, and again taking steamer at Ogdensburg, stopping at the Falls and again taking steamer at Buffalo, where they had a rough passage on Lake Erie across to Conneaut. Nearly fifteen years ago he had first landed here, an unknown lad, and went to hoeing potatoes and corn because people thought him too young to preach; now he came to rest, having done as much as many ministers in a lifetime. He was cordially greeted in the churches he had organized, but he traveled on farther West and in May reached Wisconsin, where he intended to invest in government land. A niece had accompanied him from Vermont, and in her care he left the children twenty-five miles west of Racine, while he and his wife traveled with horse and carriage over Southern Wisconsin, going as far north as Lake Winnebago and west to the Mississippi, gaining health and strength, and seeking a home. He purchased land in Lafayette county in the town of Wayne, about thirty miles east of Galena, "hoping that his growing boys might

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find a future where their father had been compelled to bury himself and his hopes in obscurity." He wrote in August, 1851, to the *Star*: "When last I wrote you from Boston I little thought my address would so soon be within thirty miles of the Father of Waters. It is now nearly a year since my health failed, and six months since I left that field for which I had suffered more anxiety perhaps than any other in my life. It was a painful separation. The character and kindness of the members, their punctuality in pecuniary matters, and the responsibility of their position and magnitude of the work could but excite a pastor's feelings to the utmost. I felt that any burden was a pleasure, and if one man's life was requisite to success it was not too great a sacrifice. But it was too much for me and I was obliged to come West, and after a general survey of the country have settled here where the outlook is pleasant and good land can be bought for one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre, and farms with some improvement for three dollars to ten dollars. I have tried to preach recently, but only once a week, but have visited almost every part of

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the State and preached in nine different places in as many different counties." Not only in Wisconsin but in the neighboring States of Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa he labored, and assisted Rev. N. W. Bixby in organizing the Iowa Yearly Meeting.

Tired of traveling, they appreciated their home, though it was not a very commodious house, for the country was new and the settlers obliged to build hastily and live simply. But they enjoyed the novelty of it all, and had some good neighbors, though far apart. Among the neighbors were the Eastman family, who lived in Ash-tabula county, Ohio, when Mr. Dunn preached there. They opened their home to him until his own was ready for occupancy. Another old friend in the vicinity was Mr. Bridgman, who, with his wife, was among the converts of the great revival in Cherry Valley, and who still lives and "cherishes the friendship of Elder Dunn, extending over more than sixty years, among the most cherished memories of his life." His son Charles became a student in Hillsdale College, went to the Civil War, and is now a leading man in the Legislature of Wisconsin.

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His last memory of the boy Wayland Dunn that he knew in Wisconsin and Hillsdale is on the field of Chattanooga. Mr. Dunn made several lecturing tours in the fall. In October Mrs. Dunn's first child was born, Cyrena Amanda. Like other settlers on the frontier, he was poor and living in a house which was hardly adequate for the blasts that swept across the prairie in that exceptionally cold winter. His lectures and meetings kept him away from home much of the time, the little girl was frail, the mother lonely, and the boys restless. A call unexpectedly came to a new field of labor; they prayed over it; the wife said "Go"—and it became his life work.

VI

MICHIGAN CENTRAL COLLEGE — AGENCY FOR HILLSDALE — HOME MISSIONARY WORK

At the session of the Michigan Yearly Meeting in June, 1844, the question of higher education in Christian surroundings was agitated, and it was decided to establish a seminary within the bounds of the Yearly Meeting. The school site was fixed at Spring Arbor, and Cyrus Coltrin made financial agent. In December, D. M. Graham, a graduate of Oberlin College, began teaching here. He found "near the old Indian burying-ground, in a lovely spot, an old building and a half-dozen students." The term closed in July, with twenty-five students, and the teachers spent the vacation trying to secure funds for apparatus. In the following winter the old store used at first was vacated for the new college building, which was occupied by seventy students, and the second building erected and forty

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acres of land secured. Elias Hutchins commended the school because it was composed of "males and females, and colored people were allowed to come, and there was privilege of labor for those who wished to so lighten expense," and he said most truly: "This school is the offspring of self-denial and benevolence; there are less than one thousand Free Baptists in Michigan, and many of them are in debt for their own land or in need of better buildings. Brother Graham might have gone into a position for one thousand dollars a year, but has received only five hundred dollars and endured great care and anxiety. Brother J. L. Thompson and others have also assumed great responsibilities. One poor minister gave four hundred dollars. Young men working by the month give fifty to seventy-five dollars a year." Mr. Graham called on New England pastors for assistance, and no doubt gained encouragement from the young pastor, Ransom Dunn, at Great Falls, who was giving generously to all benevolent enterprises, and neither knew that their positions were later to be reversed, Mr. Graham to follow Mr. Dunn in work in New York City, and Mr. Dunn to undertake

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the labor of raising an endowment for the Michigan college. The anniversary exercises in June, 1848, were held in a grove of oaks, and the State Examiner listened to twelve young ladies in the morning and nineteen young men in the afternoon, who "showed originality of thought and manliness of bearing found only in institutions of the West." He also inspected fifteen classes in mathematics, Latin and Greek, and English branches. One hundred and twenty-six students had attended during the year.

In October, 1848, Edmund B. Fairfield came from Oberlin College to teach, and found a promising school and a library of one thousand five hundred volumes. It had been the policy of the State to grant no charter with college privileges except to the State University. But that winter the effort for a charter to confer degrees at Michigan Central College was successful. So 1851 found this first college of Michigan, and the first to open its doors to black men and to women, ready for larger work. With the university fifty miles southeast and an Episcopal school seventy miles northwest, the only ones with college charter, there seemed a field for it. One young lady

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had graduated from the female department, Miss Elizabeth D. Camp of Palmyra, N. Y. The tuition was only six dollars a term, and board one dollar a week. During the year more applied for entrance than could be accommodated.

Money was needed for teachers, for buildings and equipment. The thoughts of those interested turned to Ransom Dunn. He was West with improved health. He had the ability and the confidence of the people. Might he not raise the money? He had never seen the college, he was not familiar with that section of Michigan, but when the call came he decided to go to Spring Arbor. A sixty miles' drive was necessary to reach the railroad. He took his wife and baby in his buggy, a man followed with the older children and the goods. Through snow and intense cold they drove on past Chicago—there was no railroad there yet, it was only a small town—to Michigan City. Here the wife and girls took the train, while he drove on to Spring Arbor with the boys.

He found that a new and unexpected honor awaited him: he had just been elected professor of mental and moral philosophy in the college.

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At first he was disposed to decline ; he had given his life to the sacred calling and considered other services only temporary interruptions. But Mr. Fairfield urged that his "election had put new courage into the enterprise and not to accept would discourage all helpers." So he consented to take the place for a year. And thus began in January, 1852, the work for the Free Baptist college of Michigan that was to close only with his life. The first classes which he taught were those of the senior class, mental and moral philosophy and political economy. But Prof. Fairfield leaving soon to begin canvassing, he was obliged to take logic and rhetoric and natural philosophy, and others during the year, thus teaching five classes daily, and thirteen different studies. He also corrected essays of the students and heard their declamations. Some of the criticisms are characteristic. On one long article he wrote, "Life is short"; on another, "Too much 'I'"; one student was advised to put "some point" to it; one speaker was "too soft and winning"; another "too plaintive and high"; one "too even"; another "too stiff"; and with all, the effort to give more expression,

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but to be natural, was urged. In addition to the classroom work he settled the accounts of the students. At first the family boarded with Mrs. L. B. Potter, but it soon became necessary for Mrs. Dunn to take charge of the boarding hall, which then had twenty boarders. Though busy in this new work of running a school, the old work, ever dear to his heart, was not entirely omitted, for he not only preached but held some revival meetings. Mr. Ball, working hard in the new church at Buffalo, called himself "the importunate widow" as he urged the oft-repeated request for the assistance of Elder Dunn in this direction. Others had been in the city, but they could not bring people to decision; they "lacked the melting spirit."

Rev. I. D. Stewart visited the school in June while on a trip West for health, and thus wrote of it: "Everything is on a small scale compared with the patronage the institution receives. Recitation rooms are small, laboratory in a little room, cabinet and apparatus in any corner, but the institution stands well at home and abroad. I had my fears lest the college would prove a failure, but having been here, I can now frankly

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say, to use a Western phrase, 'the thing will go.' The well-known energy and popularity of Brothers Fairfield and Dunn peculiarly fit them for securing the confidence and sympathy of the people." That the school did good work while at Spring Arbor, and that the teachers were appreciated can not be questioned. One of the students, Mrs. E. A. Clark, *neè* Sandford, wrote to Professor Dunn from Pennsylvania in 1898: "You were an inspiration to my youth while at the college at Spring Arbor, and an encouragement and help to me in my labors at Hillsdale, for which you will ever continue to live in my grateful remembrance." Prof. B. W. Aldrich of Moore's Hill College, Indiana, writes that when his father lived at Concord, near Spring Arbor, crowds used to flock from miles around to hear the eloquent Professor Dunn preach. His mother was one of the first graduates at Hillsdale, in 1856, but had studied at Spring Arbor, and his "earliest recollections include the name of Professor Dunn as she and Mrs. Mahoney talked over those early days." The other member of this first class was Mrs. Eliza Scott Potter, who said to Professor Dunn, "The sun never sets

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upon those whose minds and characters you have aided to mold and ennoble." Among the students at Spring Arbor were Professor Lewis McClouth, professor of natural science for many years in Ypsilanti Normal School and a leading educator in the State; Professor Day, superintendent of schools of Cleveland for so long; the Rev. Dr. William H. Perrine and his wife. Dr. Perrine's wife, Livonia E. Benedict, was the first woman to receive a classical degree in Michigan.

Professor Dunn was convinced soon after his arrival at Spring Arbor that such an enterprise could not succeed in that location, and during the year held many earnest conversations with the other teachers in regard to it. He felt that in that small town, away from railroads, without people of means to support the institution, it was useless to attempt to build up such a college as was desired. Already the school had outgrown its accommodations and the demand for a third building was pressing, but when the needs were placed before the community by Professor Dunn and Professor Fairfield, it failed to respond. At the meeting of the Board of Trustees, Jan. 5, 1853, a committee was appointed to confer

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with citizens of Jackson, Coldwater, Adrian, and other places. Delayed by a snow-storm on their way to Coldwater, Professor Dunn suggested looking at Hillsdale. Alone through snow and wind he drove to the future home of the college, and being directed to Dr. Cressy as a man interested in educational matters, called upon him, and he arranged for a conference with a few leading citizens who might be interested. When he came to the office as arranged in the evening, he found twenty men gathered, judges, bankers, professional and business men. One of these gentlemen, Hon. C. C. Mitchell, thus referred to this occasion: "I recollect well the first meeting in the office of the late Judge Wilson, when the leading business men were present and you so satisfactorily presented the subject as to satisfy us all with the feasibility of the project and we raised the required amount, though the town was poor at the time. I have always regarded you as the principal founder of Hillsdale College and its most steadfast friend, and as having raised more money than any one else for its endowment. And while I was a trustee your influence was always for the safe management of its finances."

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The proposition that the locality put up the buildings and the denomination raise the endowment was favorably considered. A committee, consisting of Dr. Underwood, Messrs. Pratt and Dickinson, was appointed to show Professor Dunn sites that would be suitable. The last location was reached by crossing a swamp, and was an open pasture fenced off from the road by a rail fence. But as he walked over this hill, where a few years ago the deer had roamed through the forest, he saw in imagination a group of college buildings overlooking the pleasant town, and stepped on a large stump and said, "If ever we have a Free Baptist college in the West it will be within twenty rods of this spot." When the committee reported to the trustees, Jan. 19, 1853, Coldwater was recommended, but Professor Dunn felt sure that Hillsdale would raise more funds, and felt that it was the more desirable place. The citizens of Spring Arbor had now aroused to see what they were about to lose. But even L. B. Potter, who had been perhaps the one chiefly instrumental in securing the school for Spring Arbor, and who, with Daniel Dunakin and others, had worked hard on the buildings,

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now favored removal. In less than a month it was decided that Hillsdale was to be the future seat of the college. In recent years Judge Pratt, in whose office some of the meetings were held at the time of the removal, wrote to Professor Dunn: "This town and community are greatly indebted to you for your great labor in establishing and building Hillsdale College. You now enjoy the pleasure of seeing the college established on a firm foundation, and a great blessing to the rising generation. My esteem for you has greatly increased with the passing years." Fifteen thousand dollars was pledged in Hillsdale if fifteen thousand more would be put with it. Finally it was made twenty thousand dollars in Hillsdale county and seventeen thousand dollars elsewhere. Twenty-five acres of land were given for a campus. Hillsdale was then a village of about two thousand people.

While the buildings were being erected it was proposed to raise the endowment, if possible. One man was to canvass New England and New York, another to take Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. Professor Dunn was asked to bring ten thousand dollars from Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa,

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Professor Ransom Dunn. 1855.

and Minnesota. This country was new, almost without railroads and quite destitute of bridges and highways. The members of the churches were few, scattered, and poor, and not one of them within two hundred miles of Hillsdale. In referring to this ap-

pointment he said: "My early purpose not to refuse any work for the Master properly assigned me by the denomination was the only reason why I was in the college at all, and was reason enough for attempting the severe and discouraging work now demanded. It had seemed to me worse than death to commence preaching, but to undertake this agency seemed still worse. But after weeping the first ten miles the work was prosecuted with what energy I could command." President Mosher says, "That was real heroism." During the summer another little girl, Abbie, had come to their home, and in the fall of 1853 the family

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again pitched their tent on the Western plains. Wayland and Cedelia, with their cousin Marilla, drove to Elgin with horse and buggy, where the rest of the family, who had gone by rail, were waiting to complete the journey by stage. He felt a long campaign was before him to secure from the scattered Free Baptists west of Lake Michigan the desired amount, and the home must be where he could be with the dear ones as often as possible. His wife said she would take care of the home and family for two years for him to raise ten thousand dollars, which would certainly be his share. He remained the two years, but raised over twenty thousand dollars. "This was without doubt," one writer says, "a larger sum in proportion to membership of churches than was ever raised in the Free Baptist denomination for similar purposes in the same length of time, and we doubt if it can be paralleled in any other." It may be in place here to mention that this was far from completing his work for the endowment of Hillsdale College. For in later years, as we shall see from letters and college records, he secured seventy-four thousand dollars in special endowments, five thousand nine hundred dol-

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lars in notes, and one thousand nine hundred dollars in cash, making in all over one hundred and four thousand dollars that he added to the endowment fund of the college. And it was largely through his influence and assistance that other agents were put into the field, who also did noble work, such as Rev. D. L. Rice, Prof. S. J. Fowler, Rev. G. H. Ball, and others whose letters through a long period of years show their continued personal regard for him and dependence on his advice. This Western agency of Mr. Dunn at this early day was remarkable, for when we remember the condition of the country at that time we can imagine what wearisome labor this sum of twenty-two thousand dollars represented, and what faith it took to accomplish the result. The largest single gift was two hundred dollars, most of the pledges were one hundred dollars, fifty dollars, and twenty-five dollars. Thus we can see what the personal effort meant to this devoted man. His self-sacrifice inspired others, and from log houses, from "lean-to shanties," from houses destitute of luxuries and sometimes what we would call necessities, came the first endowment of Hills-

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dale College. Rev. D. M. Graham once said, "To write an epic poem is nothing, but to live one every day, that is serious business." But this was what this college agent in the West was doing in these years, living a noble, heroic life against great odds, putting self and ease aside for the sake of others and the future of Christ's cause. Though he did not realize it himself he was, as Dr. Ball says, doing "the greatest work of his life in establishing and endowing Hillsdale College."

We must not forget the sacrifice of the wife at home during these months of travel of the husband. When the family removed to Wisconsin in the fall of 1853 they went to Fayette, where they could have the privileges of school and church during the winter, and lived in the house of Mr. B. F. Buckmaster, who still lives in the same house. He remembers "Elder Dunn as a tall man with fair hair and blue eyes," who in all his home life as well as public work was "a model man." In the spring the house on the farm at Wayne was completed and the family moved there. It was built in octagon shape, and attracted considerable attention, and is still stand-

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ing. This was the year when cholera was prevalent in the United States and caused great anxiety everywhere. Mrs. Dunn shared this anxiety, added to the usual anxiety for a husband with frail body and constantly overworked. She had the care of the farm, as the boys were only ten and twelve years of age, and had the little girls to care for, two of whom were mere babies. Add to this the loneliness incident to a new country and farm life, after living in the city of Boston, and having the association of young people at the college in Spring Arbor, and we may fancy it was not an easy life she was leading. But we find no word of complaint or regret, but always the utmost confidence in her husband's ability to bring to successful end the arduous undertaking in which he was engaged, and the most cheerful acquiescence in all plans, with a trust in God for present care and future guidance. This little extract from one letter may serve as a sample of many, showing the spirit exemplified: "Little Cyrena calls 'Pa' a great many times a day. It seems a little hard to have her father gone so long when she loves him so well. We hope to see you soon again. I am

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praying that God's blessing may attend you and that life may be spared and you be permitted to return in better health than when you left. Remember me in your prayers, and be assured that you are not forgotten by one who loves you more than life itself." Friends feared he was overworking, as many letters of kindly interest show. Rev. S. F. Smith writes: "Your life, council, influence, and labor are greatly needed. I don't see how they can be dispensed with. It is a matter of interest to the denomination that your life be preserved and your health maintained. The labor required of you at the college in Michigan, and on the field for it, is too much. Go out on one of God's promises, and lie down. Go on your farm and take it easy. You did not try it long enough before. You need rest." But it was not possible for him to rest until this endowment was assured.

And not only did he secure funds but students for the college. The endowment was being raised on the scholarship plan, each one contributing one hundred dollars having a scholarship entitling him to free tuition for one student. Thus many were induced to help the college, not

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only for its own sake and because of denominational interest, but also for the privilege of giving their children an education. And even where scholarships were not taken the interest he aroused in the institution led to the sending of students. Letters from those who met him at this time give an idea of the impression made. Hon. O. A. Janes, United States Pension Agent for Michigan, wrote thus: "I well remember you, when I was a boy, at Johnston, Wis., pleading for Hillsdale College and preaching in the old stone schoolhouse. I then made up my mind that I should attend college at Hillsdale. In later years I did, and remember you as one of the most earnest, active teachers. As a member of the Board of Trustees and Treasurer I knew of your zeal in raising money for the college, and to you more than to any one else is due its success." Helen M. Gougar, the temperance lecturer, says: "As long ago as I can remember anything I can remember 'Prof. Dunn.' Your visits in the interests of the college, to my Grandfather Dresser's, my entrance later into the college, your officiating services at my wedding, have made you a factor in my life. As

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memory sweeps back over all these years the impress of your life is as a stalwart character for the higher humanities and Christlikeness."

As he traveled from place to place his voice was heard not only on college needs but on other topics of the day. This was the time when antislavery was being discussed everywhere. Judge Hoke of the American Consulate of Nova Scotia has a vivid recollection of Professor Dunn's work in this direction. He wrote to him not long ago: "Do you remember that night in 1853 when you spoke at a schoolhouse near my father's residence in Illinois? I shall never forget that address. Your burning eloquence and strong language are still vivid in my memory. No photograph could retain more distinctly the scene than my mind now holds it. The benches, the tallow candles, the desk you stood behind, the green glasses you wore, the gestures you made, the packed audience that leaned forward to catch every word that fell from your lips, are clearer than any other scene of my early life. The whole nation was then proslavery. It was very unpopular for you to make that speech at that time in Illinois. Indeed, I think the whole anti-

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slavery party was mostly composed of Freewill Baptists, Quakers, and Oberlin College. I was attending school where the faculty, all Methodist preachers, denounced the agitation of the slavery question. My father, who had heard you before, drove seven miles to the seminary and back that night, that I, a youth of seventeen, should hear that speech. Yours was the grand pioneer declaration toward which the nation soon began to drift. But this was before the days of the Republican party, which you prophesied would be formed, before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise or the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill. It is not strange that when I learned of Hillsdale College and that you were to be one of the faculty I determined to go to this Christian and antislavery college. During the next year I heard President Finney of Oberlin, and many distinguished reformers and scholars, as Horace Mann, Charles Sumner, and Elihu Burritt, but nothing that these men said was clearer, stronger, or better expressed than that speech at Oak Ridge schoolhouse." Thus was he helping to prepare the field for Abraham Lincoln and his work.

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His labors at this time also included those of a home missionary in organizing churches. In three places where there were no Free Baptist churches before, Evansville and Waupun in Wisconsin, and Warren, Ill., flourishing churches were formed. At Racine he assisted Rev. S. F. Smith for about two months, and at the close of his service wrote: "We have here a comfortable, well-finished and furnished church. We commenced with few hearers, but the house soon became crowded and scores said 'Pray for me.' Our church was started with seventy members. There is an excellent feeling in the community toward religion and Free Baptists." At Warren, he met in the ballroom of the old stone hotel those who were interested in the establishment of a church and suggested plans for building, which were carried out. He and his wife united with this church, planning to make a home here in town for the family. During eighteen months he dedicated five churches, the last one being at Mendon, Ill., in 1855.

At the General Conference at Fairport, N. Y., in 1853, his voice was heard on antislavery and home missions and for the Boston church,

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and he showed his sincerity as usual by gifts toward these causes. But when it came to education he had a story to tell of the new college in the West that stirred the Conference to unanimously pass a resolution heartily favoring the enterprise. At the anniversaries at Saco, Me., in 1854, a resolution was passed that the "Free Baptist Education Society raise within eighteen months twenty thousand dollars for the Biblical School, twenty-five thousand dollars for Hillsdale College, and ten thousand dollars for New Hampton Institute." Professor Whipple reported that the faculty were "either in the field soliciting or at the college superintending building operations, Professor Dunn was meeting with flattering success in the West, Brother Ball and other agents well received in the East; the ablest men should go on the field until these institutions are put on a permanent foundation."

VII

HILLSDALE COLLEGE — BOSTON — ILLINOIS — THE CIVIL WAR AND WHAT IT COST

While these agents were thus in the field and at denominational gatherings, building was going on at Hillsdale. The offer of Hon. E. Blackmar of twenty-five acres for a campus had been gratefully accepted; and a building committee appointed, consisting of E. B. Fairfield, R. Dunn, H. E. Whipple, G. W. Underwood, D. Beebe, and L. Russell. Henry King of Oberlin was appointed bookkeeper for the college. Bricks and lumber were ready, ground was broken, "and on the 4th of July, 1853, in the presence of a great throng, the largest gathering of people, without doubt, that had ever been convened in Hillsdale, the corner-stone of Hillsdale College was laid. Henry Waldron presided; Colonel Holloway and Dr. Beebe were the marshals. President Fairfield made a brief address. The prayer of consecration was offered by Professor Dunn, who

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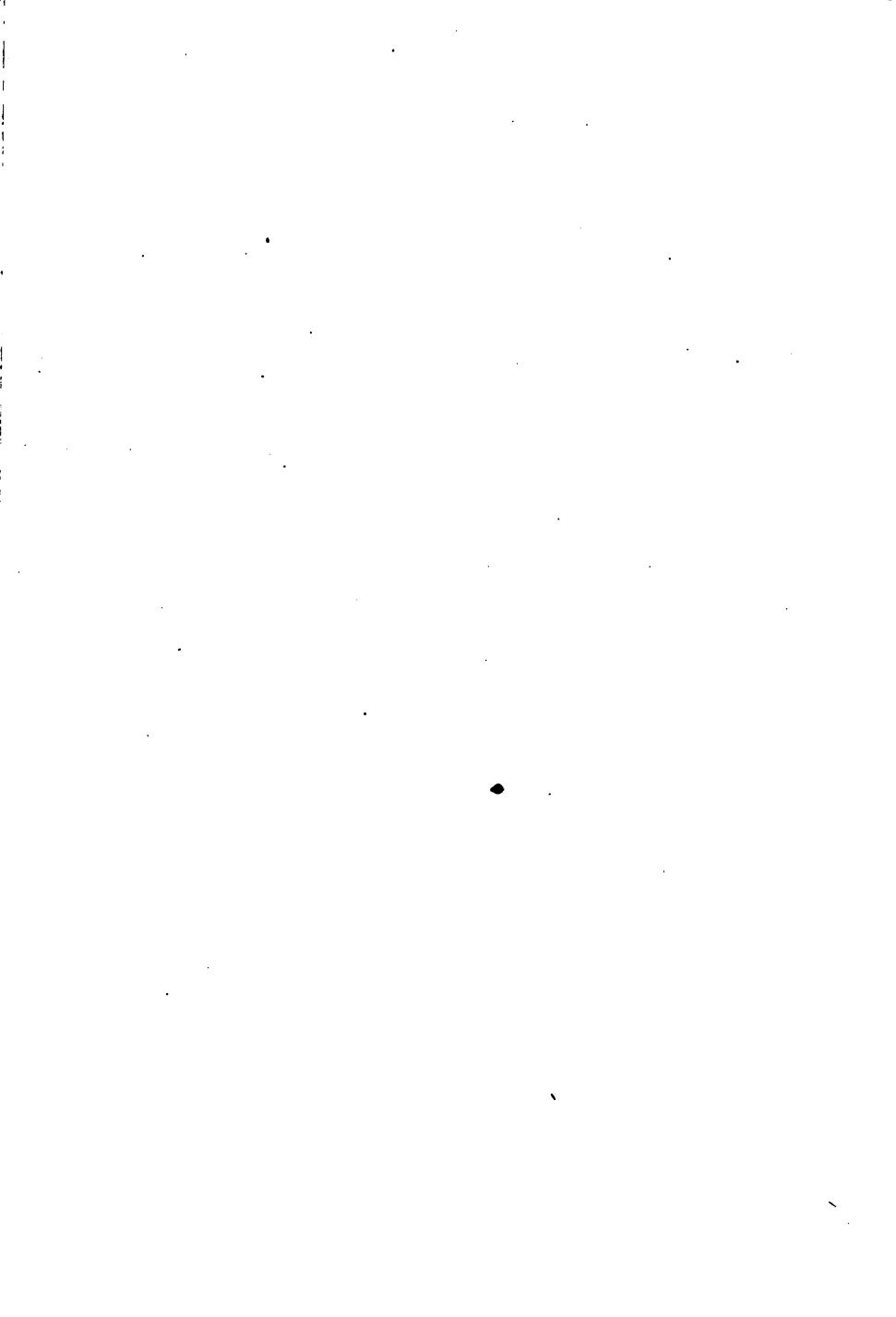
had unusual liberty of spirit on this most momentous occasion. As the widening history of this infant institution opened out before his mind he seemed to be lifted on a Pisgah's top and a land of promise unrolled before him." Those who heard it have never forgotten this prayer, but after the lapse of nearly fifty years its impression is still felt. One who was there thinks "the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the Temple must have been its exact parallel in solemn earnestness and far-reaching, prophetic thought. It was a landmark in my life as it was in many others." On one of the stumps near the platform had climbed a little boy who had driven all the way from Hudson with his parents to see the corner-stone of the new college laid, and Zaccheus-like took a position to see all that was possible. When he saw that tall, pale man with the high forehead stand and talk to God as he had never heard man talk before, his soul was stirred, and then and there was born the desire for education, the longing to influence men, and Will Carleton went home to begin the thinking that made possible in later years the poems that have touched so many hearts.

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In August the cellars were dug and foundations put in, two hundred and sixty-two feet from east to west, sixty feet from north to south. Seven citizens of Hillsdale had pledged one thousand dollars each; a subscription paper drawn up by Judge Pratt to the order of Henry Waldron, Allen Hammond, and C. W. Ferris had been circulated. Some legal difficulties delayed the work during the year 1854. Some of the citizens of Spring Arbor had placed an injunction on the trustees to prevent removal of the college, but this matter was settled in favor of the Hillsdale party. There was also some doubt in regard to the charter. A new college law was agitated, Dr. Cressy in the Senate and Daniel Dunakin in the House favored it, other schools in the State joined the movement. The bill was passed in February, 1855, and thus all the State colleges at that time and since, secured the privilege of conferring degrees through the efforts of Hillsdale. "The history of that law," as one State historian says, "is a chapter in the history of Hillsdale College," for which she should receive due credit, as it was done by her and for her, but all others have reaped the benefits. Under this

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law thirty-five trustees were elected in March and their first annual meeting held in July, 1855. Ransom Dunn was one of these trustees, and from 1856 till his death in 1900 was always present at their annual meetings, attending thirty-eight out of the forty-three meetings. The occasions when he was absent were when away for health in the West or Europe, and when in later years a new law forbade members of the faculty serving on the board of management. When the first faculty of the college were elected E. B. Fairfield received eighteen votes, H. E. Whipple seventeen votes, Ransom Dunn and C. H. Churchill twenty-one votes, and all were declared unanimously elected. Miss Delia R. Whipple was elected lady principal. The salaries were four hundred dollars to seven hundred dollars. Professor Dunn offered the following resolution: "That the principal of all funds raised toward the endowment of the college by donations or sale of scholarships outside of Hillsdale county shall be held forever sacred, the interest only to be expended." Thus was the principle established on which the college has been saved from shipwreck such as other institutions have suf-





Hillsdale College.—The Original Building Destroyed by Fire in 1874.

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ferred that succumbed to the temptation to use endowment funds for current expenses when occasion seemed to demand, and living within the income became the policy of the trustees. That the income has been too small has been a sad fact, but that the effort has been made to act on this wise provision is a great credit to the successors as well as to the originator of it. But the friends of the institution and of education should see that the endowment fund is made sufficiently large so that this principle can be carried out and yet the faculty not be obliged to live on inadequate salaries or the college departments suffer for want of proper appliances. Generosity and liberality of donors must go with economy of management. It is a source of gratification, however, to know that self-sacrificing teachers have worked with conscientious trustees for the best interests of the college.

The college opened in November, 1855, the dedicatory address being given by Rev. G. H. Ball. Mr. Ball wrote: "It was an occasion full of interest to every friend of Christianity. The imposing building, with its massive dome, gave inspiration to the numerous friends as-

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sembled. The college is now a fixed fact, with an edifice not surpassed in beauty and convenience by any college building in our knowledge, with a basis of endowment and a board of teachers that do credit to the cause."

Some features of this new college deserve special mention. It was said that however cordially Professor Dunn's first speeches were received by citizens of Hillsdale, there was one sentiment but feebly applauded, and that was the doctrine of equal rights of all men without regard to color. There was no love for the agitation of the abolition question in that section at that time, but Hillsdale county a few years later was the banner county in the Republican ranks of the State, and helped greatly in the free soil victory in 1855. An early student, who became a Union soldier, could well give this toast to Professor Dunn in later years: "To you who so efficiently helped to plant in the oak openings of Michigan an abolition college which has blest and helped thousands—that is glory enough for one man." It was not customary in those days to expect women to take a full college course, and it was not

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to be supposed they would attend the same school with men. But already at Spring Arbor, as we have seen, had the first woman to receive an A. B. degree been graduated, and now when the doors of Hillsdale College opened it was to welcome women on the same conditions and to the same privileges as men.

But the man who had done more than any other toward this consummation was not permitted to be present on this opening day. A serious inflammation of the eyes drove him from his books and work, and for a year, suffering much, he was under the care of an oculist. In the summer of 1856 he wrote to the *Star*: "It is impossible to answer the many calls for labor. Let one explanation do for all. Since November I have been unable to read or write or to labor much. For a time have been in Boston for treatment. It may be some time before I can engage in labor as in the past three years." A niece had taken care of the family in the Illinois home during the winter while Mr. and Mrs. Dunn with the two little ones were in Boston. He had written to his mother the previous year from Wayne: "This is a beautiful country and

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settling rapidly. Wild land that three years ago was purchased at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre is now worth ten dollars. Our place is but six miles from Warren, which now is on the railroad from Galena to Chicago, making connections for New York and Boston. I am still connected with that college. Have raised about twelve thousand dollars within eight months for the endowment. I am traveling from five to ten hundred miles a month." He had helped in a series of meetings in Warren, and dedicated their new house of worship, "one of the best on that side of the lakes" at that time. A course of lectures on anatomy and physiology that he had given provided the money for the bell. The basement was used as a school. One of his Ohio converts, Horace Woodworth, was the pastor in 1855, and his brother Nathan the following year. Here in this growing village he thought to have a comfortable home until he should go to the college waiting for him, or, if released from that work, into missionary work in the West.

But a shadow fell upon the family in October, 1855, when the little four-year-old daughter,

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Little Cyrena and her mother.

Cyrena, was taken with typhoid fever, and after two weeks of suffering was taken away. Her bright and winsome ways had made his home-comings joyous, and her spiritual insight had been a constant source of wonderment to all who met her. Mr. Rice, after his last visit, had writ-

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ten: "I fear you will not keep that little girl long. May we all learn from her how to possess a meek and quiet spirit. She would add new attractions to heaven." The father wrote to his mother: "A sweeter spirit never rejoiced a parent's heart. She was the idol of the family. But she has gone to a better clime. It is all right. God knows best."

He attended the Western Evangelical Association at Racine in September, and the anniversaries in Hillsdale, Nov. 6. The presence of Rev. J. L. Phillips, with a native convert from India, "Sulu," made this an interesting session. But the fact that for the first time a denominational gathering was convened in their own college at Hillsdale was a fact of special interest. A delegate thus describes the room in which the meetings were held: "The chapel is the uppermost room in the building, sixty feet square and twenty-two feet high, with a deep gallery on three sides." In this large, light chapel, with its long windows and massive columns, Professor Dunn made the impressive opening prayer.

But he went away from those inspiring meetings to spend a gloomy winter. As he expressed

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it: "Before spring the heavens were veiled, the earth clouded, friends shaded, and books practically annihilated. Under the care of a celebrated oculist in Boston, within eighteen months sight was restored so that I was able to resume work at the college. In the meantime my services were called for in Bennett Sreet church, and, securing others to do the reading, pulpit labors were kept up and prosperity enjoyed. A floating debt of one thousand six hundred dollars was raised and as much expended on church repairs, and a precious revival took place." Mrs. Dunn, too, suffered with sore eyes, and for some time both were under constant treatment. In June he went West to attend to business matters and to see the family, and during his absence the church at Boston voted unanimously to call him as their pastor. A house was secured in Chelsea, and the scattered family were together again.

He had not forgotten the work in the West nor the college, for at the General Conference in Mainville, O., in 1856, he urged the appointment of denominational agents for the Western States, and when President Fairfield arrived Professor Dunn called him out for a talk on Hillsdale

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College. Mr. Fairfield in turn called on Professor Dunn, and he spoke on the possibilities of a Christian college in the West. Brethren Ball, Rice, Davis, and others followed, while President Fairfield showed pictures of the new buildings and took subscriptions. The editor of the *Morning Star* said: "I went one hundred and fifty miles out of my way to see the college, and knew it by the picture that had cast such a spell over Conference and opened so many purse strings. What a load these early workers have carried! But success crowns their efforts."

The work in Boston continued to be blessed with increasing religious interest, and the pastor said: "If ever I felt like consecrating everything to God and his work, I have this winter. O for revivals!" But in the fall of 1857 came urgent calls to return to Hillsdale, not only for the sake of the college but as pastor of the church, where it was felt his services were much needed. Then "came the evenly balanced struggle as to which field of labor should claim his powers. Financially and by possession Boston had him. Ten men took him into a counting-room and solemnly promised him one hundred

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dollars in gold every month, besides his clerical perquisites, if he would continue to hold the place he had made important. On the other hand he had put heart, hand, and prayers into the rising denominational college, his name had been kept on the faculty page." He felt his obligation to the college was still binding, and so to Hillsdale he went in the spring of 1858. Of the friends in Boston he said in later life: "I have never parted with any people in unpleasantness nor enjoyed separations, but the prosperous and prospective condition of Bennett Street church, the strange and undeserved attachment of the people for me and my regard for them, rendered my departure from Boston at this time one of the most painful separations of my life."

The regard was mutual and the friendships formed there were lasting. Whenever Professor Dunn was in New England he always called on Boston friends. At one time he called at the home of one of his old-time parishioners and the father had not yet returned from the office. When he came home the little girl met him at the door with, "O papa, Brother Dunn is here. I kissed him, we all kissed him, we're so happy,"

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a sentiment which the father seemed to share. As long as the old members remained in the city the announcement that he was to preach would bring even the aged ones from long distances. Good old Deacon Pease said, "I hold it one of the great blessings of my life to have called Elder Dunn friend, brother, and pastor." The last time he went to New England was at the time of the General Conference at Ocean Park in 1898, and he preached during the dedication exercises of the new church on Warren Street. He still found a few old friends to greet him, and the children of others anxious to know him. The pastor, Rev. O. H. Tracy, said, "This people feel proud and honored to think that you have been our pastor." Some of these Boston friends followed him West and became founders of the Chicago church, supporters of the Western denominational papers, helpers in Hillsdale and elsewhere.

The first year at the college had been a trying one, as only a part of the edifice was completed when the school opened. But faithful teachers and good-natured students had worked on, and the year 1858 found things in good running order.

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~~Mrs.~~ V. G. Ramsey, the matron of the hall, had also acted as lady ~~principal~~ for the first year in the absence of Miss Whipple. She said that the occasional visits of Professor Dunn were "like a burst of sunshine on a dark day." On arrival at Hillsdale the Dunn family took rooms in the college boarding-hall. The boys were already here, having been placed in school while the family were in Boston. Cedelia Eliza was now nearly thirteen years of age, but mature and womanly. She had studied with a Hillsdale student, Mr. Lindsley, in Wisconsin, and had rapidly advanced during her year in the Boston schools, and now was ready to enter college, and welcomed as a bright pupil. But an unseen hand was beckoning her away. In the month of May, after three brief days of that dread disease, scarlet fever, she left the loved ones here, to be with those who had gone to the heavenly home. Her last words were the joyful exclamation, "I have found Him!" One of the students, Mrs. Euphemia Merrill Lance, writes of the impression that death-bed scene made on the hearts of all. She says: "My room was on the same floor and near hers, and I was with her when the

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end came and she bade adieu to all of us. First her father, mother, and sister; then she called for her brothers and urged them to meet her in heaven; and soon her spirit departed. While she was lying on the bed in death her father said, 'Let us try to pray.' Oh, what a prayer! There in that little room when our hearts were full of grief he seemed to have communion so close with God that those boys and none of us student friends could doubt the reality of those words, 'Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.'"

This first death in the college building made a deep impression on the students. The beautiful resolutions of the literary society to which she belonged were expressive of the feelings of the whole school. During the first winter after the college opened there were twenty conversions and twelve baptisms, and twenty-four were added to the college church. Now this spiritual influence was deepened by this providential call and by the character of the man, now pastor of the church, who showed in trial as well as in labor his trust in the God he preached. The student already quoted refers to his personal in-

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fluence over the students: "How good he used to talk to us young people, timid and homesick as we were. He had always a kind word, and such deep spiritual power that no one could doubt his sincerity." Mrs. Ramsey felt that during the first two years of the school, even when absent much of the time, "the strength of his character, his patience and wisdom, did much to keep the weak and tottering enterprise from falling, and to make it what it became in later years, a blessing to the world and an honor to the denomination." Still more was his influence felt now when in active work in the school and church. He bought the house at the corner of Hillsdale and Fayette streets, and here many of the faculty meetings were held.

It became known that he had left a city pastorate, with one thousand two hundred dollars salary and many emoluments, to come to the college and church for half the sum. A citizens' surprise party gave him a purse of one hundred and fifty dollars, which was presented by Hon. Daniel Pratt. An old-time school-girl journal tells an interesting incident that followed:

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"HILLSDALE, Sabbath, Sept. 26, 1858.

"What a blessed man Professor Dunn is! How pleasantly and gratefully he referred, before morning service, to the surprise party we students gave him Friday evening. The donation party by church and town people suggested the idea to us, and when students once get an idea it does not take long to put it into execution. Of course we all went into the business, heart and hand, and soon the salute was, 'Have you subscribed?' Well, the evening came, and East Hall was the place of rendezvous. The captain told us, on penalty of being court-martialed, not to speak one word during the march to Professor Dunn's house. The Hillsdale brass band were to lead. Like ghosts we noiselessly file right and left; the brass band with brazen instruments brazenly advance to the front. Ready! The air is filled with martial music. We stand like living statues, with bated breath. The curtains are drawn aside, then a surprised professor stands in the doorway. Our spokesman, J. T. Hoke, presents a purse containing one hundred and fifty-five dollars in cash. The professor thanked us as only he can, and then extended a hearty invitation to come in, and soon standing-room only was to be had. But a more delightful sociable never was, and what time we lost on the march was made up a hundredfold."

The preaching of Professor Dunn in the chapel at this time was one of the great influences of the college. One who attended the school in

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1859, and became a minister afterward, says: "I remember with gratitude a series of profound and eloquent sermons on natural theology. They thrilled me through and through. They were matchless efforts, and I have carried the impression they made upon me through life. Doubtless much of Professor Dunn's long and useful life as a teacher and preacher is still being reproduced in the lives of students who, like myself, took him as their ideal." The preaching of Professor Dunn in the chapel had a wider influence than that upon the students or members of the church. It was a light set on a hill that drew to it citizens and strangers of varying creeds and beliefs, for the fame of the speaker traveled. At one time a young man who was attending an Eastern college was spending a vacation with friends in the town of Hillsdale. Sunday afternoon came, and his friend said, "You must go up on College Hill and hear Professor Dunn." They went, and his journal tells the rest: "How can I write of that sermon! The text was, 'The living, the living, they shall praise thee.' (Isa. 38: 19.) I cannot attempt to give any analysis of it. He presented the

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realities of life in an awe-inspiring manner, and many of the great throng must have gone from the house with more exalted ideas of the nobility of a true life, and with deeper convictions of the meanness of their own sinful lives. I know that the harshest things he said could be fitly applied to my own heart without going to find my neighbor. There were six persons baptized at the foot of the hill, and the exercises were very interesting and solemn." This young man lived to be a prominent Presbyterian clergyman in New York and Pennsylvania, Dr. C. E. Robinson, and he never saw Professor Dunn again until as an old man he came to live and die at the home of his daughter in the city of Scranton, where Dr. Robinson was a pastor. In giving this extract from his diary, Dr. Robinson says, "How little should I have imagined then that I should be called to speak at his funeral and pay in public my tribute to the impression made upon me that day."

One of the features of Hillsdale College from the first was its literary societies. The large Eastern colleges had secret fraternities, and clubs and societies of various kinds, but the open lit-



Hillsdale College.—A Literary Society Hall.

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erary society with the support of the faculty and encouragement of the public was a characteristic of this school that has always had great influence in making its students clear thinkers, ready speakers, and practical men in every walk of life. All over the country where one meets a Hillsdale student it is usually found that he is the one called on as a presiding officer, for speaking on public occasions and serving on important committees. The college made provision for these societies by giving them halls of their own. Professor Dunn was an active supporter of their establishment and helper in their success. One of the early students, Hon. J. C. Patterson, wrote in later years, "I well remember the deep impression made upon my youthful mind before I became your pupil by your stirring address on 'True Manhood' at the dedication of one of the society halls in 1858. The noble sentiments so beautifully expressed found lodgment in my heart and gave me a broader view and a higher ideal of life. I shall always cherish the memory of this and your later words of wisdom and encouragement as my teacher, and your counsels as my friend." At the commencement of 1859, Rev.

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G. T. Day, who had been a friend to the college through all its early days, delivered the address to the literary societies. Among the parts taken by the students were two orations, "Let there be Light," in the Alpha Kappa Phi Society, by N. R. Dunn; and "Life Measured by Deeds," in the Amphictyon, by F. W. Dunn.

The double work began to tell upon the active teacher and pastor, and Boston friends, hearing that rest was suggested, urged that change was rest, and that if he would return to his old place they would ask for only one sermon a Sabbath and release him from as much other work as possible, and they offered to fit up a house for him. One of them wrote, "The feeling is Dunn—nothing but Dunn." He finally consented, and they were glad to announce in the *Star* in October, 1859, that Ransom Dunn was back in Boston. "He brings to this field," the report read, "acknowledged superior mental powers and extraordinary talents, but also a heart full of the love of Jesus, going out after perishing souls, as shown in every sermon he preaches and in his daily walk and conversation. We are thankful to God for giving us one whose faithful labors and wise counsel we had in bygone days."

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He labored earnestly for the church during that year; and was frequently called upon for assistance in the exciting campaign then in progress, being a popular speaker in the Tremont Temple meetings. But he felt that his coming to Boston that time "was a mistake, for that field required a whole man and rest was what I needed." And so it proved, for at the commencement of the year 1861 he became so ill he could no longer continue his work as pastor. He took a trip South, acting as a newspaper correspondent, with letters of introduction from Congressmen in New England, who were his friends, to prominent men in Washington. Friends feared for his safety in the capital and the Southern States, but he returned safely. The respite from preaching and the change of air had not, however, made sufficient improvement in his health that he felt justified in remaining in Boston.

He had been given the honorary degree of A. M. from the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., in 1860. For some time, as a matter of interest to himself, and of assistance in the debates and addresses on national questions which he was called upon to give, he had been

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studying law. While in Boston he read with a lawyer there who entered him as a law student, and now offered to continue his assistance by correspondence or recommendation, and urged Mr. Dunn's entering upon the practice of law in the West as a means of livelihood and a use of his talents, and probably less nervous strain than the ministry. It is interesting to speculate upon the result had he acted upon this advice. There is no doubt but that he would have made a success in this profession. His eloquence would have given him eminence at the bar and his social qualities won him friends, and financial success would have followed.

Mr. Dunn went to Illinois to seek for rest and a home and some little work for the Master that he might be able to do. The Boston church called Rev. Austin W. Avery, a young man of brilliant powers and sweet spirit, who had been studying with Pastor Dunn for three months and was much loved by him and the people. Mrs. Dunn went to Hillsdale with their three little girls, Abbie, Helen, who was born in Boston in 1857, and Lily, who had come to their home in Hillsdale in 1859. Wayland concluded to leave

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school and take them to Illinois, and remain at home to assist his father, who had received an offer to preach once in four weeks in a small place, for which he was promised two hundred dollars a year and given the use of forty acres of land. In March, 1861, they went to live at Prairie Centre, in LaSalle County, twelve miles from Ottawa. While stopping with friends here waiting for their home to be ready, the sweet little Lily faded and died; or, rather, should we not say, the Master came and took the blossom for his own fair garden above? Wayland said, "Another sister gone! It was hard to give up the little pet." They laid her beside the little Cyrena in Warren, and went back to their home-making with lonely hearts, missing the prattle of the wee little one.

It was decided to build a stable at once and live in that until the house could be built. As soon as their household goods arrived it was made as homelike as possible for their temporary dwelling-place, and plowing, planting, and building occupied the time. Always fond of horses, Mr. Dunn seemed to have special adaptation for breaking colts, and gained a reputation in this

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particular so that he not only trained those for his own use but for his neighbors. His kindness and patience, combined with firmness, made him a success in dealing with animals as well as with people. But however busy in planning farm work and overseeing building operations, or tired with attempting to help in the work, his voice was not silent whenever opportunity offered to give the Gospel message. At the schoolhouse in their district, at Ophir Centre or at Homer, he was preaching much of the time, and the people of that county heard such preaching as they had never heard before. They would drive miles to hear him, and when the house was full would drive their carriages close to the windows and sit there, and men would stand in the door and on the steps during the whole service. He dedicated a new church at Four Mile Grove. The son who had just come from college, and had heard some good lecturers and some of the leading speakers in the field in the war campaign, wrote in his journal, after attending some of these services: "He is certainly one among a thousand, the best speaker I ever heard, unless perhaps Gough; and as good a man as ever

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lived." He was appointed General Western Agent of the Home Mission Board, to work in Illinois and Wisconsin.

Ransom wrote from Hillsdale that the students were giving themselves by the score to the government in the hour of the nation's peril, and he wanted to enlist in a company then being formed. It was one thing to lecture against slavery and to preach for union, it was quite another to give your dearest treasures for it. But the father's heart, though torn with grief, could not refuse. He did say, however: "If this war lasts, as I fear it may, you will have plenty of time to fight; if it does not, you will not be needed. You are young; wait until you graduate, and then if your country needs you, you may go." So in September, after summer vacation at home, the boys went back to college. The father went as far as Chicago with them, where, after attending to matters of business, and hearing Lovejoy speak on the battle of Bull Run, they said goodbye sadly. One of them remarked: "How sad father looked when we left! I would do anything for him. There never was a better man or father."

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The year passed quickly by, and June 19, 1862, came Commencement Day at Hillsdale. Newell Ransom Dunn at twenty-one, and Francis Wayland Dunn, nineteen years of age, were among the graduates. Ransom went to visit relatives in Ohio, Wayland to the home in Illinois. He found the family settled in the small but convenient house recently built, and glad to see him. In July came the call for 300,000 men for the army, and the excitement was intense. Wayland wrote to a friend: "I have gone into the war three times and I am not in yet. Ransom came home from Quincy—he had been down the river looking for a place to teach school—just as I was going to the recruiting officer, and said, 'If you go, my name goes down with yours.' That won't do, for father's health will not allow of both leaving. Father came near going himself. They tried to get a company from this district and thought they could if he would be captain. He said he would if they got the requisite number, but they were not able to do it in the required time. It is better so; his health is not good. I am trying to persuade him to stop preaching."

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But the day came when the two boys rode to Ottawa, past the little schoolhouse, waving good-bye to the sisters, away from the sad-eyed mother at home, who had herself made the silken flag that was presented to the company, to report for orders in the sixty-fourth regiment of the Illinois volunteers, the "Yates Sharpshooters," and September 1st began the march to the South. They were stationed at Corinth, Miss., one of the outposts of the army of General Rosecrans. The story of their life is that of hundreds of other brave young boys who left home and friends to save their country, to learn not only the horrors of battlefield and charge, but the meannesses of petty under-officers and the selfishness and degradation of human nature. But their unfailing courtesy won the good-will of those who at first jeered at the lads who preferred the Bible, the "Iliad," "Ivanhoe," or "Les Miserables," to the card-table and the low jest, while their faithfulness to duty won the regard of officers and gained them promotions. Letters from home and school friends cheered the lonely hours. They passed unhurt through several battles, and wrote cheery letters home.

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But in March, 1863, Ransom was taken sick with typhoid fever induced by poor water and aggravated by exposure while on guard serving extra hours for a sick friend. The brother helped him to the regimental hospital and went daily four miles for fresh milk and eggs and pure water for him. A telegram and letter were sent to the father and the trains watched anxiously to see if he would come. The week went by and the patient was no better, another week and he was failing. He wakened from a feverish sleep, reached for his Testament, and pointed to the fourteenth chapter of John, which his brother read to him; asked for bread, and when it was given him broke it in small pieces as usually served at the communion table, and quoted, "This do in remembrance of Me." That night he called for his brother, whom he could not bear to have away from him. After doing what he could for his comfort Wayland lay beside the sick boy where he could touch him with his hand as he loved to do. When the morning light stole in the brother saw a change in the sick one's countenance, and tried to give the medicine, but he could not take it. He spoke to him but he

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could answer only with his eyes. Then he said, "Is it all right, Ransom?" Ransom turned his eyes toward heaven, and was gone, and Wayland was alone with his dead. The effort to get the pass to take the body home, the refusal, the attempt to get it on the cars, and finally sending by express, the return alone to camp to wait for the letter from home, was an experience from which he never recovered. The expected letter came, telling that previous letters had not been received, and that the sudden news and severe loss was a terrible shock; and alone in the woods the homesick boy shed the first tear as he saw the father crushed by this blow to all his hopes and affections.

The family were living at Warren, Ill. Professor Whipple came from Hillsdale to attend the funeral, and friends were very kind. But the broken-hearted father paced the floor in an agony of grief, and the little girls could only show their sympathy for the sorrow they hardly understood by the clasp of the hand and the attempt to at least walk with him. The fact that for months Ransom had been living a life of trust in Christ, that his death, though evidently expected from

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the first of his sickness, had been met calmly with confident hope of heaven, was a comfort. The anxiety and love for those that were left filled his thought, and he tried to bravely keep on with his work. Since August, 1862, he had been pastor of the church at Warren, and a glorious revival had been enjoyed during the winter. In the summer he wrote: "For some time it has seemed impossible for me to write or study. With debilitated nerves and brain, burdened with one of the saddest trials of my life, how can I? With deep anxiety for their usefulness I did what I could to aid my two sons in their education. They graduated honorably; one sleeps in death, the other is in the army. It seems but a day since I, a beardless youth, left the parental roof for 'the field,' and yet five of my family now repose in that field. Well—the remainder will soon follow. This is not our home,—'we seek a city.' But while on the journey we attend to what work strength and opportunity will allow. The Lord will provide."

Before the summer was over news came that the war had claimed another of his family. His youngest brother Thomas had died in New Or-

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leans hospital. He was a chaplain in the army and his last letter had told of a precious work of grace in the camp. The letter which told of his death called him "the good angel of the colored people, and the sick boys in the hospital," where he acted as nurse as well as chaplain. His recent appointment as superintendent of schools for the colored children in the city had given him great satisfaction as an opportunity for service for the people he loved.

Professor Dunn's service for the soldiers continued through the work of the U. S. Christian Commission, by his own contributions and those solicited from others, and he was invited to speak at their anniversary in Chicago.

VIII

THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT — EUROPEAN TRAVEL — NEBRASKA

The General Conference was held in Hillsdale, in October, 1862. President E. B. Fairfield was elected moderator. Professor Dunn was a delegate from Illinois. A resolution was introduced by a committee, of which Rev. G. T. Day was chairman, that the corporators of the *Morning Star* devote three thousand dollars of surplus funds to Hillsdale College for a professorship of Biblical literature, and that the college raise nine thousand dollars for the same purpose. Mr. Day stated that this was presented without the knowledge or consent of the faculty of the college, but he saw, as did others, the need of such instruction in the institution, the college needed the funds, and funds not now in use in the publishing house might be so applied to great advantage to the denomination. The proposition was not for ac-

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adematical purposes but for distinctively Christian work. Hon. Ebenezer Knowlton favored it strongly, Professor Whipple and Mr. Abbey, an agent of the college, spoke feelingly of the benefit it would be to those not able to go to the theological school in the East, but who could be useful workers in the Western field. Professor Dunn said that thirty or forty young men had pleaded with him to give them theological instruction, but he had urged them to go to the Biblical School in New England, and when that was not possible, had directed their reading. President Fairfield was visibly affected by the earnest interest in the college shown by the delegates during the discussion. The resolution was passed, and then it was unanimously voted that the new chair be called the Burr professorship. That year Professor Dunn was elected to fill this position, and thus began his long service as the head of the theological department and professor of systematic theology.

In the winter of 1863 he left Warren to return to the college. Another little girl, Angienette, had come to brighten the home made sad by the repeated visits of the death messenger. So again

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with three little girls he came to Hillsdale. His friend, Rev. D. L. Rice, who had been for some time an agent for the college, was living on West Street, and took the Dunn family as boarders until they should secure their own home. His son, Fenelon Rice, had been welcome in the home of Pastor Dunn in Boston while studying music there, preparing for the position he now held in Hillsdale College.

In the fall of 1864 the soldier boy was mustered out and returned home. He had not been heard from for two months because lines of communication had been cut by the Confederates, and the family and friends had felt very anxious, fearing he had been captured or killed. He was now joyfully welcomed to the home circle and the larger circle of friends and acquaintance. His last year's service had been sergeant major in the First U. S. Cavalry, Alabama Volunteers, connected with Sherman's army. Professor Dunn had bought a house on Manning Street, and a room was planned for the boy that it was hoped might come back, with many a thought of the one who could never come again, and as Wayland placed the books and pictures there, old

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memories crowded upon him, and he sadly said, "The rest of life will be simply waiting for the happy reunion."

He found his father on double duty again, teaching and preaching, and as he listened to that voice once more it thrilled him as of old, and he wrote in his journal what he would not say to others, though they felt the same: "There is no better speaker in the United States than this father of mine. Sometimes in fervent and impassioned passages I almost fear he can't keep it up and will fail, but failure is not in his book. If he had health to sustain the full working of his energies what grand results would follow." It was true that he had lost none of his youthful fire in the pulpit, and had gained through life's experiences broader thought and deeper sympathies, and the sermons were an inspiration to the students and citizens who crowded the chapel to hear him. Not long ago, Judge J. B. Moore of the Supreme Court of Michigan spoke of the first sermon he heard from Professor Dunn at this time. He was, he said, "a young man just from the saw-mill and the farm, and that sermon was a most eloquent and inspiring one which I

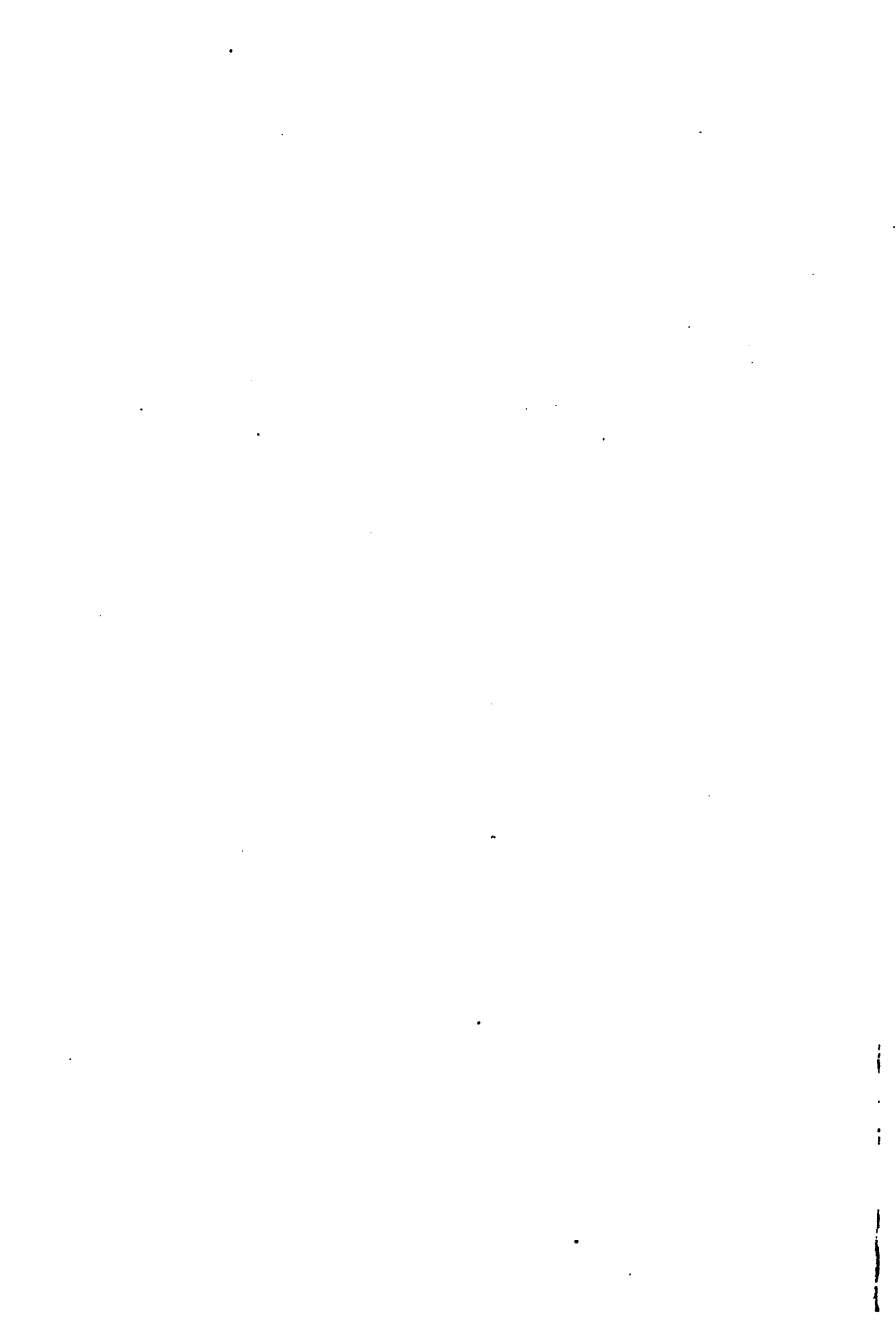
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shall never forget ; and in all these years since that time Professor Dunn has been just as eloquently and effectively impressing upon the plastic minds of youth high ideals."

This was the time when some of the one hundred and fifty students who had gone at the country's call to the battlefield were returning to the college. Many, alas ! never returned to home or school, and the bronze monument on the campus, the pictures in alumni and literary society halls, keep in memory the names and faces of some of these brave boys. One who was privileged to return, Hon. N. S. Harwood of Nebraska, wrote recently to his old friend and teacher this reminiscent letter : "How well I remember the first time I heard you preach in the old college chapel ! I had just returned from camp and thrown aside a soldier's life to renew my studies. I had not heard much preaching for a long time, and had never heard such preaching. Your figure, tall and erect, your wonderful command of language, your brilliant imagination, your earnest speech and its rapid delivery, reminded me of a cavalry charge. It seemed to sweep everything before it. The effect was overpowering



Hillsdale College.—Central Building, Monument to Student Soldiers, and Fountain.



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upon me, as it must have been on all your listeners ; and what an example of oratory to students expecting to follow professional life ! ” It was no wonder many of the students adopted Professor Dunn as their ideal preacher, and still acknowledge his dominating power over their thought, expression, and manner as well as character and life.

In the fall of 1865, Professor Dunn and his son, accompanied by Rev. G. T. Day, took an extensive trip through the Old World. They sailed November 25h, and a letter to the *Star* written as the shores of the homeland were receding, has this paragraph, which those who have followed with us the story of his life will understand : “ There is something strange about the atmosphere of this morning. It affects the heart, and the eyes do not escape. Why should they, for are they not gazing far away over the stormy past ? Do I not see distinctly, although through a little mist, the hills and vales of childhood ; the mud, the forests, and prairies of Western labor, with Dover, Great Falls, and Boston in the midst ? In the foreground of the picture are there not hundreds of faces — five in particu-

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lar — which once smiled on my pathway, again looking silently upon me? Ah, this is no imagination! I do see them, and more — for living loved ones are in the view. With gratitude for the past, committing myself to the prayer-hearing God who careth for us, for the present to all these scenes and friends, farewell. God is everywhere. Before I go I wish to express my warmest thanks to the many dear friends who have so generously contributed nearly one thousand dollars toward my expenses. These names and undeserved favors are kept in mind and heart. How this can ever be returned God only knows. Through his rich blessing may they all find it more blessed to give than to receive.”

He wrote a series of letters to the *Morning Star*, addressed to the “young folks out West,” which were much enjoyed by old and young, East and West. The trip included Great Britain; Rouen, Paris, and other points in France; Milan, Florence, Naples, and Rome and other places in Italy; Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt; the Syrian desert and Palestine. It was this latter part of the journey that the preacher enjoyed most, not only because of its novelty and the health-giving tonic

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it proved to be, but because of its associations. He wrote to his family : "I never expect to enjoy another month of travel so well. The scenery and country are interesting, but more so to visit the places where Christ and his apostles lived and labored and died. How much the world owes — how much we individually owe — to the Saviour who here died for us ! " The return journey was by the way of the Mediterranean Sea to Constantinople, up the Danube River to Vienna ; then Switzerland, Lake Geneva, and the Alpine glaciers ; Strasburg and Cologne, Berlin, Potsdam and Dresden ; and back to London. In England Revs. Dunn and Day were visiting delegates to the Convention of General Baptists of Great Britain in June, being sent as representatives of the Free Baptists of America, and were received with the greatest cordiality. They remained in England a short time to visit Oxford, Manchester, Nottingham, and other interesting places ; went to Scotland and Ireland, to see Glasgow and Edinburgh and the Scottish lakes, and the "Giant's Causeway," and returned to America by way of Quebec. Professor Dunn wrote from Fairfax, Vermont, August 1st : "We are now so

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near home that we consider our journey completed, its dangers, labors, and pleasures laid away in the dusty past, and the work of life again on hand. Heaven forbid that the last year should be lost to us or the world." His last letter to the *Star* readers closed thus: "If you have read what I have written, I am thankful; if it has been a source of happiness or profit to any, I am still more so. We have moved rather rapidly, passing over fifteen or twenty thousand miles in eight short months. We have experienced a great deal of pleasure and a great deal that was not pleasure. If I could transfer to you, my dear young friends, any amount of the former without the latter I should be very glad. By imparting the sweets of life's cup to others we make its very dregs a luxury to ourselves. Wishing you a great deal of goodness which will certainly secure happiness here and hereafter, I remain for the church and the world, yours in Christian obligation, R. Dunn."

Dr. Day wrote on his arrival at Providence: "I hear with gratitude of the safe arrival at home of Brother Dunn and son, companions in a portion of life which will never cease to be memo-

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rable and which they have done so much to invest with interest."

The journey and its experiences never ceased to be a subject of interesting conversation among Professor Dunn's friends, for he was a rare conversationalist and could give a description or tell a story with a lifelikeness that was fascinating. And the material gathered furnished the groundwork for many lectures which became sources of information to many churches and institutes as well as to the students of the college. He came back to Hillsdale unannounced, slipping quietly in on a night train to find a light burning and a solitary watcher waiting, for whom there was no sleep that night for very excess of joy and thankfulness. The next morning three little girls were ready to entertain him with all they had learned during his long absence, or to hear his wonderful stories of the Empress Eugenie who had hair just like theirs, of the marvelous dolls and musical instruments he had seen, and of the queer children he met. But the first sight of the familiar figure on the streets that afternoon was the sign for an enthusiastic demonstration of welcome from students and citizens.

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He took up again the double burden of professor of theology and pastor of the church. A new work was now added. The church was still worshipping in the college chapel and it was felt that they should have a church home of their own. It would be a great effort to bring to successful completion this undertaking, for the membership was not wealthy, and the edifice must be a large one to accommodate not only ordinary church services but the large audiences of Commencement Day and other college gatherings. He threw himself into the task. Every subscription but one was taken by him. His constant oversight saved many delays and needless expenditures. As the work was done by day's work, not by single contract, close attention was necessary. The lecture room still bears its silent witness to the time he risked his life to save the church from destruction by fire when he rushed up the ladder and the scaffolding and snatched a falling light left by a careless employee. The church was dedicated Jan. 1, 1868. An immense audience filled the large auditorium while the pastor spoke on the influence of the church on society and civilization, the text being Gen. 28 :

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16, 17. The cost of the church was nearly twenty thousand dollars, and the ladies raised one thousand eight hundred dollars for furnishing. During these years Professor Dunn had other demands upon his time and strength. A church had been organized in Chicago, and an urgent call extended to him to become its pastor in the summer of 1865. But he felt that if able to work at all his place was in Hillsdale, and the European trip had been suggested by friends and was already planned. The church renewed the call, promising a year's leave of absence, but he declined. He continued to assist, however, in their church building, in the securing of a pastor, and by contributing and soliciting financial aid.

Another enterprise of considerable moment was the establishment of a Western denominational paper, which had been often discussed and finally projected. A Publishing Association was formed in 1867. Rev. D. M. Graham was made editor, Rev. A. H. Chase publishing agent. Francis Wayland Dunn was called to be assistant editor. As Mr. Graham was pastor of the Chicago church, and Mr. Chase connected with the Freedmen's Mission, it followed that much of the work

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fell upon the office editor, Mr. Dunn. The paper was called *The Christian Freeman*, and was published in Chicago, and its literary character and pure tone and bright editorials gave it a wide reading. Will Carleton claims to have received more help on style and diction from the editorials of Wayland Dunn than from any other source. But like his father the ambition of the young man went beyond his strength, and in the spring of 1868 a "little cold" developed serious consequences, and a change of climate was advised. He took a trip South with his Uncle Hiram, and the letters from New Orleans and intermediate points were enjoyed by many who did not know that it was the brilliant young editor who was beginning a long fight of seven years against the disease that had carried the mother away in her youth. On the way North he visited the old battlefields and the place where the brother had spent his last days on earth. Three months of hard work in Chicago, and again he was driven from the office, and Mr. Chase wrote: "Our readers know with what ability he has managed the columns of *The Freeman* and the interest with which they have read his spicy and able editorials.

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As a writer he has few superiors, and is always a wise counselor and true friend." With a college friend he went to the Rocky Mountains for the relief the South had failed to give. They joined in a Buffalo hunt and were attacked by Indians and so had thrilling stories to tell. After an absence of five months he returned to the editor's sanctum in December. But in March, 1869, his editorial was entitled "Finally," and brought tears to the eyes of many as they read his reference to the outward-bound steamer as she swung from the pier at North River: "I remember a kind of awe, a half fear, a vivid consciousness of my own utter helplessness. Behind was confidence and surety; before us was the wide unknown. Something like this feeling takes possession of me to-night. All that is certain seems slipping beyond my reach as I find myself swung loose from my moorings, dropping down the river of time to the ocean of eternity."

The summer of 1868 Mrs. Dunn's health had failed also, and the family spent the vacation in Chicago, where she could have the special treatment required by eminent physicians. Professor Dunn's name had been proposed for Congress

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that year, but with the care of the church and his department in college and the anxiety in regard to the family he had no desire for political honors, and declined the nomination. In November, 1869, the publisher of *The Freeman* resigned and the corporators appointed a committee on publication, with Ransom Dunn as general agent. He said: "From the first it has been my purpose to assume no responsibility respecting the editorship or publishing of this paper except to pay my proportion if necessary. But circumstances beyond my control have overcome this resolution, and the necessities of the case and the decision of my associates and the indications of Providence render further refusal impossible." Henry J. King was made book-keeper of the concern. Professor Dunn, with his usual energy, worked to make the paper a success. But in March, 1870, he announces: "It seems to be unavoidably necessary to say that two months since a shock suddenly put an end to professional work. Continued prostration renders it necessary to retire from all labor and seek rest and physical exercise and natural scenery for relief."

Wayland had been traveling through Kansas

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and Nebraska, and had purchased land in Richardson county, Nebraska. Here the family moved in March, 1870, and settled at Salem, hoping that relief from overwork and nervous strain might come from the grand views and balmy air of the rolling prairie.

Professor Dunn would not allow himself to preach at first, but always attended services if able to be out. Some of the preachers in those small towns in that new country were men who had had very little education, and a friend said to him once, "I don't see how you stand it to sit and listen to such preaching, Professor." The reply was, "They all say some good things, and the text is all right, and I can think of other things on the subject." The people were anxious to have him preach if he could without injury to himself, and one man expressed surprise at the amount of work he was doing, both mentally and physically, connected with the business of opening up a new farm and improving such a large one. He replied, pointing to the fields of grain and the fences, "Well, brother, there is no salvation or damnation in this kind of work." This expression speaks volumes concerning the feeling.

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of responsibility, the deep conviction of duty, the utter absorption of self in work for others, the burden for souls, that wore him out repeatedly. The intensity of feeling that used up all nervous strength was the very force that impelled others to action, turned souls into the Kingdom, and stirred men to earnestness of purpose and endeavor.

So the months went by, the wild prairie was becoming a cultivated farm, the temporary shelter exchanged for a new and comfortable house, health improving, and the family more contented. The Chicago church gave Professor Dunn another urgent call to be its pastor in the spring of 1871, and he had come to the conclusion that he would attempt it, promising only one sermon each Sabbath, and with the condition that their indebtedness should be raised.

But at this time came the most imperative call in all his history—circumstances were such at Hillsdale as to demand his immediate presence, said the local trustees. He went, and saved the day. Teachers who were trembling felt courageous, students who were planning to leave decided to remain, citizens who were losing confi-

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dence were reassured. Let those who were present tell the story. "How well," says one, "I recall the scene at chapel. I heard a great cheer, and looking around saw Professor Dunn walking rapidly down the aisle. He conducted chapel exercises, and then gave an address. Such eloquence, such personal power, I had never witnessed before. There was a recognized leader. Hope and loyalty took the place of gloom and distrust." Another says: "I joined with the others in making that old chapel ring when Professor Dunn entered that morning. And I remember the sermon the next day. I never heard its equal before or since. I never heard it approached in pathos, eloquence, and power." Still another: "The picture painted in that hour hangs undimmed on the walls of memory's chamber. What sincerity, moral earnestness, dauntless courage, faith in God, spoke through his life and emanated from his person. From that hour I trusted Ransom Dunn absolutely." There are occasions that stand out like mountain peaks in the history of individuals and institutions. This was such an one in the life of Ransom Dunn and in the history of Hills-

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dale College. He was inspired for that work at that time. But the question now arose, could he be persuaded to remain?

The president had resigned and Professor Dunn was urged to accept the presidency. This he declined to do, but it was felt his continued counsel was needed. Was his health permanently restored? And the failing health of his son was to be considered. A member of the faculty later thus represented the situation: "Wayland with calm but intelligent eyes looked at his own vanishing future, well knowing it was only a question of time—a few months or years at most, and his brief work would be done. He had been asked to accept the chair of *belles lettres* in the college. Might he not die with the harness on? They would go back—father and son. One was beyond what climate could do for anybody; the other was sufficiently restored to be worth much to the cause; and again the family moved to College Hill." At the home on the corner of College and Hillsdale Streets, in the large, rambling house behind the hedge of arbor vitæ, was the study from which these two men with well stored brains, broad scholarship, and extensive

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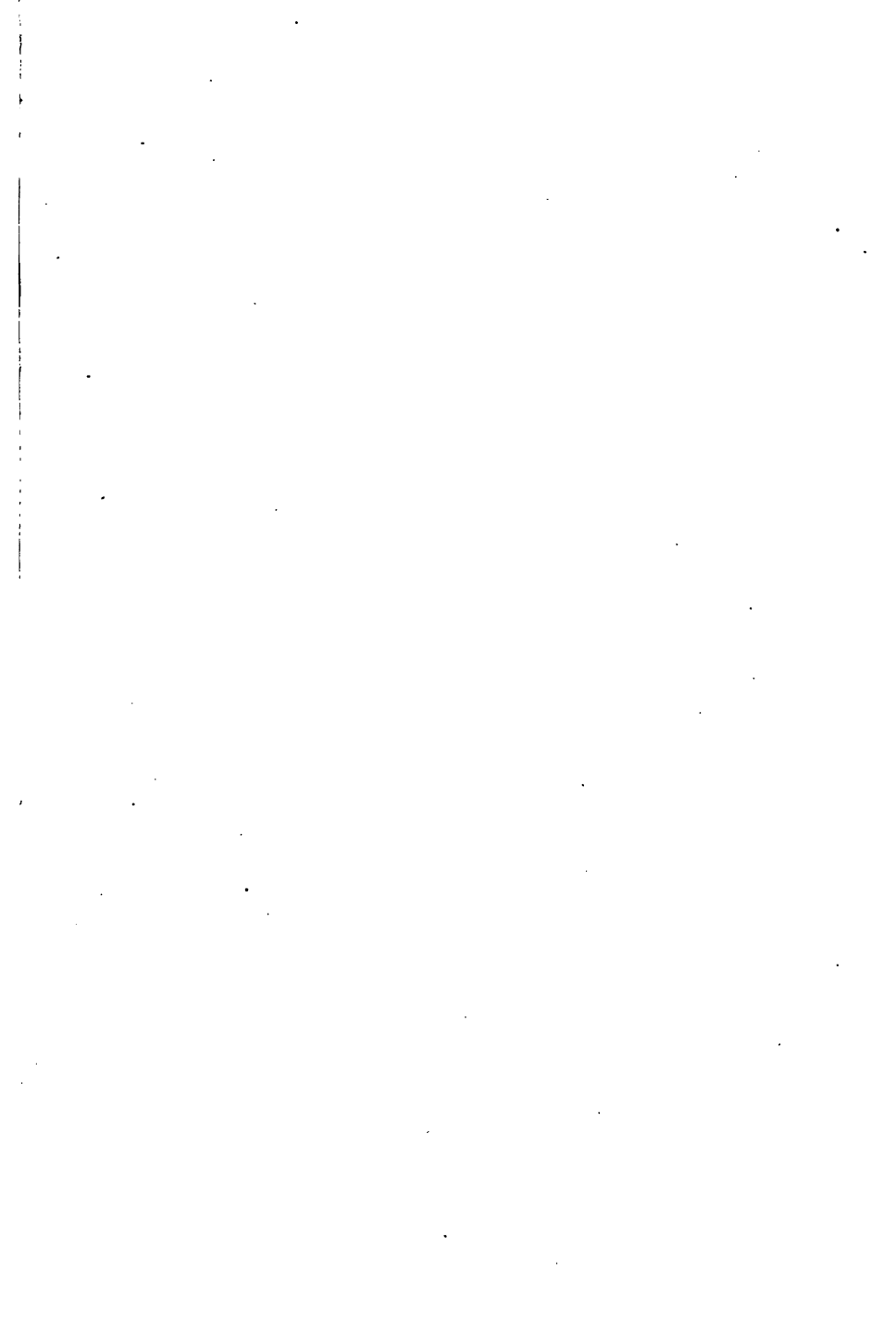
Professor F. W. Dunn.

travel were to send out their influence. The class of '73, and other students fortunate enough to have the privilege of study with Professor Wayland Dunn, have never ceased to be grateful for it. His painstaking work in charts, tables, and diagrams for use in classes in logic and English, and especially the original sketches and

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the photographs for the class in æsthetics, were appreciated by the students. The examination of the exercises for society contests and anniversaries was a valuable part of his work, for while his criticisms were severe he took time to explain the reasons for them and to put heart into the discouraged writers. The character of the man had an indescribable influence. One young lady found in tears one day said, as if every one would understand, "To fail in *his* class!"

But it was not for long. His brief, beautiful service closed Dec. 13, 1874. He had attended the last covenant meeting of the church, and in his remarks spoke of death as "going to sleep to awake in heaven." It was true in his case, for a few nights later he fell asleep in Jesus, and when the day dawned it was for him a brighter day in a more glorious clime. The brave struggle was over; he rested in peace. The agony of the father who saw the son of such brilliant promise and beautiful character taken from him cannot be chronicled. There is an old Spanish proverb that says, "'Whither goest thou, Sorrow?' 'Where I am used to go.'" And truly in Ransom Dunn's life was sorrow's path often





Hillsdale College in 1876.

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used. But trust and confidence in the Father who "doeth all things well" sustained him, and he went on with saddened heart and lonely life but untiring zeal in his work.

The year 1874 saw a sad catastrophe in the college. On the night of the 6th of March, during the spring vacation, a fire broke out in West Hall, and notwithstanding most vigorous efforts, three-fifths of the college building went down that night. Professor Dunn seemed everywhere, directing students and citizens, who bravely and manfully fought the destroying flames. It was evident that West Hall must go, and so the efforts were concentrated upon the centre building. With his love for books it was natural that Professor Dunn's first thought should be to save the library if possible. The students with equal energy tried to secure the furniture of their society halls. Carpets were torn up and deluged with water and placed upon the roof of East Hall, students even climbed the dome with water. But fire and smoke drove all down, and at last they could only stand and watch the leaping flames climb to the very top and wreath the

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columns in fiery light—a grand sight, if it had not been the dear old college. On the next dreary day the campus presented a sad spectacle with the blackened ruins of the building, the motley collection of things on the lawn, the groups of gloomy students and citizens who sadly viewed the havoc the fire had wrought. But immediate action was taken to rebuild, provision was made for accommodating classes in the church, houses were opened for the students, and the school went on without interruption.

IX

COLLEGE PRESIDENCIES—RIO GRANDE AND HILLSDALE—CALIFORNIA

During the rebuilding of the college after the fire of 1874, Professor Dunn secured leave of absence and went to Rio Grande, Ohio, to assist in establishing Rio Grande College. This school was the gift of Deacon Nehemiah Atwood and his wife, Pamela. They were converts of Rev. I. Z. Haning, and through his influence founded the Atwood Institute at Albany, Ohio. But the lack of interest on the part of citizens in the town where it was located caused Mr. Atwood to found the school at Rio Grande. As the provisions of the will made it necessary to build a denominational college at this place, on property given for the purpose, it seemed wise to have some Free Baptists who had had experience in such work assist in the plans for it. Rev. Mr. Haning moved to Rio Grande for this purpose and called to their assistance Professor Dunn,

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whose experience at Chester, Ohio, and at Spring Arbor and Hillsdale, Mich., had fitted him to direct such an enterprise. He secured the charter, arranged the by-laws, and organized the board of trustees in November, 1875. The building already built was a good one, but another was needed for dormitory and dining hall, which he persuaded the donor, Mrs. Wood, formerly Mrs. Atwood, to add to her gift. He was elected president and accepted the place for a short time. Prof. A. A. Moulton, Prof. Geo. A. Slayton, and Miss Nellie M. Phillips were the first teachers. In 1879 Professor Moulton was made president. When Miss Phillips left for India, Miss Helen A. Dunn took her place. The college was dedicated August, 1876, the dedication sermon and prayer being given by President Ransom Dunn, D.D. The buildings with ten acres of land, valued at forty thousand dollars, were deeded to the trustees. The remainder of the estate, worth over fifty thousand dollars, was bequeathed to the college through the influence of Professor Dunn, for an endowment. The school opened for students in September, 1876, and has been doing a useful work ever since.



Rio Grande College.

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During the spring of 1876 Professor Dunn spent some time, at the request of the Home Mission Society, in visiting the churches of the freedmen in Southern Illinois. In the summer he took his wife and the two younger daughters who were at home, Helen and Nettie, to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, visiting Washington on the way. As they passed over the Cumberland mountains and down the Potomac river to Harper's Ferry they thoroughly enjoyed the grand views, and he assured them they would scarcely find scenery to surpass this should they travel in the Old World. After the busy but happy days at the capital and at the Exposition, and visits with friends in the Pennsylvania mountains, they stopped at Niagara Falls, and returned home to rest for the approaching year of college work. These family trips were always delightful, as he was an excellent manager of details of travel, and most kind and thoughtful in his care, and his conversations and explanations based on his own experience and wide reading added much to the enjoyment and educative benefit of the journey. In inviting the older daughter to accompany them he said, "I cannot

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leave much money for my children and wish to do all I can for their happiness while they live." She was not able to go on this occasion, as her family were about to move to Rio Grande, where her husband, Mr. G. A. Slayton, was to be one of the teachers; but remembers as one of her most pleasant memories a trip with her father to New England to the old home scenes.

With Rio Grande on a good foundation he could now give more time to the theological department at Hillsdale and to general denominational interests. He was always in demand for dedication of churches. In 1878 it was his privilege to re-dedicate some beautiful churches in Ohio on the sites of log schoolhouses where he had preached forty years before. He re-dedicated the church at Rome and dedicated a new church at Lansing, Mich. At the latter place *The Republican* characterizes the sermon as "masterly," and tells of the large audience that heard it, occupying every inch of available room. He was also a popular speaker at Sunday School Institutes and temperance meetings and other gatherings. And no one was so much called on for funerals in the town and vicinity of Hillsdale

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and even at a distance. His sympathetic nature and his own heart experiences, his strong faith and sweet spirit, and his intimate knowledge of the Bible, made him a most helpful friend on such occasions. Much of the time he was supplying the pulpit at Reading or other towns near Hillsdale. And his occasional leading of the students' weekly prayer meeting on Tuesday evening was eagerly anticipated. He felt the importance of these as a pivotal centre in college life. He said at one of these services, "Talk of influence; this hour, this single hour, once a week, does more to influence character in this college than any ten hours besides." For several years a Western Ministerial Institute was held in the fall, in which he was always one of the lecturers.

But one of the services most dear to him was the ordination of those who had given themselves to the Christian ministry; and those who had sat under his teaching in theology, or had been students in the college where he was a teacher, felt it a great privilege to have his hands on their heads in this solemn service. One young man who took his college course at Hillsdale, but later

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Professor Ransom Dunn, D.D. 1875.

his theology in a school of another denomination, was asked when about to enter a pastorate if he wished re-ordination or a special service by ministers of that denomination. His quick and

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decided reply was: "No, sir! the hands of the most saintly man I ever knew have been placed upon my head. No other can do for me what Professor Dunn has already performed." One well-remembered occasion of this character was at the time of the college commencement in 1880. On the evening of Baccalaureate Sunday he spoke before the theological school, "a most eloquent, powerful, and telling discourse," from John 4: 35, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." At its close he proceeded with the ordination of four candidates for the ministry, Henry M. Ford, Dudley E. Clark, William A. Myers, and Will C. Burns. Mr. Clark was the son of Rufus Clark, one of Professor Dunn's early converts, an effective minister in Ohio and Wisconsin. The young minister, after a few years of earnest labor, went to meet his father and gain the reward of the Master. Mr. Myers is active in the denomination to-day, a pastor in Cleveland; Mr. Burns is still preaching; and Mr. Ford is the energetic agent of the Conference Board.

About this time Professor Dunn had the misfortune to break his right arm, and it was sup-

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posed that he would lay aside his work for a time, but he kept his appointments as usual, taking his daughter to drive for him as he went to weddings or funerals. And in order to keep up his large correspondence he learned to write with his left hand, which was not an easy thing for a man to do at his age ; and his lectures were prepared and given daily, as usual. As an illustration of the busy life he led and of his versatile talents, take the record of ten days as gleaned from the papers of that date—a temperance meeting in the town, a funeral on the Hill, a lecture at a Sunday School Institute at Hanover, an address at a Y. M. C. A. convention at Albion, and one at a Bible Society meeting in Coldwater. One of the alumni trustees, E. A. Merrill, said: “It must have been Professor Dunn’s constant work that kept him young in spirit as well as vigorous in mind and body. Surely no one could have been more free from the danger of rusting out.” He was sixty years old, and his gray hair told that story, and some would say “our venerable professor”; but his quick step and energetic speech and action told the true story of an active brain and young heart. His interest was

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as keen as ever in local matters. The national championship of Hillsdale's boating crew pleased him exceedingly, and especially as reports showed that the character and spirit displayed both in this country and in Europe were as commendable as the rowing was successful.

In 1880 the Centennial General Conference met at Weirs, N. H., on the shore of the beautiful Lake Winnepesaukee. Professor Dunn attended with his wife and two daughters, the elder of whom, Miss Helen, as well as himself, was to take part in the program. A report of the meetings stated that "Professor Dunn probably preached the ablest sermon of his life at this Conference at Weirs. It lent dignity to the whole denomination, and will long live in gracious memory." One of the most interesting features of that conference was the ride to New Durham to visit the grave of Benjamin Randall, the founder of the denomination, and the house in which he organized the first Free Baptist church. This house had been built one hundred and fifty years before, but was well preserved. The large front room occupied by Randall and his friends on that occasion had still the same

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Mrs. Dunn. 1875.

floor, "tree-nailed" with hard wood pegs, as was then the custom; the chair and table that Father Randall used, the books on the shelves and other relics were there. A minister who was present says he "can never forget the solemn meeting in that spot. Professor Dunn was asked to pray in this room of hallowed mem-

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ories. As he came forward he said, 'Randall kneeled when he prayed, let us kneel and pray,' and the outpouring of his soul in thanksgiving and praise impressed me so that years cannot efface it."

About a mile away is the cemetery where lie the remains of the Randall family. It is surrounded by a plain iron fence, and in the centre is the marble obelisk that marks the grave of Benjamin Randall. A collation was served to the delegates in a grove near by, where a temporary platform had been erected. Here the meeting was called to order by Pres. O. B. Cheney of Bates College, the moderator of the conference, who introduced Prof. Ransom Dunn of Hillsdale College, who made an address appropriate to the occasion. One of the younger ministers, now prominent and active in denominational interests, Rev. H. M. Ford, says that in his study of the denomination he has "come to feel a strong attachment amounting almost to infatuation for 'the fathers,' their pathetic struggles and wonderful triumphs, and instinctively the highest seat is given to Ransom Dunn in all that glorious company."

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One of his first services on his return to Hillsdale in the fall was to officiate at the funeral of Hon. Henry Waldron, president of the board of trustees of the college, and to speak at a memorial meeting held at the court house. It was laid on his heart to speak to the relatives about giving to the college a suitable memorial that should commemorate Mr. Waldron's valuable services in the establishment of the college at Hillsdale, and since that time in the administration of its affairs. After a night of prayer and thought he told his wife that he felt it his duty to present this matter to Dr. Waldron, the brother of the deceased, who was a Presbyterian minister. He made an appointment to meet him at the bank of which his brother had been the president. Mr. F. M. Stewart, the cashier, who has since become president, was present and remembers the long and earnest talk these two gentlemen had, and the interest shown by Dr. Waldron in the suggestion of Professor Dunn, and he at once went to see his sister and sister-in-law about it. In a short time the prudential committee was called together, in October, 1880, to meet Dr. Waldron, at his request. They sent

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for Professor Dunn to meet with them, their records say, and the gift of fifteen thousand dollars was received for a "Waldron Professorship."

This winter occurred the marriage of his second daughter. The oldest daughter, Abbie, had married in April, 1873, Mr. George A. Slayton. Both were members of the class of 1872 in Hillsdale College. Helen also married a classmate, Dr. L. M. Gates, of the class of 1876 at Hillsdale, and a graduate of the medical department of the State University at Ann Arbor. At the time of her marriage in 1880 she was teaching in the college at Hillsdale, and he was superintendent of the city hospital in Scranton, Pa.

Professor Dunn's services at the college church continued to be blessed, the sermons being forcible and eloquent, the baptismal and communion services impressive. The baptistery was not yet placed in the church, and even after it was built some preferred the outdoor baptism. In November of this year when he baptized nine of the students in the little stream west of the college he referred to the large number it had been his privilege to baptize during his life, and in that place during a quarter of a century. As

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far as known the last baptism at which he officiated was that of his eldest grandchild, William Ransom Slayton, in 1887, during a vacation visit at Salem, Neb. During the later years of his life he thought best to give this service to younger ministers. A series of union gospel meetings at the court house Sunday afternoons during the year 1880-81 had a wide influence. Two of the sermons of Professor Dunn at this time are still remembered as having had great effect. One was a "masterly portrayal of the blessing of good habits and the curse of evil ones"; the other was on "the religion of common sense." The Methodist pastor in the town at that time was Rev. Mr. Tarr, who assisted greatly in these meetings. His daughter Corabel and Professor Dunn's daughter Nettie were a few years later to be associated in Christian work for young women, Miss Dunn being the first traveling secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association and Miss Tarr the second, and both being effective speakers and energetic workers.

Professor Dunn—or Dr. Dunn, as we should now call him, for Bates College had given him the well-earned degree in 1873, and he was

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known by this title abroad, even if the old one clung to him at home—had been appointed a visiting delegate by the General Conference to the Congregational Council at St. Louis, which he attended in November, 1880; and during that winter he gave several lectures in Illinois and Missouri. His work in the college was more acceptable than ever, the classes in doctrinal theology being the largest yet seen in the college. But his health began to show the effect of continued hard work and of the severely cold winter, and he planned a summer vacation trip to California. Before he left two important services were his. One was the funeral of Dr. Cressy, a resident of the city for thirty-seven years, the one Professor Dunn first talked with in regard to placing the college at Hillsdale, and the one to whom the faculty and trustees looked for help in getting the college bill through the legislature in order to secure their charter.

The other was the dedication of the monument to the memory of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, D.D., one of the first Free Baptist missionaries to India, who had died the previous year, and his monument had been erected by ministers and

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friends in the denomination under the auspices of the college faculty. This monument is in the beautiful Oak Grove Cemetery, north of the college grounds, and was placed between that of Prof. F. W. Dunn and that of Prof. Spencer J. Fowler, the latter having been erected by members of the class of 1876 and other friends. The remarks of Dr. Dunn on this occasion were beautiful and touching, as he recalled the labors of this consecrated veteran in the foreign field. About this time Dr. Dunn was called to Gobleville, Mich., to assist in special meetings, and had the privilege of baptizing twenty-five converts, one of whom was a little boy ten years of age, who afterward went to Hillsdale for a college course, and remained for a theological course, and Professor Dunn pronounced him one of the best students he ever had in his classes. His name was Harry S. Myers, and to-day he is the energetic secretary of the United Society of the Free Baptist young people. He says that ever since the time that Professor Dunn led him into the stream he had been his "father," and "his life an inspiration" to him.

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Travel and change of scene were always a stimulus to the overworked body and wearied brain of Professor Dunn, and the mountains and sea especially restful to him. So this summer trip to the Pacific coast was a much enjoyed one. The wild scenery of the western canons brought to his mind the grandeur of the Sinai mountains; Yosemite recalled the beauty of Lebanon, and called forth the exclamation of the Psalmist, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all them that have pleasure therein." While away for rest he did not refuse opportunities for preaching, for he supplied the pulpit of the Union Square church in San Francisco several Sabbaths, and preached in other places, as the following extract from the *Riverside Press* shows: "Prof. Ransom Dunn, D. D., of Hillsdale College, Mich., spoke last Sunday in the Congregational church in San Bernardino. Quite a number went up from Riverside, some traveling fifteen miles to be present. Professor Dunn is one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in the United States, and the treat was a rare one, never before enjoyed by the people of this valley."

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The much loved President of the United States was by the eastern sea at this time and a nation watched and prayed by the bedside of Garfield. But with the waning days of summer the life went out and a nation mourned. Hillsdale joined with others in memorial services, and none more appropriately; for, as Dr. Ball said, "if there had been no Geauga Seminary from which to send out a teacher, S. D. Bates, to teach in Garfield's school district and urge James Garfield to go to school, if there had been no Geauga Seminary at Chester Hill, five miles from his home, to which he could go in his poverty and there find help and encouragement, there would have been no General Garfield, no President Garfield. He was one of the early fruits of Free Baptist sacrifice in the cause of Christian education." And Geauga Seminary was now a part of Hillsdale College, and so it was eminently fitting that Ransom Dunn, who helped to found both, should speak at the Garfield memorial service. The suggestion was made by citizens that the remaining one of the group of five buildings be erected and named "Garfield Hall." But it is still waiting for some good friend of Garfield or of the col-

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lege to give the necessary sum to erect and equip it, which we trust may soon be done, for the college needs to-day as much as then more buildings, better equipment, and larger endowment.

In the spring of 1882 Dr. Dunn was called to Storer College at Harper's Ferry to dedicate Anthony Hall. At the Hillsdale commencement he gave the address on class day, when the graduating class presented to the college a fountain for the front campus. To this class belonged Dr. Dunn's youngest child, Nettie. The summer saw him back among the mountains of Vermont, and at the seashore, where he delivered a course of lectures at the Ocean Park Assembly at Old Orchard Beach, Maine. A visitor remarked that Dr. Dunn seemed to have "the lion's share of the honors on this occasion." The lectures were evidently appreciated, for before he left the management tried to exact a promise that he would return the following season.

He had decided to resign his place in the college, feeling that younger men should be taking up the burden of active work there, and he hoped to be able to do something in building up denominational interests in the newer West. At

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the trustee meeting in 1883, when he tendered his resignation, reports the Hillsdale *Herald*, "a complimentary resolution was passed by a rising vote in recognition of his labors in and for the college for thirty-one years. At the chapel the following morning he was surprised by a presentation of a set of McClintock and Strong's Religious Encyclopedia, in library binding, as a mark of appreciation from faculty and students. One of the theological students, D. B. Reed, presented an album containing the photographs of the donors. Hon. J. C. Patterson handed him a purse of one hundred and fifty-five dollars as a token of esteem from the trustees. In response to these unexpected remembrances, he attempted a cheerful manner, but when he referred to his service for the college and the ties that bound him to Hillsdale he was nearly overcome with emotion and many an eye moistened." A local paper mentioned his retirement as "an event in college history, for he had been so long a representative man of the college and denomination." Another stated that he "sustained such a relation to the public and especially to the

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denomination through all the years of his long connection with the college that made his work indispensable."

He attended the General Conference in the fall of 1883 at Minneapolis and was elected moderator. After a year's absence in Nebraska, when he returned to attend the trustee meeting pressure was brought to bear upon him to induce him to return to Hillsdale. It was felt that even if he did no teaching his presence and influence were invaluable, and if he could be prevailed upon to again assist in raising endowment he "could do more to secure funds and keep open channels of acquaintance and sympathy between the public and the college than any other man." So he concluded to return. A letter from Nebraska, in August, 1884, says: "Our furniture and house are sold, books and clothes packed, and we are spending our last night in this camp. I am expecting to attend a quarterly meeting one hundred miles west next Sabbath, and next week go back to Hillsdale. This seems to be a sudden and singular move. But we do not see any special advantage here in regard to health. I am not able to do the kind of itinerant revival work needed in



The home in Hillsdale.



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this State. The trustees were unanimous and seemingly anxious for my return to the college, where it is thought I can still be of service." A temporary home was secured on Union Street, while his new house was being built on Hillsdale Street. This modest, comfortable home, which he retained as long as he lived, was on the site of one of the oldest houses on College Hill, the original home of Dr. C. C. Johnson.

The resignation of the president of the college had been handed in at the trustee meeting to take effect in January. They urged Professor Dunn to accept the position. He consented to act for the remainder of the year. The college has not had a long list of presidents. Rev. E. B. Fairfield was president from the opening of the college at Hillsdale until 1869. He was a man of executive ability, an eloquent speaker and popular teacher. He became chancellor of the University of Nebraska and United States consul to France. Dr. James Calder of Harrisburg succeeded him and resigned to accept the presidency of State College of Pennsylvania. In 1871 the scholarly D. M. Graham, who had been the president at Spring Arbor, again became president.

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Dr. D. W. C. Durgin in 1874 entered upon a term of service of eleven years, and has since been engaged in the labors of a New England pastor. Space will not permit us to tell of the able administration of these cultured men, nor of the equally able work of the talented and consecrated teachers who labored with them. Our story is of the senior professor who now became president. Old students and former members of the faculty received the news of his election to the presidency with great satisfaction, feeling it a deserved honor. Prof. George McMillan of the State University of Nebraska wrote: "It is indeed gratifying to me that my dear friend and old-time yoke-fellow is at the helm. With a united faculty under his administration the college cannot but prosper." The papers of the State reported the fact with complimentary notices of his record and of his popularity at home and abroad.

Among the interesting events of his administration was the opening of the new Dickerson Gymnasium, the first college gymnasium building in the State. President Dunn made an address on this occasion and other interesting speeches were given, and great enthusiasm was mani-

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fested. A pleasant visit was enjoyed with his brother, Rev. L. A. Dunn, D.D., who had been for some years the president of Pella College, Iowa. He gave a lecture in Hillsdale for the benefit of the Christian Associations in the college on "Scenes in the Orient," illustrated by ten oriental costumes and other curios. Dr. Dunn had made two extensive journeys in the Holy Land and is the author of a book entitled "Footprints of the Redeemer."

The largest baccalaureate audience ever seen in the college church assembled to hear President Ransom Dunn's sermon to the graduating class of 1885, on the relations of Christianity to civilization, from Daniel 2: 44. One report said: "It is only commonplace to say that for more than a quarter of a century Professor Dunn has been the idol of hundreds of the students, but for the first time in college history this teacher, whose thirty years of brilliant service dwarfs the record of all other servants of the college, gives the baccalaureate and presides at commencement as president."

The college was honored on commencement day by the presence of Gov. Alger, accompanied

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by a suite of distinguished gentlemen and ladies, who came on a special train from Lansing to attend the exercises at Hillsdale even though the Legislature was in session. When President Dunn introduced him, the Governor said: "Hillsdale ranks among the foremost of educational institutions. Its connection with the war that saved our nation is a most honorable record." State Supt. Nelson of the Governor's staff also spoke, and referred to his own former connection with Hillsdale College, and paid a tribute to President Dunn "so delicately winged with love and veneration for his old teacher that many an eye grew moist," and the president found tears on his face as the memories of those days before the war were brought back to him. The chaplain of the day was Ex-President Fairfield, and Ex-President Durgin also had a place on the platform.

It was the year of the quinquennial reunion of the alumni, and the climax of the interest of commencement week was this gathering of old students and friends for their literary exercises and banquet. For the first time since fame had honored him as the poet of the people Will Carle-

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ton came back to his *alma mater* to give an alumni poem, "Our March through the Past." At the banquet President Dunn was called on for a toast, and said he wished to simply give a prophecy, "From this body of men and women and their successors, the loyal alumni, shall come the benefactions that shall make Hillsdale College great and eternal." The publication of a college paper called *The Reunion*, to announce the meetings in connection with this interesting commencement season, was enjoyed by many who could not be present. It was continued the following year as *The Advance*, and published a series of articles on the founders of the college. The board of trustees did not elect another president, though President Dunn urged that his service be considered closed with the year. He was asked to continue to act as president until such time as the committee to whom the matter was referred should make satisfactory recommendation.

The summer was spent in New England, for, as his wife said, "a change does him so much good; in fact, that is the only way he lives, for he will take neither rest nor medicine until really

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obliged to." At the Ocean Park Assembly he was again one of the lecturers, and had also the privilege of introducing Will Carleton, the poet, on his first appearance there, which he did by calling him "one of my boys." Mr. Carleton in his response referred to Hillsdale College and to President Dunn, saying he knew "no one more fitted to fill a president's chair." "Ida Hazelton" in reporting the sessions for a Boston paper said: "Dr. Dunn's lectureship at Old Orchard is as popular as ever, his words as eagerly listened to on every topic as in former years. At the close of each lecture questions come from all sides and we learn what a remarkably ready man he is on almost every subject. 'I don't know' or 'I can't answer' are words which to him must be contained in a foreign language."

With the autumn he again resumed the duties of president, but his wife used to write to the daughters it was "too much care for him, he could not stand it long." When friends wrote of their gratification at his remaining in the position he would reply modestly that he felt his lack of qualifications for the office and also dreaded the

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probable effect of the nervous strain. But the large attendance during these two years and excellent work of the school should have been a source of satisfaction to him as well as to his friends. And the financial aid he was able to render was a great encouragement to the trustees. It had been his privilege to secure over fifty thousand dollars of the previous endowment. This year the treasurer reported "the gift of 480 acres of land worth eight thousand dollars, with four hundred dollars in cash from Rev. S. F. Smith of Nebraska, a gift of one thousand dollars from Mr. DeWolf of Illinois, five hundred dollars from Chagrin Falls church and two hundred dollars from C. D. Roys, all obtained through President Dunn," thus making over ten thousand dollars which he added that year to the permanent endowment. Rev. Mr. Smith and wife were converted under the preaching of Elder Dunn in Ohio, and had always been dear friends of his, and helpers in denominational enterprises, and were anxious to devote their income to the cause of Christian education. This gift made possible the Smith professorship of metaphysics in the theological department.

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A typical vacation followed this year of hard work ; it included a series of lectures in a ministerial institute at Lincoln, the dedication of churches at Long Pine, Neb., and Cuba and Blocker, Kansas, a quarterly meeting one Sabbath, an ordination the next, all during a season of extremely hot weather. At the institute he delivered fourteen lectures, on the Divine government, on human nature and depravity, and on personal qualifications and duties of ministers. A letter from the State evangelist of Nebraska thus expressed the appreciation of his services during this month : "I cannot speak in too high terms of the excellent services rendered by our beloved friend, Dr. Dunn, in his able and instructive lectures. All unite in expressing gratitude for so pleasant and profitable a treat, one not often enjoyed by us frontier ministerial tramps. But we know how to appreciate such masterly productions, and no one knows better how to deliver them than he, although it seemed sometimes the intensity of the heat would overcome him. Conference voted him a small sum for his services which would no more than pay

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his traveling expenses, all of which he generously donated toward the completion of the church."

In the fall he was back in the college, and in his old place in the professor's chair, where he felt more at home. A new president had been found in the person of Hon. Geo. F. Mosher, a former editor of *The Morning Star*, and United States consul to France and Germany, a cultured Christian gentleman. His wife is a daughter of Rev. I. D. Stewart. Rev. G. D. Dudley, who had been elected to the Burr Professorship on the retirement of Professor Dunn, had died in the summer of 1886, and Professor Dunn was at once asked to again take the position.

X

TEACHER, PREACHER, AUTHOR — THE WINTER IN CALIFORNIA — ALONE

The year 1886 saw a great temperance agitation in Michigan on the question of constitutional amendment. Professor Dunn was called repeatedly to speak, and his clear and able addresses were well received. But his time was largely given to his teaching in the theological department, the work which he had come to feel was a God-given and important one—to help to fit young men to preach the everlasting Gospel. His method of teaching was the lecture system. He did not write out his lectures in full and dictate them to the students, but gave them from full outlines which he expected the students to take down in their note-books, and also as many of the illustrations as possible. It must not be inferred that because he lectured on the same subjects in successive years and did not write the lectures in

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full, that he did not spend much time in study and preparation. The course of lectures was practically prepared fresh each year, for he looked over his own notes, read all books available on the subjects discussed, kept up with current thought in religious papers and magazines, and was constantly studying how he might best present the truths of God and the duties of the ministry in the light of the revealed Word and the needs of the world.

His unfailing source of inspiration was the Bible. Every argument advanced was proved by reference to Scripture, and the students were expected to verify all these passages and proofs. He prepared as carefully for a class in pastoral theology or homiletics as for a large audience in a public service, and some of his lectures on systematic theology were given with a vigor and earnestness and depth of feeling that thrilled those who heard them.

A student who took his theological course at Hillsdale says of Professor Dunn: "The secret of his wonderful success with young men was his full trust in God, and that God had called these young men to preach the Word, and he had been

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given the blessed privilege of training them for their great calling. He was a man of strong convictions, with a childlike faith—unbounded faith—in God's Word. Never did a student go out of Dr. Dunn's classes with a doubt as to the Word of God." Another wrote to Professor Dunn: "After studying under you for a time the truth seemed to be priceless, and obedience to it the one thing desirable." His suggestions in regard to methods of study and plans for work were sensible and practical. One who was in his class for a time tells how Professor Dunn's words made him a student, when he said one day: "Young gentlemen, you study sixteen hours to do the work of four, because your minds are not disciplined and your habits formed to study." This young man determined to see if this were so, and he formed the habits of concentration of thought and close attention, which were a life-long benefit, helping him at all times to do his best.

But it was the personal magnetism of the man himself and the example of his daily life that most impressed his students. A minister wrote of his old teacher and friend: "I remember one

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day he came into the class-room straight from his closet, with his face shining and his eyes wet with tears, and said, 'I have no lesson to teach you to-day save the lesson of the cross of Christ,' and then he held up Christ until our hearts melted within us and we made new resolutions to devote our lives to Him." It was this vision of the Christ reflected in the face of their beloved teacher that sent young men and women out into devoted service.

A volume could be filled with testimonies to this fact, such as this from Rev. F. L. Hayes: "Mine was one of the many inspired by his instruction and helpfully influenced by his magnetic example." Or this from Rev. G. R. Holt: "My most helpful memories of college are of my esteemed, revered, and much loved teacher and friend, Professor Dunn, who put his whole soul into helping his pupils to be patient, persevering, sympathetic, diligent, orderly, kind, and cheerful, and to have in store a fund of common sense for life's work. During all these years this influence has been more valuable to me than could wealth, honor, or even health, as it aided so materially in my efforts to be Christlike." The

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feeling of his students for their teacher is tersely put by one who is now pastor of an important city church: "I was impressed, as all his students were, with his keen insight into religious truth, his interest in his students, and most of all with his own vigorous religious life, and my own life has been enriched by his teaching and example."

The year passed rapidly, filled with service for the college and numerous other demands, and the spring found him with frequent attacks of nervous prostration, which Mrs. Dunn called "sinking spells." But the vacation trip to the New England mountains and the sea gave the needed stimulus for another year's work. During this year he secured another endowment fund for the college from an old friend in Illinois, Mrs. Mary P. DeWolf. She can best tell how it was herself: "After my husband's death I wrote to Professor Dunn asking him where I could place money where it would do the most good in our denomination, as I had some to spare and I wanted it to do good somewhere. Professor Dunn came to see me and talked over the matter, and suggested that I give fifteen thousand dollars toward a DeWolf Theological Professorship. My husband

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had given one thousand dollars, and I added to this amount enough to make up the fifteen thousand dollars. Then I requested that Professor Dunn have the income from the fund to pay him for teaching in the college, as long as he was able to work. After this I gave one thousand dollars to help educate men for the Gospel ministry, and one thousand dollars for the Dunn Professorship." Thus was established in 1888 the "DeWolf Professorship of Homiletics," which was the last chair occupied by Professor Dunn. One who had known him for many years said at this time, "I think every year will be the last, but he seems to be doing his work as well as ever, and raising more money than others."

As a delegate to the General Baptist Association he went to Missouri, in October, 1888, and visited some of their churches by request. He wrote home that in some places he realized that he was "down South, by the houses, customs, and cooking," and he found "too little education and too much malaria." He passed through the region of the iron and lead mines, which he studied with interest. Thanksgiving Day brought him a shock in the news of the sudden death of

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his brother Lewis, at Pella, Iowa, who at the close of the family dinner had fallen by the side of his son-in-law, a physician. The son and daughter took the body to Vermont to place it at the old home, where two children were buried. The town of Fairfax turned out *en masse* to meet them, for they loved him as a father, and from surrounding towns came many friends. Professor Dunn met the funeral party as they went through Hillsdale, and accompanied them to Vermont. "This leaves me," said he, "the last one of eleven children."

After holidays he and his wife spent some time in Florida. They first visited Jacksonville, where he found "half the population of 35,000 and three-fourths of the Christians of the city were colored." He attended service in a colored Baptist church whose membership was 1200.

Friends here and at St. Augustine were glad to see him, and the climate was very agreeable. A painful eczema of the hands, which for years had been a constant source of pain and annoyance, disappeared entirely, and Mrs. Dunn had none of the rheumatism which had recently annoyed her. He wrote to a daughter, "Your mother is almost

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girlish ; I haven't seen her so lively for years." The oranges were delicious, and his wife thought he would succumb to the temptation to buy an orange grove. But he had promised to visit the Southern Free Baptists of Georgia and Alabama, and so left the land of oranges and fragrant jessamine in March.

" A delay of thirty hours in a fifth-rate tavern in the mud upon the banks of the Chattahoochee river, waiting for a boat, the leaving of the boat in the rain in the early morning, and spending the forenoon in an old warehouse three miles from anywhere, waiting until two o'clock for breakfast, furnished a preface to our brief work in the State of Georgia. Though forty miles above the Florida line we are still upon the sand, which is sold for \$1.00 an acre with the pines uncleared, and where they raise from ten to twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre, and one bale of cotton on six acres. The people are poor ; they live in ' mighty ' poor houses, but are hospitable and do everything ' right smart ' ; some of them do seem ' mighty ' ignorant ; but they are good-hearted and seemingly without prejudice towards a Northern man, and show all the interest in his

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preaching that could be asked. If I were young I could get a mule and ride over the country, as I did in Ohio, with good heart and faith."

He was glad to find little race bitterness, but sorry to see the undiminished race distinctions. There were signs of improvement, but much need of help in homes and schools and habits of life. The modes of living and cooking were such that he soon became ill, and the weather was cold and rainy, so the return trip home was hastened, concluding that his "wife was right, as usual," and that he was "too old to do missionary work in the South."

When they reached home they found several old residents had died during their absence, and letters told of the death of an old friend, Mrs. Daniel Branch, a former teacher in Geauga Seminary, whom Professor Dunn always said was "one of the best of women." And the sudden death of Rev. D. H. Lord, a former resident of Hillsdale, and father of Rev. R. D. Lord of Brooklyn, brought sadness to many hearts. The funeral was held at the home of Dr. Dunn, which was always open for old neighbors whose friends wished to have them rest in the Hillsdale cemetery.

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When asked what were his plans for the next summer vacation he replied: "About as usual — the last Sabbath of July a dedication in Illinois, the first Sabbath of August another dedication, and another the second Sabbath; at Keuka Lake Assembly the next, and Iowa Yearly Meeting the last. There is also an invitation for a Baptist Association in Illinois the first Sabbath of September." The General Conference of 1889 was held at Harper's Ferry, and Dr. and Mrs. Dunn attended. It was his duty as chairman of the committee on the ministry to read the obituary list. It was a long one that year, nearly eighty who had passed away during the three years. It affected him much, for with most of them he was personally acquainted and some were his intimate friends, and among these were many who had labored with him in his early days. Some of the delegates took a trip to Gettysburg and rode over the battlefield with its many monuments, a visit always held in pleasant memory by Mr. and Mrs. Dunn. The summer trip of 1890 brought them to Boston at the time of the G. A. R. Encampment, when "a procession of forty thousand men and over one hundred and fifty

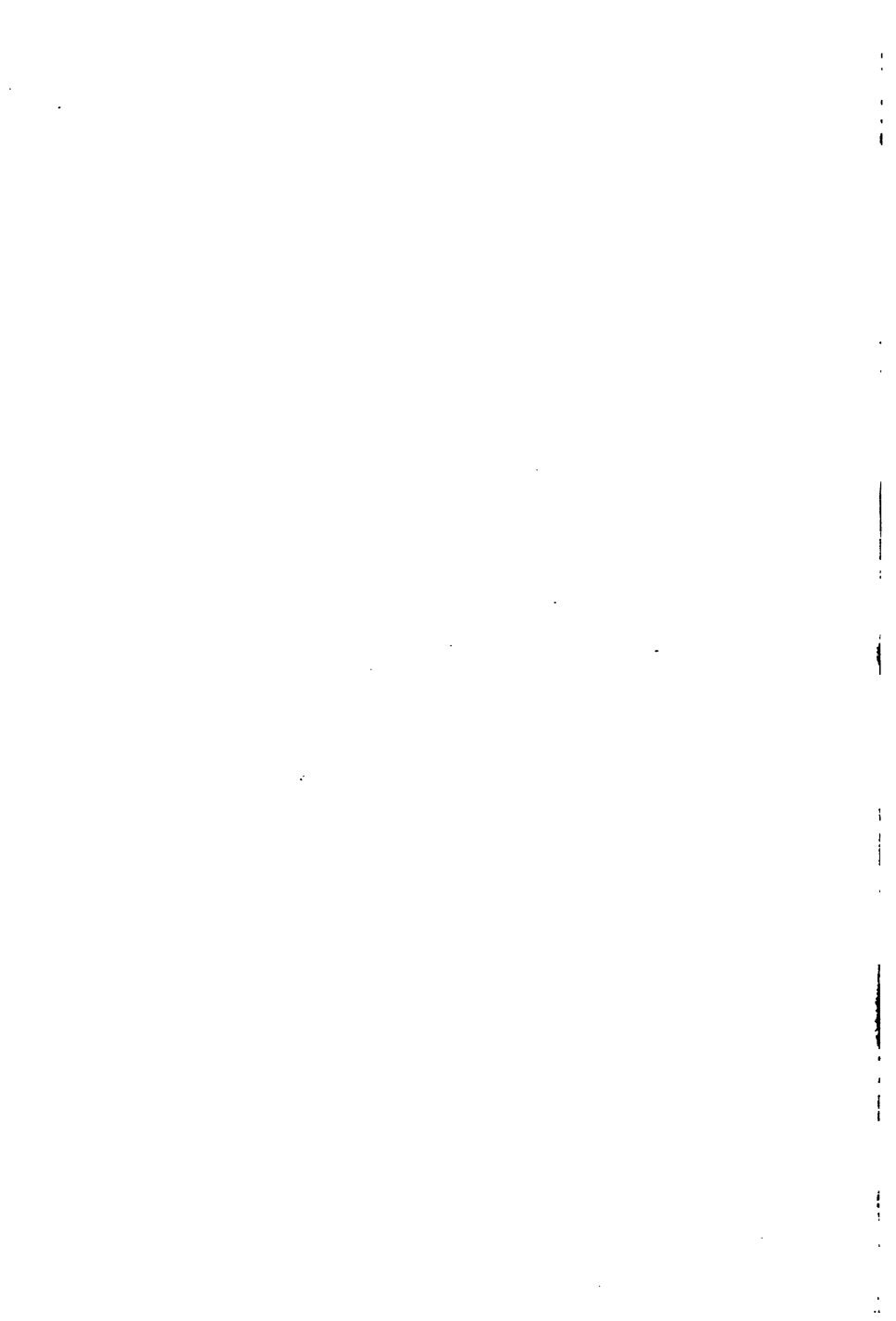
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thousand visitors crowded the city." It reminded him of the visit of the Prince of Wales, while he was pastor in Boston, when the whole city and vicinity turned out to do honor to the future king of England, the present King Edward.

The constant calls for a volume which should include some of Dr. Dunn's theological lectures were at last heeded, and he gave all the time he could spare from regular work during the winter of 1889-90 to the preparation of a series of lectures on systematic theology. The Morning Star Publishing House had proposed to issue another edition of Professor Butler's "Theology," and it was decided to combine the two in one and make it a standard work in theology. Dr. Dunn engaged a stenographer to whom he could dictate and who would prepare type-written copy. In the spring the manuscript went to the publisher. The work is a large volume of 467 pages, with nine chapters, treating of the nature and attributes of God, the necessity and authority of Scripture revelation, man's origin and destiny, Divine government, sin and atonement, repentance, faith and regeneration, of the church and its institutions, of resurrection and the future



The Study Window.



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state. While of practical use to ministers and teachers it is of equal interest to the general reader and individual Bible student. Professor Dunn had another volume almost ready for the printer, on "Practical Theology," which would be of great value to Christian workers.

After the completion of the "Systematic Theology" a summer trip to Vermont and Maine gave the needed rest. But Dr. Butler had taken a longer rest in a more beautiful country, having been suddenly called home in June. It was with a strange presentiment that Mrs. Dunn wrote to one of her daughters soon after: "I am afraid your father will go just as Professor Butler did." But that end was not yet. He was still able to preach, for he wrote to a friend, "I rode in mud and rain twenty miles in a buggy and preached twice yesterday and am quite comfortable to-day." The summer that he was seventy-five years old he had another of his characteristic vacations, of which this was a specimen week: "Preached at Jackson on Sunday, attended a funeral at Allen Tuesday, and another in Hillsdale the next day, and have an appointment at Pittsford to-morrow."

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He was still raising endowment for the college, too, as the following letter from Hon. J. S. Hart will show: "In June, 1891, Dr. Dunn was at our home in Racine and seemed intensely interested in the college and could see a bright future for it if properly endowed. I then gave him my note for fifteen thousand dollars, which with interest to Jan. 17, 1895, amounted to \$17,631.06. I speak of this because I think of him as a successful worker not only in the chair he occupied but in raising funds for the college, and to me he has been so inseparably a part of the college and the father of it that it would be a hardship if he should be obliged to retire on account of age or health. It seems to me the college will not be Hillsdale College without him. I attended his church in the forties, and after I came West he came to our home in Wisconsin in 1854, and I gave him a note to aid in the endowment. I used to go out from Cambridge to Boston to hear him preach, and the house was sometimes so packed that I with the young men I induced to go with me were obliged to stand during the service. One of the elders of the Presbyterian church of Ra-

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cine told me he never listened to such preaching as the forty consecutive sermons from him in the Presbyterian pulpit."

An interesting event of 1892 was the centennial of the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting at New Durham in June. A large tent was set up near the church, with seating capacity of fifteen hundred people to accommodate the large number who attended. Several times it was crowded to its utmost capacity. One of these occasions was when Prof. Ransom Dunn, D. D., Dean of Theology at Hillsdale College, preached the centennial sermon. The report says: "There were many evidences of suppressed emotion on the part of that vast audience, as this venerable educator, whose name is a household word among all our Israel, came to the front. He announced his text Jude 3: 'Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation it was needful for me to write unto you and exhort you that you should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.' The treatment, the style, the enthusiasm, were characteristic of the man and worthy of the occasion."

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Another old friend was called away in 1893. Rev. J. S. Manning went South to visit his old friends, was taken sick and died at Cairo, Ill. He was teacher, pastor, and friend to the colored people, and Dr. Dunn said, "A better man I never knew." He little thought when he first found him teaching district school in Ohio and led him to Christ he was leading to light so many darkened lives.

The year 1893 brought two shadows to the home of Dr. Dunn. One was the departure of his youngest daughter for a foreign field. For several years she had been a National Secretary for the Young Women's Christian Association, and her frequent visits home had been the watched-for event of the quiet life of the father and mother in Hillsdale. This summer she married Rev. Walter J. Clark, like herself a student volunteer, and they were assigned to the Ludhiana Mission in India. This took the last of the daughters from the home, for the other two had been married for some years, and one lived in Nebraska and the other in Pennsylvania. To the affectionate father and mother this parting

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was doubly hard, for at their age they felt it was not likely they should see her again. And it was true that never again would all be together in the home. But it was not the frail-looking father but the brave, hard-working mother who was first to be called. An attack of congestion of the lungs, followed by repeated attacks of *la grippe* and rheumatism, made an invalid of the one who had always cared for him and the children and friends as if there was no end to her strength or willingness to serve.

She rallied from the first attack, and with care was about the house as cheerful as ever, but went out little. Her husband gave up attendance upon the anniversaries of the denominational societies on her account, but continued his work in and near the college. A State Sunday-School Convention with one thousand delegates entertained at the college gave them and all good friends a busy week. Leave of absence of the president placed extra classes in charge of Professor Dunn, and special evangelistic meetings had his help. With warmer weather his wife's health was better and he answered some of the numerous calls — a dedication in Kansas, a supply

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in Minneapolis for a sick pastor, Rev. F. L. Hayes, and other engagements. At the close of the college year, June, 1894, he wrote: "For the last six weeks I have averaged three hundred miles a week and more than two sermons a Sabbath. Last Sabbath I spent in Canada, next Sabbath I have an appointment in Reading, and the following week an ordination north of Lansing."

The next winter Mrs. Dunn again suffered from *la grippe* and its consequences, and in March wrote lovingly of her husband's devotion: "He hasn't left me a single night for four months, and he watches the furnace constantly. I think this is the last winter we will spend in Hillsdale." During this year a grandson, Laurel Wayland Slayton, was with them attending school at the college, and was a great comfort and help. They were always deeply interested in the welfare of their grandchildren, who in turn were devoted in their affection for them. Again with the lovely spring weather came better health and she was able to attend a reception given by the theological students for Professor Dunn and Professor Copp at the home of the latter, who with failing health was bravely trying to keep on his work, as had

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Professor Fowler, to the last. She was able, too, at Commencement time to attend the Alumni reunion and meet old friends, who saw her more pale and thin than ever before and with traces of age and sickness, but yet bright and cheery as of old. Professor Dunn said: "I am well, of course, for I have attended seven funerals in three weeks and a wedding, with my daily class work and supplying regularly the Baptist pulpit in the city. These seven funerals were all of persons over seventy, and the oldest was Mr. Ford's eldest sister, ninety years old, and I attended the funeral of her father and mother nearly forty years ago. I must be getting old myself."

The plan for a winter in California was arranged, and the first of September Professor and Mrs. Dunn left on what he laughingly called their "honeymoon." He said they never had had time for it before, and now they proposed to enjoy it. But it was evident to the loving neighbors that while they had had many pleasant trips together for visits or work, this was different. This was a search for something that might never be found — health and strength and free-

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dom from pain and from lameness that was becoming almost helplessness. It reminded some of the agonizing search for health for the son who tried every climate and remedy suggested by a distressed father only to find home best, and waited for the summons to the home where pain and weakness are unknown. To her as to him was coming the hard lesson to learn that "they also serve who only stand and wait." But it was indeed a honeymoon if loving tenderness could make it so. A friend wrote after his death: "What a tender side he had to his nature. Somehow it is only in these later years we have realized it, though you children must have always known and felt it. He was to the last as gallant and attentive to his wife as a young husband."

On the way they stopped over Sunday at Salt Lake City, and heard an eloquent address by the representative in Congress, the Mormon vice-president. They rested in Sacramento and then went to Los Angeles, where they visited friends and looked for a winter home. A visit to friends at Pasadena and Lamanda decided them to remain for a time at the Lamanda Park Sanitarium

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in charge of Dr. C. L. King, formerly of Hillsdale, whose family had been friends of Professor Dunn for years. This is the way he describes the place: "A more beautiful view I never saw than this vast field of highly cultivated groves of fruit and gardens in the San Gabriel valley of twenty miles. Beyond are the grand mountains, and in the other direction Pasadena, a city of 12,000, five miles below." His wife, too, loved the mountain view. "From the porch where I take my walk every morning they say we can see seventy miles. I never get tired of the view." A later letter says: "We are still here, with six thousand feet of mountain elevation back of us, 200,000 acres of fields before us, with plenty of fruit to eat, and with good company. But there is one lack. This sanitarium was built for beauty and for body. There is no church within three miles, nor people enough for a congregation if they wanted one. The dozen families upon these foot hills and ranches are richer in houses and groves than in faith."

Dr. King tells how Professor Dunn met this lack and supplied the need. "He gave us a service Sunday evenings. We had at the time

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some guests of unusual musical talent, and we had a service well worthy of a much larger audience than we could muster from our house and the neighbors. It would be a delight to all of Dr. Dunn's old friends and admirers to know of the keen appreciation that our guests and neighbors expressed of these services. Most of our guests at that time were people of refinement and education, so it was a satisfaction to us to have them feel that Dr. Dunn's sermons were one of the great opportunities of their lives. A number of them took profuse notes, so as to make the sermons a part of their own store of knowledge. I particularly remember one sermon in which he told us of the knowledge we had of 'God in nature' apart and separate from the revelation of him found in the Bible. It certainly was as strong an argument as I ever heard, and many others expressed themselves in the same language." But it was not only in these public services that his influence was felt while at the sanitarium, for the doctor says: "If Professor Dunn ever had a gift it was as a conversationalist, and the happy hours he furnished to our guests and ourselves when the household was

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gathered in the parlors in the evening will be long remembered. Both Professor Dunn and his wife did all in their power to make the stay of the other guests pleasant. One of the touching things in the life they lived here was the kind, loving, solicitous care they had for each other. Their lives had an influence upon every one in the house. It was a living sermon. It made one feel there was much in life worth living for other than this constant struggle for money and position. We had at the house at that time a poor motherless Norwegian boy from Massachusetts, who had tuberculosis and was constantly losing ground. Professor Dunn took great interest in him, and it was one of his chief pleasures to feel that he led this boy to Christ before he died. So you see that, while resting even, he was busy about his Father's business."

He went to church one Sunday at Monrovia, seven miles from the sanitarium, and an old friend saw him and asked for an appointment for another service, and he spoke to a full house. He attended a Methodist Episcopal Conference, the Congregational State Convention, and the Baptist Association of the southern half of the

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State. The cessation from care and nervous excitement proved to be a great benefit to him, for he was able to sleep and eat as he had not done for years, and even gained in weight. He wrote: "The affairs of church and college and the world at large look less blue in this mountain atmosphere, with frostless nights and cloudless days. And in spite of the absence from home and its associations we enjoy the climate and country and each other's society, and find quite a number of old friends in the State."

They visited San Diego and were guests of Judge M. A. Luce, the leading lawyer of that section, an intimate friend of Ransom and Wayland when a student in Hillsdale. A letter from this place in December has this to say: "As the 'better half' improves in general health her former interest in sight-seeing and culture by travel increases. And here is one of the largest hotels in the world, 'Coronado,' covering four acres, with rooms for one thousand guests, with parks and flowers indescribable. Our excursion party of two yesterday took a ten-mile car ride and had a view of the Grant mansions, where two sons of General Grant live, the University Heights, and



In California.



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the old missionary valley of San Diego river, the Spanish missionary field of two hundred and fifty years ago, a very interesting place. We are enjoying nice green peas and strawberries. This climate seems like Rome or Naples, almost like Egypt, and your mother is well satisfied, her general health seems almost perfect, but I am sorry to say the lameness of the back still continues. As I am lazy and she is lame, and 'the lame and the lazy must be fed,' we are getting along very well, and if the girls were near we could be quite contented. But we expect to go back to Los Angeles, where friends have made arrangements for us, and where we can visit the sanitarium occasionally, fourteen miles away, for the baths and electrical treatment."

Later they went to Elsinore, being strongly advised to try the hot sulphur springs there, but finding no great gain they returned to Lamanda Park, where the care of the doctor and nurses seemed to give some relief to the rheumatic difficulty. The sea breeze had not seemed to agree with her as well as the mountain air. She was still hopeful and cheerful, though her husband was losing hope of recovery. They decided to

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take the southern route home in the spring, visiting friends in Texas. "She would rather see her children than all the beauties of Nature," says her husband, "but still she enjoys the trip with too much spirit and zest to admit of old age yet." In her last letters are such expressions as these: "Don't think, my dear, you are getting all the good out of life now, for you may not only enjoy the present active life but when you are old still find life full of blessings and worth living. Papa and I enjoy life together as well as we ever did. The only thing that troubles me is that I can do so little for other people, and of course he would like to preach more. The doctor says he will live ten years longer for coming out here. I suppose you think it strange that if I like it here I want to go back, but home is home, and I want to be there."

In March they took their last view of California friends and scenery and went to Texas, where climate and fruit and friends were enjoyed for a short time, but excessive rains made a damp atmosphere that was not so agreeable, and they hastened to Nebraska to visit the daughter, and then home to receive the warm greetings of old

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friends on College Hill. The fatigue of the journey and change of climate were felt, but the last letter written by Mrs. Dunn, May 10, 1896, was cheerful: "The weather is warm, everybody seems glad to see us, and we are glad to be home." But it was not for long. On the 20th of May telegrams went east and west, "Mother is dead." A sudden pain, a loving look, a hand pressure, and the heart ceased beating — she was gone where pain is no more. And the heart-broken husband was alone. The daughters hurried to his side, and together they looked on the peaceful face and thought of

"A life made beautiful by kindly deeds;
A generous heart and hand to sorrow's needs;
A smile that chastened grief by its warm glow;
A tear not for its own, but others' woe;
A presence making sunshine where she trod,
Glad with the happy, reverent love toward God;
Such her we mourn, whose memory like a flower
Gathers new fragrance with each passing hour."

The funeral was held in the church where she had been for so many years a faithful member, President Mosher, Professor Salley, Professor Reed, and Mrs. Copp taking part in the exercises. By request of Professor Dunn the old

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hymn, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," was sung at the grave. Many were the prayers offered for the youngest daughter in India, whose weekly letters to the mother would continue to come for a month before she would know that that mother was beyond the reach of letters. But, as one friend said, "heaven is as near to India as America."

It will not be out of place here to add a few tributes to the helpfulness of the character of Mrs. Dunn, taken from many received from old students and friends. A student in the 70's says: "My first invitation to Professor Dunn's home was in vacation, when as one of the homeless students I remained in Hillsdale. It was of such students they were especially thoughtful. I say 'they,' for it is impossible to think of Professor Dunn without also recalling the wife who was indeed a true helpmate to her husband, ably seconding all his efforts to upbuild the college, and whose heart was always open to befriend those who in any way seemed to need a kind word or act of sympathy or encouragement. Later I became an inmate of their home, and over three years of my college life were passed

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beneath their roof, and whatever of good there may be in my character is due to the influences of that happy home life more than to any other factor during those years in Hillsdale. One could not sit at their table, join in the family worship, and in many ways observe the thoughtfulness of each for the other, for their children, and for the guests who were constantly coming and going, without realizing that this was an ideal Christian home." Another who knew Professor Dunn and his family in Nebraska and in Hillsdale said: "I can never forget Mrs. Dunn. She was very kind to me. And she did a great deal to make Dr. Dunn what he was. Blessed be both their memories."

We cannot forbear to add those touchingly beautiful lines from the pen of Margaret Sangster, so appropriate to the comforting, helping life and hands of this good wife and mother.

FOLDED HANDS.

Pale, withered hands that more than fourscore years
Had wrought for others, soothed the hurt of tears,
Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's smart,
Dropped balm of love in many an aching heart,
Now stirless folded, like wan rose-leaves pressed
Above the snow and silence of her breast;

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In mute appeal they tell of labor done
And well-earned rest that came at set of sun.
From the worn brow the lines of care are swept
As if an angel's kiss the while she slept
Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away,
And given back the peace of childhood's day.
And on her lips a smile as if she said,
"None knows life's secret but the happy dead."
So gazing where she lies, we know that pain
And parting cannot cleave her soul again,
And we are sure that those who saw her last
In that dim vista which we call the past,
Who never knew her old and weary-eyed,
Remembering best the maiden and the bride,
Have sprung to greet her with the olden speech,
The dear, sweet names no later love can teach,
And "Welcome home!" they cried, and grasped her
 hands;
So dwells the mother in the best of lands.

XI

LAST YEARS IN COLLEGE — EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

While the loneliness and grief seemed at times to overwhelm him, yet the strength of body gained during the winter's rest made him able to work, and to keep occupied was the best thing to do under the circumstances. So he tried to fill all of his appointments.

He was invited by President Mosher to deliver the baccalaureate address, and gratefully acknowledged that he had no recollection of ever receiving more kind words with reference to any sermon. The text was Acts 17: 28, "In Him we live," and the argument showed that man as an individual and in family, state, church, and Christian enterprises did live in a living God, and only by so doing could nation, church, or college be successful.

When summer vacation came he sought relief from the ever-present sorrow by travel, visiting the scenes of his childhood and the few remaining

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relatives in New England. He sadly writes: "The relief from mental gloom anticipated by others on my behalf is not realized. I ought to have known, and did know, that material conditions cannot relieve the demands of head and heart."

He preached one Sabbath at Enosburgh Falls, where, as a young man, he had done his first preaching, but said that he felt that "the departure of Brother Montague [the brother-in-law who had been instrumental in leading him to Christ and who was always one of his best friends] leaves that whole region a kind of vacuum."

Going from Vermont to Maine he found the only brother of Mrs. Dunn quite broken down, and felt it was their last visit, and it was indeed true, for soon he followed his sister to the glory land.

He spoke one Sunday in Great Falls, where the few old friends were glad to see him and many others eager to have a chance to hear him.

In Boston he met a nephew, Rev. A. T. Dunn, and with him attended the Northfield Conference in August.

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A brief visit with his daughter in Scranton, and with his old friend, Rev. Schuyler Aldrich, and his former pupil, Rev. J. W. Parsons, in Buffalo, and then he went back to "what was my home."

Frequent letters from his children and friends became one of his chief comforts. He said, "The world is still sunless and these letters are the stars of these long nights." But he felt that "as the loss becomes a fact of memory the light of the background will increase in beauty and comfort." And so it was. To the day of his death he never ceased to feel the loss of his wife and to mourn her departure. When other loved ones had been taken from him in his earlier days he had much left of life, and strength for work, and hope and courage; now he felt there was not the life of service, nor other new companionships before him. But as months and years went by the memories of the past and blessed hopes of the future lessened the gloom of the present.

And he never allowed his feelings to cloud the lives of others, but was always cheerful as well as resigned. He could "see more and more rea-

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sons for gratitude in the leadings of Providence in the past, for friends left, for health that allows of some work still in the college, and for pleasant surroundings."

A touching letter was received from him in October of this year, containing these words: "The wonderful beauty of these maples, reminding me of my childhood home and the experiences of the past, produces a strange mingling of joy and grief. The most affecting and interesting experiences of my life have occurred in the fall. I was converted in the fall of 1831, baptized and united with the church in the fall of 1834, commenced in the ministry a year later and ordained in the autumn. Buried my father in October, 1835, and my mother twenty years later. My most successful work has been in this season. Married both times in September. Buried one wife in August, and the funeral of the other continues into fall! This is not the flower season but the harvest season, and always reminds me more distinctly of duty and heaven than the earlier seasons. Of course I cannot say this one is exactly a happy season, but I am able to say, 'My Lord, thy will be done,' and I can

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see many causes for thanksgiving, especially in the dear ones, though far away, and more particularly for the grace and comfort from above."

Constant work occupied mind and body, and relieved the tension of the feelings. Sunday appointments and funerals in addition to class-room work kept him busy. He was invited to deliver the sermon at the union thanksgiving service; and to preach at the Hillsdale church during the absence of the pastor at the State Association. On this occasion he spoke on Paul's determination (1 Cor. 2: 2): "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Referring to it, he said: "I feel more and more that life is short, and I must not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. We get too little preaching nowadays on evangelical truths, and especially on the atonement."

News was received from a relative in Vermont of the death of several of her family, leaving her almost alone, and he replied: "I know how to sympathize, having lost both parents, ten brothers and sisters, two wives, and five children. But God is good, and his tender mercies are over all." Referring to certain anniversaries in the

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families of his children he said: "How many social and family interviews we have had! When there is an interruption we must not forget the goodness of God in the past, and trials are but mercies in their disciplinary purposes, and not penalties, which do not come till after the judgment, nor even then—thank God!—if the blood of Christ is by faith accepted and trusted!"

As a new term opened he remarked: "I am not sorry. I feel more natural in the class room than anywhere else. I have a call for an ordination on one Sabbath and a dedication the next week, and if not too cold hope to attend both, but I am about through with that kind of work."

The dedication was the church at Mayville, costing seven thousand dollars, and two thousand four hundred of this was raised at the time of the dedication, leaving the house free of debt. After the dedication sermon by Dr. Dunn several rose for prayer, and in the evening the number was increased to thirteen, and the work of grace started at this time continued during the winter.

Thus the power of God was manifest still in the efforts of this man who had during so many years seen revivals follow his dedication of

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churches. Whenever he spoke on such an occasion it was, as in the days of Solomon, "the glory of the Lord filled the house." When he dedicated the church at Horton, Kansas, he used the verse just quoted as his text, and a business man, not a Christian, and an attendant of another church, who was present, said the very repetition of the text from such a man was sufficient dedication. If he said so he believed it; and the manner and force of delivery, as well as the grandeur of the theme, made him feel before it was over that the Lord himself said it too. He was among the first to come out in the revival that followed.

Another dedication is thus reported by a listener: "The text was, 'I will make the place of my feet glorious.' It seemed as if the lips of the preacher had been 'touched with a live coal from off the altar,' for not only did he tell us of the glory of the place but he took us within the sanctuary, and with hushed hearts we saw the glory, and we 'said with him, 'Wondrous in power is God the Creator, infinite in tenderness is God the Father, terrible in majesty is God the Ruler, glorious in compassion is God the Saviour,

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but nearer, dearer to the heart of every child of sorrow is God the Comforter.' As we went away from that new temple, thus solemnly and beautifully consecrated, we thought, 'O that every watchman upon the walls of Zion could give to its golden trumpet such certain sounds.' "

During the winter occurred the death of a neighbor, of whom he thus wrote: "Deacon Dyer, with his burden of eighty years, and seventy-two of Christian experience, who was a special friend of mine for fifty-nine years, has retired from earth to heaven. His father, Rev. S. B. Dyer of New Hampshire, was one of the noble fathers of our denomination, baptized by Benjamin Randall. I can scarcely think of another man on earth with whom I have been as long acquainted as with Deacon Dyer." These departures of old friends always affected him deeply, for he was strongly attached to his friends, and in these later years the vacancies were keenly felt, and he said, "The field of friendship here is getting very narrow, but the field is wide and occupied beyond." He used to sometimes refer to O. W. Holmes's "Last Leaf," and perhaps others thought of it as they saw him

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on Sabbath afternoons slowly wending his way to the cemetery and wearily coming back to his lonely study. Friends feared these walks too much for the body, which they could see was more feeble, and also feared the effect on the mind of the constant recalling of past companionships, but as long as he lived these sad pilgrimages continued to be a sort of comfort and sad pleasure to the lonely old man. On the way he would stop to call on old friends, especially those who were sick or shut in, such as the widows of Jairus and Isaac Davis, who had always a strong attachment for him and his family.

The twentieth of each month was to him a memorial day when the darkness of that May day when the light of his life went out was lived over again, but he would say: "Losses of even the richest earthly blessings cannot veil the face of God or shut the gate of heaven. Prayer and the presence of God were never sweeter."

An unexpected family reunion occurred in the summer of 1897, when Mrs. Clark came from India on account of a serious affection of her little girl's eyes. While the reason for the journey was regretted, the opportunity for visit was

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gladly accepted, and Mrs. Slayton and Mrs. Gates met her with their father at the old home. While they missed the cheerful presence of the mother who always so enjoyed their former visits, they appreciated the visit with the father, for whom this might be the last family gathering. The brief summer passed all too quickly, and after visits with relatives and friends father and daughters stood on the deck of the small boat in New York harbor, in September, and watched the large vessel sail away, bearing the missionary daughter and her two little girls to their far-distant home. Too well we knew that for two of that party it was their last view of each other until the final reunion in the heavenly home, but bravely they faced the present and the future, and as they unclasped their hands we felt the Hand we could not see in sustaining power.

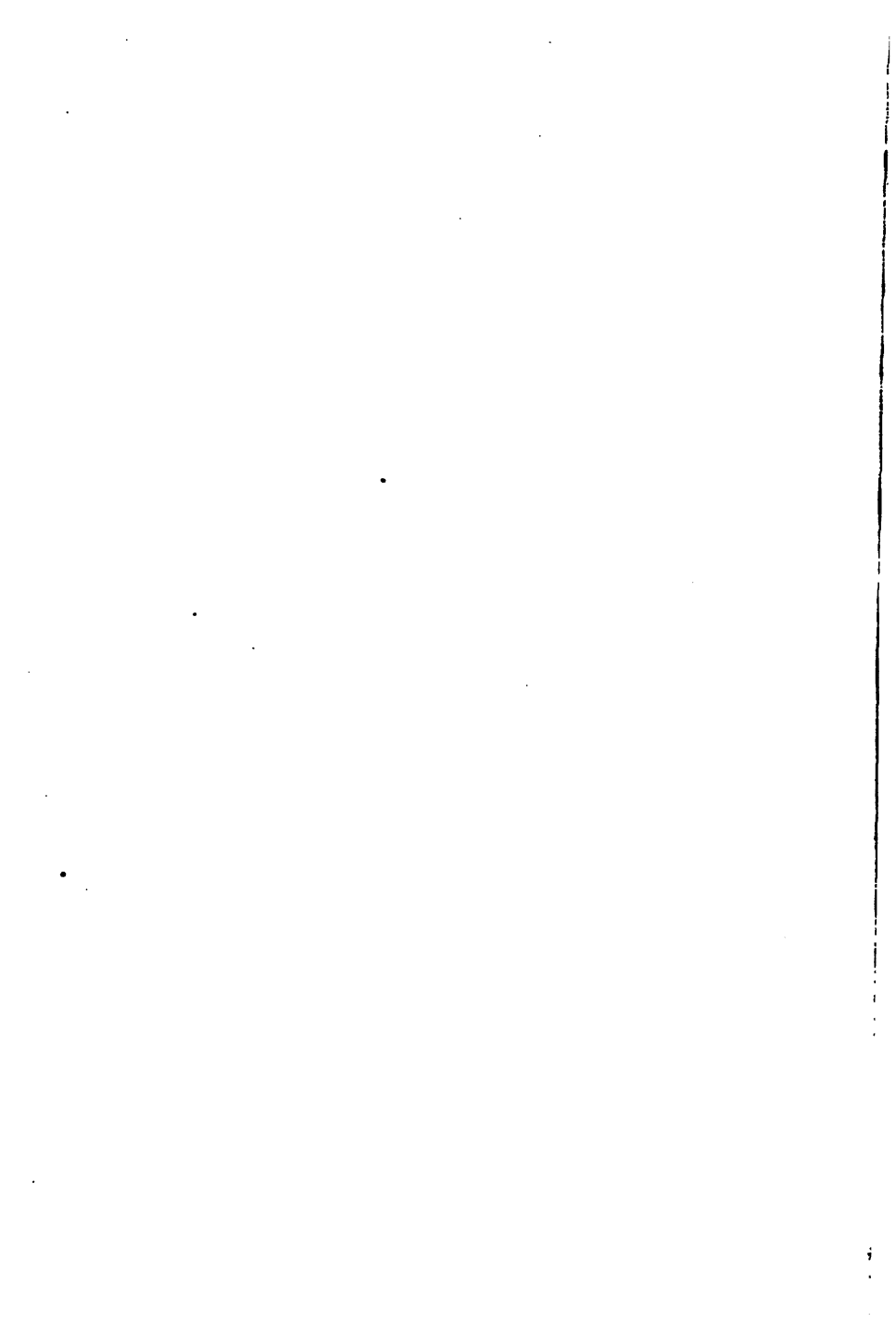
In October the promised message came, telling of safe arrival in Bombay, and he passed it on to the sisters, saying: "The earth for a time, after receiving that cablegram the same day it was written, seemed smaller than before. But when



Mrs. Helen D. Gates.

The Three Daughters.
Mrs. Walter J. Clark.

Mrs. Abbie D. Slayton.



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I remembered that it would be four weeks before a letter could get here the horizon seemed as distant as ever."

The Michigan State Association met in Grand Ledge that year, and Dr. Dunn attended and told a friend afterward: "Strange enough, they elected me president, and stranger still by unanimous vote elected me delegate to the General Conference again. Doubtful whether I can fill either place, but it is not unpleasant to receive such unexpected honors." Replying to expressed anxiety of friends in regard to his continued preaching he said, "I never preached easier in my life nor felt less anxiety respecting homiletical success or failure." He was not to be released from the use of his pen either, for the editor of *The Morning Star* wrote to him for several articles on various subjects, with the remark that he was "not to stop writing while in the body."

As the examinations for the college year approached he said: "The term and year will soon be past, and so will life itself. I have been wondering why this was not the time for me to die. But the Lord knoweth and doeth all things well. I am going to leave Hillsdale College; for

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what or where is not determined yet. A guiding Providence has always provided, and so I am simply waiting." The providential direction came in an unexpected way when a night of agony and days of continued suffering proved that a chronic difficulty of years' standing might be now more than an annoyance—might be a serious menace to life. Always sensitive to pain, and now too weak to endure much, he hastened to the home of his son-in-law, a physician in Scranton, hoping for operation or treatment to cure or relieve. Operation was not possible, treatment to be effective needed to be continued, and he was urged to remain. A few weeks of rest and care, however, gave such relief that he came back to Hillsdale for the final examinations and remained for Commencement.

A great surprise came to him on Commencement Day when Professor Salley presented him with a beautiful gold-headed cane, a gift from faculty, students, and friends. With it came a booklet tied with college colors, embellished with forget-me-nots and this legend: "All things pass away save love, the same forever and aye." This booklet had the names of the donors, none

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of whom had been allowed to give more than five cents, so that many might have the privilege of being contributors. It also contained a poem by Mrs. M. W. Chase :

Far away across the ocean,
In a castle near the sea,
In a castle grown historic,
Lived the man of destiny.

Kings and queens their homage brought him,
And a title sought to give.
"Nay," quoth he, "I want no title,
But give God's poor a chance to live."

Titles such as kings could give him
Could but mar his Maker's plan,
And the name that best befits him
Is the simple "Grand Old Man."

Up and down our dusty highway
Moves a man bent low with years ;
His brow serene though deeply furrowed,
His eyes grown dim with unshed tears.

Day by day we see him toiling,
Serving God as best he can,
And our hearts proclaim with gladness,
We too have our "Grand Old Man."

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Aged brother, look above thee,
There is peace beyond the stars,
Where we'll find the lambs that wandered
And slipped through between the bars.

There earth's trials will be ended,
And the real life begun;
For Christ's love has paid the ransom,
And he'll speak the words, "Well done!"

At the close of Professor Salley's appropriate address came another surprise, when Mr. Wallace Heckman, one of the alumni trustees, stepped up and in beautiful words presented a volume of autograph letters from old friends. A letter had been sent to friends in the spring, reminding them of the fact that Dr. Dunn expected to close his active work in the college in June, thus completing forty-five years of service, and that his eightieth birthday would occur in July, and suggesting the propriety of this birthday book of personal letters. This letter was sent by President G. F. Mosher, Prof. A. D. Salley, and Prof. D. B. Reed, with this beautiful quotation from Longfellow: "I shall pass through this world but once; any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show, let me do it now.

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Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." The letters were received by Mr. H. S. Myers, and fastened together in a book for presentation. The number was only limited by the time and the size of the book, but it had been the thought to include especially the friends of early days, those connected with the college, leading men of the denomination, and ministers who had studied theology with Professor Dunn, and to place the limit at one hundred and fifty letters. This kindly thought had been well carried out, and this book was one of the most priceless possessions of Dr. Dunn while he lived. He kept it carefully laid away, but often took it out to look over the letters from friends and recall the associations of the past.

It would be interesting if we could publish many of these letters entire. The deep affection shown by men now prominent in various fields for the one who gave them in many cases their first uplift toward the better things of life, the profound respect for his learning, the admiration for his character, breathe through these leaves a delicate and lasting fragrance; and the evident sincerity and genuineness of the regard shown

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gives added value to the beautiful thoughts expressed. But the one word most often repeated is "inspiration." If all the schools that Dr. Dunn helped to establish should perish, if all the churches he organized should be dissolved, if the denomination itself for which he labored so long should lose its identity, still his monument would remain in the lasting influence of his personality in individual lives. He was, as Mr. Heckman said, a "dynamic generator" of all that was truest and noblest in life. Over and over again have come these words from lips and pen: "What I have been able to do in this world has been due to the influence of Professor Dunn's marvelous character, which was a perpetual inspiration," as Prof. H. B. Larrabee, Dean of Keuka College, expresses it. The oft-used illustration of the ever-widening circles in the waves started by the falling body in the water, illustrating the increasing spheres of influence from the individual life, comes to us as we read such letters as these: Prof. B. S. Hunting of Berea College: "The spirit of your work has been an inspiration to me for twenty-two years. If I have had any success as a director of youth, as a citizen or

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minister, I owe it to your inspiring example.” Prof. A. E. Haynes of Minnesota University: “I want to express my gratitude for the blessed inspiration your life has given me, with the assurance that you will ever hold in my heart a place of sacred remembrance.” And if true of hundreds of teachers such as these, what of the hundreds of ministers, who, like Miss Moody, say, “How helpful you have been to me, God only knows”? It is undoubtedly true that Ransom Dunn is not silent to-day, but “is preaching in hundreds of pulpits where he has multiplied himself in the faithful and loyal preachers of the Gospel whom he has taught and inspired.” And from the varied walks of life, from professional and business offices, came these letters: “You taught us how to think and showed us how to live.” These appreciative letters may be epitomized in this grateful tribute of Will Carleton: “Rarely have four-fifths of a century been spent so well. Your life has been one of brilliant and substantial usefulness, and it is sincerely the wish of your thousands of friends that you still have years before you in which to reap the constantly ripening harvests of love that you have been sowing for so many years.”

XII

CLOSING DAYS

The General Conference met at Ocean Park in August, 1898, and Dr. Dunn, with the family of his daughter, Mrs. Gates of Scranton, took a cottage there for the month. He had a hope that the sea-breezes might be a benefit to his failing health, and, while his physician could not anticipate decidedly favorable results, the family were glad to arrange for this month's stay at the sea-shore.

The meetings were enjoyed and also the view of old ocean, with its restless waves and rolling breakers, and the beauty and fragrance of the pine woods, and he appreciated the change and rest. Many old friends greeted him, and the younger people were glad to see him, and all would have been glad if health and strength would have allowed of his taking more active part in the exercises. One meeting was arranged

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for in which the older men of the denomination and those with experience in various parts of the country were to talk on "Life's Lessons." Dr. Dunn and Dr. Cheney were most gladly listened to on this occasion.

A reception was given one afternoon for Mrs. M. M. H. Hills, and among the interesting speeches on this occasion was that of Dr. Dunn, who referred to his acquaintance with her through a long period, and his relations with her two husbands of early days, David Marks and Elias Hutchins, and to the changes since then. Mrs. Hills says she often has wished that she might have had that speech in writing.

The days of the sea were not regretted, but they could not bring back the strength that was lost nor relieve from pain. The quiet of the doctor's house was perhaps the best place, and to it he returned. But as cold weather approached the restless spirit again sought a warmer climate and tried relief in Florida. His first view was beautiful. "I never saw a more brilliant sunrise than this morning," he wrote as he neared Jacksonville. Kind friends met him here, and at Melbourne Mr. John Phillips made him at home.

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His sister, Mrs. Platt, enjoyed a visit too, and friends in other places, among them Rev. Nathan Woodworth, whom Dr. Dunn baptized in 1840. This was their last visit, for Mr. Woodworth was soon called home. It proved to be a rainy and cold season, and after a few weeks he wrote back, "My faith in climate weakens, and my faith in good physicians and in Providence increases," and he concluded that "steam heat in a comfortable city house was after all the best climate" for him. And the large upper chamber which was always waiting for him in Scranton became his until his death. Here, with his desk in the sunny bay window, he continued to read and to write out of his still active brain and loving heart until called to speak with the spiritual language of another life.

Visits were made to the daughter in Nebraska, and excuse was ever ready for a trip to Hillsdale. The last one was at the Commencement of 1900, which was the year of the Quinquennial Alumni Reunion. The alumni banquet was held in the college chapel, and when Professor Dunn was called upon for the first toast, instinctively the vast assemblage rose, and without any previous

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arrangement stood silent for a moment; then handkerchiefs were fluttered everywhere, and finally a rousing cheer prevented the opening of his speech. The surprised Professor waited with bowed head and shining eyes during this ovation, and then gave what he said would be his last message to the alumni. Like the elders of Ephesus listening to Paul, they were "sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more."

He was still serving on the board of trustees, and while he said he was "only a looker on," and that he had served his term, and others who were younger must both do the work and give the advice, it was evident that even if his eyes were a little dim and hearing not quite perfect, his observation was as keen as ever and his judgment as good and his influence as great. As a little illustration of this fact, it happened that one of the committees in giving a report included a recommendation that had a more far-reaching effect than was supposed, and apparently a disastrous one in some directions. Professor Dunn arose and calmly said, "Gentlemen, have you considered this matter in all its bearings?" In

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a few words he explained the situation as he saw it, without any urging or show of feeling, and quietly sat down. At once the movers of the motion withdrew it; those who had sustained it made a motion of contrary import, which was unanimously passed. As they passed out one remarked to the other, "There's no question about it; if he says it is so we know it is." And another added, "Anyway, we'd do it for him." This little incident shows the reverence for his opinion and the regard for his feelings that they felt.

His work for the college was not ended yet. During the summer he learned that a friend in Nebraska, whose days on earth were probably numbered, desired upon certain conditions to deed one-half of her farm to Hillsdale College. So he went to see her, and returned with a deed of one hundred and sixty acres of land worth eight hundred dollars, from Mrs. S. F. Smith of Long Pine, whose husband had given a large sum to the college before and expected to follow it with this later gift. After this tiresome journey he came back to Hillsdale and took part in a theological institute, and then returned to Scranton.

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It was hard for him to feel that he could not do as formerly, and he would exclaim: "If I could only work! It is hard to sink away into nothingness. But I must and will be reconciled, and wait until my change comes." And then he would add: "The experiences of old age and accompanying disease shall not be cause for complaint or murmuring. The will of the Lord be done." He was far from being useless or laid aside, however. In the home his patient, cheerful life was a silent but powerful influence, and his advice as much sought as ever. In the church where he attended most regularly he was esteemed highly by pastor and people, and in the Monday ministers' meeting his counsel was appreciated. His presence in prayer meeting whenever he was able to attend was considered an inspiration, and his remarks and prayers an uplifting power. After his death many were the expressions of regard from those who had known him even for a short period, such as these: "We have a greater sense of Christian duty and a stronger faith because of his life here." "It was a strong, helpful life; it was a privilege to have known him if only for a short time." "His benign,

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"Grandpa Dunn."

noble face will always be a picture in memory's portrait gallery." "Holy influence radiated from him; he was as one who was always in touch with the hem of the Master's garment."

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The pen could still be used, if weakness and circumstances did not allow of much preaching, and while he felt that the results were less satisfactory than formerly others felt that the articles from his pen were as direct and forceful as ever, and one editor said that his last copy, written the week that he died, was clear and distinct and free from error as on previous occasions. His last published article was a brief one on the "Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man," and was logical and strong and evangelical. He enjoyed hearing others preach, and took pleasure in telling the preacher when he had given a good sermon, and in speaking of it to others. This desire to be helpful by encouragement was characteristic, and younger preachers will never forget his kindness in this regard. One Saturday he walked down to the Synagogue and heard a young rabbi in an eloquent discourse, and meeting one of the congregation, told him what a beautiful service it was and how he went home more than ever convinced that we did not appreciate the Old Testament as we should.

The first Sunday in November he heard two fine sermons from representatives of the Presby-

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terian and Methodist Mission Boards, and came home from the morning service to weep and pray over the vast field of home mission effort as in the days of his youth. After the evening service he came in excited, and announced that with two more such sermons he believed he'd be a convert to missions. The next day he did one of his last acts for the cause of Christ he so much loved, when he wrote to Rev. T. J. Mawhorter, pastor of the church at Cosperville, Ind., inclosing a check for a memorial window in the new church. He had helped this church as he did so many others in their early struggles, and preached for them for a time, and assisted the pastor in his efforts to gain an education. Now he wished to bear a part in the completion of their pleasant and commodious house of worship. This letter was, no doubt, one of the last he wrote, probably the last completed and sent, and is as follows :

SCRANTON, PA., Nov. 5, 1900.

DEAR BRO. MAWHORTER :

That letter and pledge for a window in your church was entirely forgotten. But inclosed you will find a draft for the twelve dollars. Am glad of your prosperity, and pray for your continued success. My pains are not less, but

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increased by rheumatism in the feet and neuralgia in the shoulders and chest. If this is the last work for the great cause, I do not know where I could better put it. I have paid over three thousand dollars for houses of worship and dedicated more than one hundred. My only regret is that I have not done more. But God is merciful.

Yours in Christ,

R. DUNN.

The dedication of this church occurred during the following month, and in the report of it in the *Star* were these words: "The church will ever revere the name of Dr. Dunn for his great work and for his interest in this church; and this letter, written only four days before he was called to better things, will be treasured as of priceless value." When the time came for the midweek prayer service at the Baptist church, he said, "I did want to go down to-night while the weather is so pleasant; perhaps I can't in the winter." But he had an attack of severe neuralgic pain that afternoon, and was feeling much exhausted. The care of the doctor and his wife made him comfortable the day following, and he attempted his usual walk, but found himself weak. So he decided to remain in the house

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Friday and read the papers. He was much interested in the Presidential election of that week, and was reading the reports with great interest.

When the afternoon mail came it brought him two letters, which his daughter opened and read for him at his request. Both were from India, one from Rev. E. H. Lougher, a former student at Hillsdale and in Professor Dunn's classes. His wife's family were also intimate friends of Professor and Mrs. Dunn. Mr. Lougher's letter closed thus: "I wish I could sit with you and tell you about things as we see them, and hear again your voice that helped me so greatly in my college days and will follow me all through life. And let me say, Father Dunn, that if you must yourself simply wait these days, you must have the comfort that your boys, lots of them, are in the front ranks with the same Leader who inspired you, with the same courage that held you up. If we do not manifest the same power, yet we will try to make your crown brighter with our little lives. God bless you and be your comfort." With his usual modesty he demurred at the implied influence of his life, which he thought was not as great as estimated, but, with

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his characteristic charity and kindness of heart, went on to praise the workers in India and their work.

The other letter was from his daughter, Mrs. Clark of Ambala City in the Punjab, and he sat down at once to answer it, as he always did. The letter was never finished. A little voice called at the stair, "Grandpa, come down to supper." He loved to hear the clear childish voice of the little six-year-old Edith, and said it was "the most musical bell" he ever heard, and so it was her delight to call him or go up and bring him down. The pen and glasses were laid down, and he took his usual place at the table. A favorite dish was served him to tempt the failing appetite and assist the weak stomach, and he ate it with relish. As he started to rise from the table his daughter saw a wavering motion, the husband caught a glimpse of a changed face; both were at his side in a moment, but he had fallen. The doctor could find no pulse, could detect no heart beats, and all efforts failed to bring again any signs of breathing. The great spirit had "quietly slipped off home," leaving the casket, in which it had spent so many long

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and useful years, for loving friends to lay away. The good man had gone as he had wished, without suffering and pain and wasting disease to bring care and anxiety to friends, and without loss of mental powers and faculties. The helplessness of body and mind of lingering sickness had been spared him, and he had simply walked in as the gates opened and was now where he should never more say, "I am tired." He had been waiting and watching patiently for a long time, and the messenger had come at last suddenly. As a friend beautifully and truly said, "the Father had need of him, and he was the one on whom he could call at a moment's notice because he was so well prepared for the great work in the Homeland."

Sunday afternoon at the twilight hour sympathetic friends gathered with the family for a few words of prayer and comfort. The services were of a simple character, yet beautiful and impressive. Rev. Richard Hiorns, an aged Methodist minister, led in prayer. Appropriate Scripture passages were read. Then Dr. S. C. Logan, pastor *emeritus* of the First Presbyterian church, who had known Dr. Dunn in his earlier years

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when both were pioneer missionaries on the Western frontier, spoke of his faithful service and Christian zeal, and told how wisely and broadly he labored for the building up of Christ's Kingdom and in the cause of Christian education. Dr. C. E. Robinson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, who had heard Dr. Dunn preach forty years ago, paid a touching tribute to the honored life and saintly character of the one who had gone, and referred to the influence he had on his own life, being one of the influences that helped to lead him to consecrate his life to the ministry.

Rev. R. F. Y. Pierce, D. D., pastor of the Penn Avenue Baptist church, spoke with much feeling and with a sense of personal bereavement, for Dr. Dunn had been so kind and thoughtful and helpful to him in his varied ministries. Dr. Pierce's remarks were based on Paul's valedictory: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown." In developing the thoughts concerning the Christian warrior, the fight of faith, the finished work, and the victor's crown, he made the fitting applications to

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this conquering hero who had just gone to his reward. "The enlistment, the conflicts, the loyalty, the laurels have their significant lessons in the beautiful life and glorious service of Dr. Dunn, of whom we can well say

" ' Life's race well run ;
Life's work well done ;
Life's crown well won ;
Now comes rest.' "

The inverted torch with light gone out is not typical of his life, but rather an index finger pointing upward, indicating that the life has entered into eternal day ; not the broken column, signifying life's plans rudely broken off, but rather a strong, symmetrical, polished, enduring pillar in the temple of the King. To lead one soul to Jesus Christ, to train one life for holy ministry, is a privilege and honor ; but to this honored servant was granted unnumbered joys in the many who will rise to call him blessed in the day of his coronation." Dr. Pierce spoke of him as "a man of rare culture, logical in argument, fearless in statement, eloquent in appeal, fervent in zeal, loving in ministry, eminent in piety, and faithful in service. A precious memory will be

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his life to the many students who have profited by his instructions; but far more precious is the legacy to the loved ones of his heart—a Christian father's exalted virtues and noble character. Could the silent lips be unsealed we would hear the sweet refrain, 'Remember the words I spake while I was yet with you.' "

After these remarks a sweet voice sang

"There is never a day so dreary but God will give thee
light,
And unto the soul that trusts him he giveth songs in the
night,"

and the two sad hearts started on their long night journey to the old home, with their "dark freight, a vanished life." Their son, Wayland Dunn; Gates, had just entered college at Hillsdale, and he and other college friends met them at the station. The older daughter, Mrs. Slayton, and her husband, had arrived from Nebraska, being summoned from a quarterly meeting which they were attending in Kansas, where Rev. H. M. Ford and Mr. H. S. Myers were among the speakers, and they and other kind friends made arrangements for this unexpected journey.

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Neighbors met the sad party at the old home, and in the unchanged parlor where so many happy days had been enjoyed, where some such sad hours had been spent, placed the quiet sleeper. The faces of the mother who had gone and the sister who could not come looked down upon them from the wall ; old friends gathered around them, as they looked on the good, gray head that all men loved, the dear kind face that for so many years had been the embodiment of all that was truest and best in life, and was now to be theirs only in memory. "God's finger had touched him and he slept," and "the Lord had kissed away his soul."

XIII

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At two o'clock Monday afternoon, Nov. 11, 1900, a procession of faculty and students marched from the Centre Building of the college to the home of Professor Dunn, where since his wife's death his apartments had been kept in readiness for him whenever he should choose to return, and where he now rested for the last time. Rev. Philip Graif, D. D., pastor of the church, led a brief service of prayer at the house; then the family and friends in carriages followed the hearse with its precious burden to the church, led by the escort of honor of the student body. By proclamation of the mayor all the business houses of the city were closed during the hours of the funeral. A large audience had gathered, not only from the city, but from the surrounding country and other cities. Floral tributes were

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many and beautiful, but the silent tears of heartfelt sorrow of the many friends assembled were the greatest tribute to his life and memory.

"Asleep in Jesus," the dear old hymn that had been sung at former funerals in the family, was sung. The service was in charge of Prof. J. T. Ward, who read passages of comfort and assurance from the Word. Dr. Graif and Rev. J. B. Lash offered prayer. Memorial addresses were then given. Hon. F. M. Stewart of Hillsdale gave an address full of earnestness and feeling, representing the citizens and trustees, referring to Dr. Dunn's long life among them and his consistent example and spirit of helpfulness in Hillsdale, where his going would leave a vacuum never to be filled.

Prof. C. H. Gurney then spoke for the faculty and students as follows :

In coming here to-day, I have felt in some way that I would be more in a proper place could I sit with the relatives and family of our deceased friend. I am conscious, too, that probably a majority of those who have assembled here on this "sad occasion dear" have much the same feeling. Professor Dunn came so near to those he knew that this kinship was easily inbred. I regret exceedingly that President Mosher cannot be here to represent the

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faculty—a thing he could do so well—and thus speak the graceful and appropriate tribute now due. Much as I dislike any public notice, I yet deem it a privilege to bring my humble tribute of respect and affection. From the membership of this church there have gone in a short time just past some of the choicest of spirits. Were these walls one great phonograph, what a chorus of prayer and praise might be made to greet our ears. Holy men and women have here given renewed expression to the highest and richest experiences of the devout soul. We all agree that in that great chorus of lofty aspiration the voice of Professor Dunn would be distinctly discerned—pure and sweet and strong.

For a third of a century it has been my privilege to know our dear brother. In the fall of '68, just before leaving my home to enter college in Hillsdale, Rev. O. D. Patch, then pastor of the Kewanee, Ill., Free Baptist church, and now pastor in Manchester, N. H., said to me: "Well, you are going away to college. You'll need some friend to whom you can go when you are away from home. There is Professor Dunn, who has a heart as big as the world; you can go to him and always find a friend." By request of Mr. Patch I stopped over night at White Pigeon, Mich., with his brother-in-law, I. L. Stone, superintendent of the public schools. Before leaving Mr. Stone he said: "There is one man in Hillsdale who will always be ready to listen to anything you need; that man is Professor Dunn." I entered school; the term moved on as most terms do with unsophisticated boys from the

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country. Before the term closed some peculiar perplexities faced me—such perplexities as face boys unused to the life of a large school and the ways of the world. I needed a friend to whom I could speak my heart. Then I thought of the words of my friends. I sought and found Professor Dunn. I told him my troubles. He listened. Nor was his a dull or deaf ear. I realized then a meaning in the words of the great Goldsmith as he characterized the Vicar: "He watched and wept and felt and prayed for all."

Here was one of the great characteristics of Professor Dunn's life—his large heart, his abounding sympathy, his great soul that embraced the world in its reach. This characteristic made him a great blessing especially to the younger members of the faculty. How his sympathy with every struggling student has made faculty sympathy for student life. To all the members of the faculty, I think another characteristic—his faith in human kind, his confidence in ultimate right, and his unshaken belief in a future—has been a blessing beyond expression. When others became despondent, when the outlook seemed somewhat gloomy, he with cheerfulness and confidence always added words of courage. His faith in Hillsdale College and its future was a thing sublime. That faith gave courage to many other hearts. When others thought possibly evil influences and machinations might eventually succeed, *his* confidence was unshaken, and he saw the right triumph.

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In things religious he seemed to know things intuitively. Questions that to other members of the faculty took long reasoning, and then came not very clearly, seemed to come to him like an intuition ; and he was right. That sense was to the faculty more than once a source of strength. This was shown some years ago when one of those who to-day comes from a distance to participate in these sad rites was a member of the senior rhetoric class. One of the examples for correction was on a definition of life. All the definitions given were tested by the rules of logical definition and found faulty. Other definitions were offered, and none would stand the test. The statement was made in conclusion that "life is a thing indefinable." That morning as I went to chapel, Professor Dunn sat in behind the old stove trying to get warm. I said : "Professor Dunn, tell me something ; why can we not define life? We can get the genus, why cannot we get a *differentia* and so find the species?" "Oh," said he, "we don't need it. Life is life. That is enough." "But," said I, "that is not a definition ; we haven't finished." I wish you could see the features that lit up as the soul shone forth in its radiance. With a characteristic gesture pointing to his life, then with outstretched arm and index finger pointing to the Great Beyond : "LIFE IS LIFE. I *feel* it *here*, and I *know* it *there*." Immortality was to him a grand present reality.

The time fails me to speak of other characteristics I fain would mention. Only this : to the faculty and to all men, he had the largest possible charity. He thought ill of no

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man, nor of the motives of any. Whatever treatment he received, he always accorded good intention to all. In this he had a large reward. It may truthfully and modestly be said that no one ever lived in Hillsdale who was accorded a higher meed of respect and honor than he. He was universally beloved. He has a full reward in the glory world, and he has also a large reward here. Of him the words of the immortal Gray are eminently true :

“Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send.”

Rev. L. A. Crandall, D. D., of Chicago represented the alumni of the college, and in an eloquent address spoke of Dr. Dunn's personal influence :

The influence of Professor Dunn can never pass from my life, or my love for him from out my heart. I entered Hillsdale College in the fall of 1870. At that time Professor Dunn had been temporarily released from his many duties in connection with the college and was seeking renewed health and strength on his Western farm. In an hour of peculiar exigency the authorities of the college urged him to return at once; and, as always, the need of the college was his summons to toil. The Sunday after his return he preached in the college church, and I saw him for the first time. From that hour I trusted Ransom Dunn absolutely. Why? Because of the man. Because the ring of absolute genuineness was in all he said and did. The fullest explanation of his power as a preacher

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and platform speaker is found in his personality. I do not mean his temperament simply, the sensitive, nervously organized temperament, but the back-lying character. He did, indeed, possess in unusual degree the oratorical instinct. Having only this, plus oratorical training, he would have been a pleasing and popular platform speaker; but with only this equipment he could never have become the tremendous moral force which we know him to have been. To an acute mind, marvelous command of language, impassioned delivery, elemental force, must be added lofty ideals, intense conviction, unselfish purpose, a pure heart, a broad and unfailing love, before we discover the secret of his power.

In 1844 Chicago was a village of some 8000 inhabitants, and the few settlers in the great Middle West were struggling with primitive forces. In the fall of that year the Free Baptist General Conference met at Unadilla Forks, N. Y. One of the topics discussed was missionary work in the West. My father, who was present, has told of a most impressive scene in the progress of that discussion. A young man spoke out of knowledge gained by arduous toil in Ohio. The young man knew both East and West, and fully conscious of all that was involved of sacrifice and toil in the choice, he turned to his friend, William Burr, and said, "Brother Burr, bid my friends in Dover good-bye for me; I give my life to the West." That young man was Ransom Dunn, and only eternity can reveal all that the gift made that day meant to our great West.

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It is to be hoped that some historian will arise who shall write the record of Hillsdale College out of full knowledge and sympathetic interest. Until that time comes we cannot hope to have any adequate presentation of the lifework of Professor Dunn. Some of us feel the greatness and value of that work, but cannot command the historical details essential to its worthy portrayal. We all know how incessant was his labor, how wide and deep and beneficent his influence. We realize that his influence was not limited to the classroom or pulpit. When, sometime, we are given vision to see things as they are, we shall discern the generative influence of our friend and teacher. Then will pass in procession before us the lives that his touch awakened, the men and women who were first made conscious of their intellectual and moral poverty through contact with Ransom Dunn. It is a great thing to furnish food for intellectual hunger. To awaken that hunger is a work of no less importance. It was Professor Dunn's high privilege not only to teach the awakened, but to awaken the sleeping.

In these last days of the dying century we rejoice in an educational renaissance, and in the great gifts which men of wealth are bestowing upon institutions of learning. We cannot question that the gifts are wisely utilized in advancing our civilization, and we accord all honor to the princely givers. But there are no money measurements for the gift which this man made to Hillsdale and so to humanity. He gave his life-blood. All that he had, all that he was, all that he could accomplish, he gave with

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joy to us. We call him dead. We shall hear his voice and clasp his hand no more. But he still lives, aye, and shall continue to live adown the centuries, in this institution which he served with such matchless devotion and in the lives which he inspired and shaped.

Rev. Mrs. Ellen A. Copp then spoke on Dr. Dunn in his relations to the denomination :

Professor Dunn's relationship with the denomination began when at the age of sixteen he was baptized and united with the Free Baptist church. The conviction that he ought to preach the gospel came to him a short time afterward while reading an appeal to young men to enter the Western mission field. At eighteen he was licensed to preach, and at once entered upon his lifework.

Coming to Ohio he first met the Western ministers at a yearly meeting. Amusing anecdotes are told of the first meeting, of the hesitation of the ministerial brethren about inviting him to preach. It is believed that while hoeing corn to pay his board the fire was burning in his soul. At least no audience was ever more completely taken by storm than was the company of staid, sober people who assembled on Saturday morning to hear the boy preacher "exhort."

His success was phenomenal. Moral earnestness, clear, logical thought, deep spirituality, personal magnetism, and a voice of marvelous power and sweetness were the gifts with which he was endowed. He was ordained in

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1837, and in those early days he went from church to church studying during the daytime and preaching in the evening. Everywhere revivals attended the preaching. It was not an uncommon occurrence in those days for three or four to become overpowered and fall insensible during the service.

To announce that Ransom Dunn would preach was sufficient to draw crowds. Old Free Baptists still affirm that just to hear Elder Dunn read a hymn was better than a sermon from almost any other man. He was the foremost Free Baptist minister of the West.

In the days of pioneer work Elder Dunn added much to the denominational growth and strength by visiting many churches and quarterly meetings as an evangelist. He also held important pastorates both in the West and East, and he established new churches in Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and other States. The influence of the spiritual training of the churches founded by Elder Dunn is still discernible. The soundness of doctrinal views and a certain clearness of conviction and strength of Christian character mark the membership of those churches.

As a boy and man Elder Dunn was fond of study, and a part of his evangelistic effort was the searching out promising young men and encouraging and inspiring them with ambition and holy zeal for an education. Among others two young men in particular, since prominent in the denomination, G. H. Ball and J. S. Manning, were converted and led to fit themselves for the ministry through his efforts.

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Because of his interest in education he was appointed a member of a committee to consider the establishment of a seminary in Ohio. Geauga Seminary, the school which produced Garfield, Hinsdale, and other prominent men, was the result of the work of that committee.

In 1852 Elder Dunn was called from Wisconsin to become field agent for the new college just being established in Michigan. In the two years following he traveled with horse and carriage over six thousand miles in the interests of Hillsdale College, securing over twenty thousand dollars for its endowment. With a father's loving care he watched the growth of the college. In the capacity of field agent, professor of Moral Philosophy, Burr professor of Christian Theology, and acting president, Dr. Dunn was an able man, and to the day of his death a loyal friend to the college. In all these varied fields of labor he always sought the interests of the denomination. A Free Baptist through and through he expected of others what he himself gave—whole-hearted service to his chosen denomination as the best means of advancing the cause of Christ in the world.

Professor D. B. Reed was the last speaker. He said:

As my mind sweeps back over more than twenty years of somewhat intimate acquaintance with Dr. Dunn, I find that I invariably associate that name with life, activity, and consistent, aggressive Christian work. It is difficult

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for us to believe that he is dead. And need we, who have the full light of the New Testament? The visible form, through which his life's activities were wont to manifest themselves, has ceased to perform its normal functions; but we do not forget that these words once fell from the lips of our divine Lord and Master: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." I esteem it a great privilege, although a sad one, to speak a few words on this occasion.

I shall speak of him as a friend, as a member of the church, as a Christian, and in the home. As a friend Dr. Dunn was steadfast, candid, helpful. He was helpful in his counsel, helpful in financial straits, helpful in his cheerful outlook upon the ultimate success of faithful endeavor. He seemed to understand at a glance the true situation of affairs, and so his counsel was of great worth. More than one student can testify to the help which he has received in times of financial embarrassment from Dr. Dunn, and many more have been lifted from despondency by his cheerful outlook with respect to the future. Could all those who have been thus helped by Professor Dunn enter that door to-day what a procession it would be!

For many years Dr. Dunn sustained to the Free Baptist church of Hillsdale the twofold relation of pastor and member. As a preacher Dr. Dunn was one of the most remarkable that the denomination has produced. The

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sources of his remarkable power were his personal magnetism, rare dialectical powers, deep emotional nature, vivid religious experience, and an overwhelming sense of man's lost and undone condition apart from salvation in Christ. When we speak of Dr. Dunn as a pastor we must remember that he carried the heavy work of a teacher during most of the time in which he served the church; also that the churches in the West looked to him for counsel and support. Yet he found time to do much pastoral work. The sunshine of his presence enlivened the sick chambers, and the unconverted were personally solicited to yield to the authority of Christ.

As a member of the church he was faithful — faithful in his attendance upon the regular services, faithful in the discharge of his financial obligations, faithful in helping to meet the extraordinary duties to which emergencies gave rise. As a Christian he had a positive conviction as regards the doctrinal system of the Biblical writings. The Bible was to him the Word of God. He was an ambassador of God. It was not for him to proclaim to the world his own message; hence he felt a divine necessity laid upon him to make sure of the message contained in the revelation of his Lord and Master.

He knew, however, that God was greater than a doctrinal system, greater than a creed, and hence his religious life did not simply consist in the assent of his mind to a doctrinal system, but pre-eminently in a sublime faith in God as a personal friend. He believed that God walked with him; he believed that God led him to the field of his

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life's activity ; he believed in prayer ; he believed that God was good, and that he would work all things together for good to those that love him. His was a fervid piety which seemed at times to pierce the veil which hides the unseen holies from man's ordinary vision and enables one to speak with the authority of a seer.

It is above all in the home life where the supreme test of character is made, and in the home were revealed the sterling qualities of Dr. Dunn's character. In the home Dr. Dunn was always helpful. He was considerate ; he did not forget those little things which help so much to make up the sweet amenities of life. His firmness coupled with love enabled him to control in the home with but little apparent discipline, while his wise counsels won implicit confidence. In the hour of sickness his devotion was sublime.

In some respects the home life of Dr. Dunn reminds one of the father of John G. Paton. "To the mid room or closet," says Paton, "daily and often we saw our father retire and shut the door, and we children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about) that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old by the high priest within the veil in the Most Holy Place." Thus with the home life of Dr. Dunn. His prayers, his Scripture readings, and the deep spiritual atmosphere which pervaded his life are among the most precious memories.

We close our remarks upon the home life of Dr. Dunn with a beautiful tribute from the pen of Mrs. Delcie Gates

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Browning, who knew him intimately in his home: "People who saw Dr. Dunn in public, listened to his eloquent addresses and were touched by his magnetic force, only knew half the beauty and grandeur of his nature. It was in his home that one was inspired with the true nobility of his character. It could be truly said of our dear friend one could 'find no fault in him' in his relations to his family, so kind and considerate to all, like a mother in his tenderness and thoughtfulness for the comfort and happiness of those around him. This same sweet spirit pervaded his life to the last, always anxious to make as little trouble as possible, and ever desirous of adding to the pleasures of those about him, whenever he could. To have been intimately acquainted with such a character is a privilege and an inspiration to live a truer and better life."

Rev. T. C. Lawrence of Cleveland made the closing prayer, and while the choir sang "Abide with Me," the vast assemblage passed out, pausing to look once more at the face of the one whom they would never see in Hillsdale again, but whose memory will ever be held sacred there. As with bowed heads they stood at the open grave with its rim of green and flowers, and heard the pastor read, "I am the resurrection and the life," they felt to answer, "He is not here;"

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he is risen." We know he lives still, not only in our hearts and in our memories, but "forever with the Lord."

The denominational papers and the secular papers, both local and metropolitan, contained notices of the death of Professor Dunn. *The Free Baptist* of Nov. 13 said: "The sad news comes to us as we go to press that Prof. Ransom Dunn, D. D., so long a familiar figure in all denominational gatherings, has gone to his reward. The denomination at large will be mourner at the loss of this, our 'Grand Old Man,' who has stood so long and so nobly for all that is good and great." *The Morning Star* of Nov. 15 had this editorial: "Who could expect that our famous pioneer preacher, church builder, school and college builder, our veteran prince in Israel, Professor Ransom Dunn, could remain always with us? He is not, so far as bodily presence on earth goes, for God has taken him. An inexpressible sense of bereavement will pervade thousands of minds and hearts as the knowledge of this event comes like a most unwelcome visitant. For Dr. Dunn was one on whom hosts

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have leaned, as they have lived the life of hope, faith, and love, on the pilgrimage toward heaven ; and the realization that he has passed ' beyond the river ' will beget something of the feeling which the disciples knew after the Lord had ascended to glory. This is a bold but truthful saying. Brother Dunn was only a man, but what a man ! Taken all in all, we shall not look upon his like again. Long has he lingered in the green pastures and by the still waters of Beulah land. His old age has been saintly, and a rare benediction. Now in ' sweet fields beyond the swelling flood ' he knows the bliss he has often so eloquently described and gladly anticipated."

The same issue contained the account of his sudden death, written by his son-in-law, Dr. L. M. Gates, with this heartfelt tribute : " He has been living with us for the past two years, and while it has been apparent that his strength was growing less, the suddenness of the going comes as a great shock. His mind was ever clear, and his trust in God so childlike that his presence with us seemed like a benediction."

Our Journal of Keuka College, N. Y., spoke of " his long life full of hard, successful work. He

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was a great revivalist, and hundreds were saved through his preaching. He was a leader with Hale, Whittier, and others in the antislavery reform, and a constant temperance agitator. For over forty years he was a professor in the theological school at Hillsdale, and did more for that institution, perhaps, than any other man. He was a scholar, in spite of weak eyes that forbade much study when young, for he studied all his life. He was a prodigious worker, though he carried ever a frail body, for he had great faith in God. He loved much. He was universally beloved."

The papers of other denominations also commented on his death and character. The *Religious Intelligencer* said that "his life was good and great," while the *Messenger* (General Baptist) called him "one of the greatest liberal Baptists who have ever lived." *Everywhere*, Will Carleton's paper, closed the obituary notice with these words: "He was a man of extraordinary eloquence and magnetism, and incessant energy and activity; and was one of the most brilliant pulpit orators that our country has produced."

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The local papers had full accounts of his death and funeral, with comments on his life and work.

The Standard: "The news wired to friends in this city Saturday was a shock to all, causing sadness in every home where Dr. Dunn's great worth was known so well. He was truly a remarkable man, having realized in his eventful life, by the force of his ability, perseverance, and determination, many of the high ideals he kept ever before him, things which others are content to dream. How able a preacher he was the people of Hillsdale are glad to testify. But it is with the founders of the college here that his name will ever be inseparably connected. For nearly fifty years Dr. Dunn has labored and prayed for Hillsdale College; through all its successes and vicissitudes he has stood faithful, helpful, and inspiring. . . . Let us hope that his lifelong devotion may fall as a mantle on those who are left to carry on the work." *The Democrat*: "No sketch can adequately portray the immense influence which this man's personality has had upon Hillsdale College, its student body, its alumni, and the community in which the school is located. Dr. Dunn was one of those

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fearless, sturdy, forceful characters of the early settlement of the Middle West. He had the missionary spirit which redeemed continents, and the unwavering religious faith which in earlier centuries made the martyrs. In the width and breadth of the esteem and respect in which he has always been held by the thousands who have gone out from Hillsdale College to useful and active life all over the world is found the best and truest measure of the man."

The Collegian, the Hillsdale College journal, gave a sketch of his life which "enumerated a few of the more striking events in a long life of usefulness," and closed with this tribute of sincere respect: "To the young people who to-day throng the halls of Hillsdale College, and whose feet hurry up and down the stairways worn by his footsteps for so many years, such an outline can convey no idea of what his life has meant to Hillsdale. No title was ever more deserved than that of 'The Father of Hillsdale College.' From the day he looked about him in the wilderness which then spread over College Hill and said, 'We will have a college here,' to the hour he breathed his last on Friday, Hillsdale, her present

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welfare and her outlook for the future, have always been dear to his heart. And dear to him, too, was the respect—nay, the reverence—with which he was cherished in the hearts of those men of younger years upon whose shoulders have fallen the responsibilities and duties of our college. We who did not know him when the fire of youth yet lighted his keen eyes, and when resistless eloquence poured from those lips that now are silent, would bring at this hour our homage to the memory of one whose influence will be as lasting as his life was pure and true.”

But possibly the best obituaries that appeared were those from the pen of Hon. Geo. F. Mosher, LL. D., President of Hillsdale College. He said of them himself, “I was much dissatisfied, but I console myself by reflecting that all the people know the dear man was better and nobler than any account we can give of him.” But friends who read them felt that they were true and sympathetic, worthy the subject and the author. President Mosher was attending a denominational gathering in Iowa at the time news was received of the death of Dr. Dunn, and so was not able to be at the funeral. When the news was an-

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nounced at this meeting "many a sigh was heard, and elderly people wept who had found Christ under his preaching, for few of our churches in the West have not known and profited by his labors." President Mosher writes of Dr. Dunn's work as an evangelist, preacher, and reformer, and as a citizen, and says: "The blow that has been suspended over us for months has fallen. What nobler use can we make of his life than to emulate his example of faithfulness and unshaken trust in Divine mercy? He was a good man. May his death ring out a new call for the same heroic, devoted, cheerful service as that which characterized the more than sixty years of his restless life."

Space will not permit us to transfer to our pages all of the published testimonials of profound respect and esteem from those who knew his greatness and the scope of his power; nor the letters with their messages of love and gratitude from those who knew the sweetness of his character and felt the touch of his personal influence. Resolutions were adopted by Hillsdale College expressing the sense of great loss on account of his long and valuable service; by Rio Grande

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College, honoring his memory for his assistance in its organization and the impress of his lofty Christian spirit; by the Hillsdale Quarterly Meeting on account of his efficient leadership; and other denominational organizations took suitable action. The Baptist ministers of the Abington Association, who hold their meetings at Scranton, passed resolutions of respect referring to his welcome presence and wise counsel in their weekly conference, remembering his few but eloquent appeals for orthodox Christianity and feeling the power of his deep piety.

We close this memorial chapter with a poem by a former student of Hillsdale College, Linda Schermerhorn Hibner :

RANSOM DUNN

"Only a man — that means only a son of God."—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The Indian summer lingered on,
One psalm sang earth and sky.
A "Peace be with you!" floated down;
"We praise thee," rose on high.

I wondered at the winds' control,
That skies forbore to grieve;
I knew not that his saintly soul
Of earth was taking leave.

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'Twas meet that 'mid such influence
His sojourn here should cease —
From peace on earth, his soul pass hence
To the Eternal Peace.

One of the host that leaned on him
In life's unsettled stage,
When th' unseen seems uncertain, dim,
And doubts find anchorage ;

One of the host, my reed of faith
He strengthened to a staff ;
My traitor doubts before his breath
Were blown away like chaff.

The prayer he lived, " Thy kingdom come,"
Was writ upon his face,
And fears took flight and doubts were dumb,
Confronted by its grace.

" Only a man " — " a son of God,"
Heir to his kingdom's height.
Unsold his birthright ; from the sod,
To mount to realms of Light.

Would God his mantle, dropped to earth,
Might find a worthy wearer ;
Among the reapers he sent forth,
His sickle find a bearer.

XIV

PERSONAL CHARACTER — LIFE LESSONS

As we have traced the life of Ransom Dunn his personal qualities have shown themselves in his work, but it will be well to direct attention to some of them that have not been especially noticed, or to emphasize those that have been the cause of his success.

One characteristic was his extreme modesty. He had a sensitive, shrinking nature ; it was only the conviction of duty and the exigency of the need of others and the demands of the cause of Christ that drew him out of himself and into the prominent place. He was not conceited or egotistical, but humble and unassuming. It is for this reason that few of his manuscripts are found to-day. In his journal are references to articles written, of which he says they would "probably better be used as my manuscripts have been generally — for kindling-wood." His deprecia-

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tion of himself was not an assumption for effect, but a deep conviction of unworthiness. In acknowledging Christmas favors toward the last of his life he wrote: "I have been overestimated by my best friends and even by my own children. My lack of faith and piety has been the curse of my life, and the occasion of so many faults and omissions that I am astonished at the forbearance and love exhibited by God and his friends." In his old age, when his friends expressed the feeling that his successful efforts through his long life of usefulness and the results already seen should be a comfort to him, he would say he saw so many things that he had not done that he ought to have done, and his only hope and comfort was in the grace of God and the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ. He sought places for others, but not for himself. Letters on file and records show his efforts to put himself out of the way that others might have positions of honor. If much of this unknown personal correspondence and of these official letters could be published it would throw new light not only on his own character but on events of the past.

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He had the greatest charity and consideration for others. With his keen insight into human nature and his quick perception of situations he often foresaw difficulties and prophesied results, and did not blame but always excused. If one did an unexpected or unwarranted thing he would say, "Well, he didn't understand how it was"; or "He is not quite as well as he used to be, and so is not to blame." Some have heard him tell the story of the man "who never was the man he used to be" as a joking answer to the query how some actions could be excused. His theory evidently was that if a matter could not be corrected it was to be ignored, excused, forgiven, and forgotten, so far as he himself was concerned.

His courtesy was unfailing. As President Mosher said, "he was a man of the people, but courtly and refined"; and another speaks of him as "a genuine Christian gentleman whose courteous demeanor was recognized by all, but he had the quiet dignity about him that leads to affection without familiarity." As one student expressed it, "when you met him he spoke to you as cordially as if you were his intimate friend, but

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you walked with your head a little higher after he passed, as if his very dignity without condescension had raised you in your own estimation and in the respect of others." His social qualities were remarkable. "His cheerfulness was not surpassed in any company. Full of anecdote, quick at repartee, he was easily the life of the group in which he chanced to be." But he was always the gentleman ; one would never hear from him or dare to say before him what an innocent child might not hear.

We are glad to speak of his buoyant spirit and optimistic disposition and genial life. For as one reads his life with its many dark shadows and with its great struggles, an erroneous picture might be imagined of a gloomy, morbid tendency and of a sad life. And photographs of the face with its deep-set eyes and firm mouth—and especially in later years when suffering and pain made their deep lines—may show a sternness that was not present when the features relaxed in the pleasant expression of conversation that his friends knew so well. The mountain-peaks of sorrow may hide the vales of gladness, but they are the longest stretches, after all. The

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wars in history cover less time than years of peace, but take more pages in the books that tell of them. Professor Dunn wrote to his daughter once, on hearing of sickness in her family: "Such is life! Literally half night, and if not so in experience it is fortunate and much better than some whose nights are all December nights, long and cold. But there is a life without nights, and even here we have more joys than griefs." In speaking one winter of a desired visit and family reunion he said: "Let us live one day at a time and borrow no trouble. The world turns one hundred and fifty times before June. We do not know what a day may bring forth. 'The Lord will provide.' We may meet in Hillsdale, in Nebraska, or in heaven. But it will be all right." We have a little outline, given by himself, of a sermon he preached at one time on Ps. 4: 6, "Who will show us any good?" in which he says: "We sometimes seem to see the sun of our life go out, while it is only the falling of a star, and the great Sun of our life never dies. In personal experience when we are in great suffering there are a thousand times more nerves and susceptibilities untouched than those affected. It

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is wisely ordered by Providence that in the natural organs of our powers there is much good to be enjoyed, so even in poor health and trials we may enjoy some things. But in the moral nature is the chief good of life and being. So we find a satisfactory answer to the question if there be any good in earth. There is much good in earth, on which as stairs we may arise above the physical and intellectual to the moral, and up to God and heaven. We must have the right view of things, and especially of the value of the soul; of religion, of God and immortality. Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us, and give us gladness in our hearts and peace in our lives."

Professor Dunn was sincere in his friendships, and they were strong and lasting. One cannot look over the vast number of letters received from friends during his long life and not feel how deep was his regard for them and theirs for him. A man now president of a college wrote some years ago to Professor Dunn, "No man's friendship is prized more highly or the loss of it could be regretted more deeply than yours." The father of the head of the musical conservatory at

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Oberlin wrote of a proposed visit with Professor Dunn, calling him "my spiritual father and best friend, than whom there is no one I wish more to see outside my own family."

His friendship was a helpful one whether in associations of church, college, or social life. Rev. A. T. Salley, D. D., a former professor and pastor at Hillsdale, writes: "Out of nearly fifteen years of close association with him I bring this testimony to his memory. He treated me always with great kindness, helped me to bear the burdens of both church and college, answered every demand made upon him for services. I took the place he had occupied, but never once in these years did Dr. Dunn utter a harsh criticism. I never consulted him in vain. His perception of the situation was intuitive; his kindly heart prompted him to help with his counsel any who consulted him." No journey or exertion was too much to undertake to comfort a friend in affliction; and when himself pressed for money, he often helped friends in need. No wonder so many said after his death, "He was a kind and helpful friend." His was, however, an "unflinching friendship which proved itself by rebuke

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when needed as well as by exhortation and commendation, and won an abiding confidence."

These excellent moral traits were intensified in his home life, where he was most affectionate. He rarely punished the children. It was simply taken for granted that they would do as he wished. On one occasion a child who was visiting did something that was not allowed in the home, and the little daughter said, "My papa will look at you with his eyes!" When the children were small he often held them while at his study or reading, to relieve the tired or busy mother, and would walk the floor, if necessary, at nights, with a restless baby, or risk his own life and that of his horse going for a competent physician when any of the family were sick. His strong but gentle hand would arrange the pillows for the sufferer and his unwearied feet go for delicacies desired.

In later years when more closely occupied with literary work in his library it was to him the older children came for advice and assistance. His company was as much appreciated in the home circle as in the larger social gatherings. Meal-times were seasons of pleasant conversa-

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tion. The daily mail had interesting items to discuss, or a poem that struck his fancy. His reading was always a delight, and often while the mother was busy with her sewing he read to her. He was fond of music, and the Sunday afternoon hour when the daughters sang his favorite hymns were always remembered and missed when they were gone. When the family were separated, letters were frequent. His wife used to say they were short, but one sentence of his was worth more than pages of others. To the boys in college, during that busy period of his life, he wrote weekly letters, and their replies show that he kept their confidence in everything. To the young daughters while he was in Europe he said, "One letter from you at home is worth more than a whole package of other letters." From the holy city he wrote: "The city is full of people, and some of them very fine people from Europe and America; but I would rather see you than all the people in Jerusalem." The missing of the weekly letters in the far-away home in India is the saddest part of the separation since he went away, and the other daughters miss his terse letters with opinions on current events, expressions of regard, and advice on all questions.

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In religious matters he was helpful more by his own consistent example and his devotions than by persistent, obtrusive talk. It was assumed that the children were to go to church and they never thought to question it; it was a habit as much as going to bed or eating breakfast. It was understood that they should read the Bible and pray; if it was worth his while to spend so much time in these exercises it was certainly best for them, and besides they loved to do it, as did their mother and father. His morning reading and prayers with the family are a precious legacy. Almost every book in the Bible has passages that carry his tone and look and explanation still. He felt that every man was a priest in his own household, and when stopping temporarily in another home would hesitate to assume direction of the daily devotions, but it was a benediction to the home to have him do it.

His personal private prayers for the family were a felt blessing though never heard. And the love and prayers for the children were continued to the grandchildren. When his oldest granddaughter was in Hillsdale making a home for her two brothers who were in college, he

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would frequently drop in unexpectedly, bringing some little delicacy, and pleasantly remark, "I thought I would take dinner with you to-day," and stop and visit with them, talking over their plans and his feelings. The pictures of the little grandchildren whom he could not see and the letters telling of their cunning ways were much talked about. With the grandchildren with whom he lived at the last he showed great interest in their progress in their studies, remarking with assumed sternness but with twinkling eye as the report cards came in: "What! only 90 and 100! You were that before. Can't you get beyond that?" On the Wednesday before he died, when the premonitory pain gave its half understood warning, he drew the little one to his arms, as she came up with sympathetic effort to do something for grandpa, and said: "You don't want grandpa to be sick, do you? You love grandpa. He loves you, and he prays for you every night."

His trust in Divine guidance was a constant lesson. "The Lord will provide" was his expectation, and the Lord never disappointed him. The testimony of one who knew him intimately

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in his home for years may well epitomize his characteristics: "Like every one else, I have always thought him a remarkable man in many ways. He combined in a rare degree an attractive personality, extraordinary intellectual ability, and beautiful Christian character. In addition to his eloquence, conversational powers, and unselfish devotion to Hillsdale College, I think of him as an ideal man in his home." His was a hospitable home,— "ministers' hotel" it was laughingly called sometimes. New students were welcomed there, new faculty members entertained there, and strangers made to feel at home.

The regard of relatives outside the immediate family circle was marked. Letters from them contain such words as these: "He was a favorite uncle; his visits seemed like a benediction." "His visits were always anticipated with delight, but we children felt that we must be very good because Uncle Ransom was coming. I regarded him as living on a higher plane than most of us." "We were always glad when Uncle Ransom came. The whole house was brighter for his coming." His regard for his relatives showed itself in practical ways. His first wife's family were cared

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for as long as they lived. The nephews of his second wife had offers to come to his home and pursue their studies at the college at his expense. A niece who had lost her mother while young was given a home with Professor Dunn until her marriage.

There were some strongly marked mental characteristics and habits of life that contributed in no small degree to the great success of Professor Dunn. Among them was his observant, studious habit, and the practice of adapting everything to his need and purposes. It is said of Garfield that he never allowed anything to escape his attention ; if he observed anything he did not understand, he would stop in the street and study it. It was so with Ransom Dunn. He used every opportunity to gain new knowledge. Whenever traveling he learned all he could of the places, the people, the events of interest, and studied methods of work and customs of life. This it was that, in addition to his wide reading, made him a ready man in conversation and gave him a fund of illustrations for his addresses, and made him an authority on almost every question. When in New York City, a stranger, in the midst

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of hard work, he found time to attend lectures by Choate, Sumner, Beecher, Stowe, and Father Mathew, and to visit the museums and places of interest in the city. In Boston he lost no chance of hearing Edward Everett and other orators and listening to medical lectures and legal trials, and took many walks to historical places, thus fitting himself to fill any position and to adapt himself to all people.

His love of reading and of books was a characteristic of his life. When he made his Western tour of the great rivers and lakes after his first wife's death, he wrote in his journal: "In order to be able to take my contemplated journey I was obliged to sell twenty-five dollars' worth of my books, which added to my sorrow if possible. Next to my family I value my books." In all his various changes his books were always packed with greatest care first, so that whatever else might be sold or lost they should be safely taken to the new home. But in his later years some of his books were given away to those who valued them, or to those who could not afford to possess what he thought they needed. Yet during the last years of his life, when his wife's death and

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his own health seemed to demand his living elsewhere, the books in his library were undisturbed, and that place was home to him, whoever might occupy the remainder of the house.

His energy and determination are too well known to need illustration. It was his strong will power that made him ride over all obstacles, and in face of difficulties that would have overcome other men ride on to achievement of all his plans and glorious success in whatever he undertook. A frail body he may have had, but he had an iron will; circumstances may have been against him, but he had dauntless courage; opposition may have met him, but he had perseverance and conquered.

His promptness was equally remarkable. He kept no tills in his desk for unanswered letters; all were answered as soon as they were received. Anything he had to do was done in this same prompt way. When he saw a duty he proposed to do it at once. Decision and action were simultaneous in his life. We are sure that for this energetic spirit there is no idleness to-day,

“But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate’er his hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.”

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His spiritual life was made strong by his inimitable faith, that remained unshaken whatever happened. Those who have known him for many years, lived in his home, or worked with him in various enterprises in which he was engaged, will never forget how often and with what assurance he quoted this one sentence, "The Lord reigneth."

He was a man of one book, notwithstanding his constant reading of many books. A boy who was fond of books and reading asked him one day, "What is your favorite book?" The reply was, "Isaiah." Again the boy questioned, "But who is your favorite author?" Again came the quick reply, "Paul." There was no book like the Bible to him. And among the many ways of studying it which he used, he, like Moody, loved best the topical method, taking some great themes and finding out what the Holy Spirit taught concerning them.

But the great secret of his religious life was prayer. While he was in Europe two of his daughters were baptized and joined the church. He wrote to them: "Trust in God and be faithful. Prayer is the life of the Christian. In

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every trial and every duty, in every temptation, at all times, pray. When working, reading, talking, often raise the desires to God. This early became the habit of my life and has been the most important part of my Christian experience and happiness."

This volume has been read in vain if the fact has not been learned that the one great characteristic of the life of Ransom Dunn was its consecration, his utter devotion to the cause of Christ, his absorbing desire for the salvation of souls and the upbuilding of the Christ-life in the hearts of men. That these life principles may be the established ones in the lives of all the young people who may read this volume is the prayer of the one who writes these lines, and would be the great desire of the subject of this sketch could he speak once more with his eloquent lips from his full heart, burning with the love of God. May it come as a message from the other world with still stronger force, and stir some hearts to fully surrender their lives to the Master and King, the Saviour of men.

To the special audience of those who hope by pen or voice to glorify God in the ministry we

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have a word to say. Rev. C. A. Bickford, D.D., editor of *The Morning Star*, says: "Natural and powerful orator that Dr. Dunn was, he did not use the press as much as was desired by others. But what he did write was thoughtful, purposeful, and virile. He appeared to write only with the purpose of saying something, of saying it directly and forcibly, and of stopping when he had said it." The reason for this was that he wrote when he had a special message to give, that he carefully prepared what he had to say, and condensed it until it was clear-cut and concise. He thought too many words confused the view of the main thought; and people did not enjoy reading long articles. Those who read his articles know that every word meant something distinct, and stood in its place in such relationship that it could not be changed. He wrote with his dictionary at hand, taking time to study definitions and synonyms so that no possible misunderstanding might arise from an obscure use of terms. He believed that many of the discussions and arguments on religious questions would be avoided if people more carefully studied their mother tongue. A prominent preacher and writer says of Dr.

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Dunn's writing: "He read extensively, thought carefully, remembered and digested what he read, and made his own the best thoughts, and expressed his own ideas in eloquent diction, in short but strong sentences. And as years advanced his mental force was not abated, but his passion for investigation, strong thinking, and vigorous writing increased." Let our young writers learn the lesson of much study, clear thinking, and concise writing.

But Professor Dunn will always remain in the memory of those who knew him or heard him the orator *par excellence*. Congressman Hopkins of Illinois said not long ago: "I have heard the greatest preachers of America and Europe, but I never heard one who could so move an audience as Professor Dunn." Why was it that he thus moved "the hearts of the people as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind"? We need not repeat what so many have so truthfully and beautifully said. It was not his natural gift as an orator only, it was not his logic or his diction merely, not his indomitable will that would not fail, but it was the man himself. He walked with God and talked with God, and God talked through him.

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He was a man of convictions, and followed them. "He loved his denomination, believed in its mission, rejoiced in its principles, and delighted to sacrifice for its growth. Yet he was not a sectarian. He did not love the denomination as a sect but because of the principles it holds." Dr. Ball says that Dr. Dunn "believed the Free Baptists to be of right members of the great Baptist family, and that they should cultivate close relations to the larger Baptist body, which has, since the separation, made such large advance in the knowledge of the spirit of the gospel, so that now the majority of the body practically stand on the same foundation and preach the same doctrine that characterizes the Free Baptists. He favored proper measures calculated to bring the two bodies into closer fellowship for the good of both of them. He was more zealous for the truth and the spread of doctrines and practices to which he from his youth had been wedded, than separate denominational life." But he believed more firmly still in the larger Christian unity prayed for by Christ, the spiritual agreement, the sameness of relationship to God as children "born of God," "created in Christ

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Jesus," "of whom the whole family of heaven and earth is named." And with this broad love he worked with and for all, that the lost world might be brought back to the loving Father.

Hon. O. B. Cheney, D. D., former president of Bates College, wrote to Dr. Dunn on his eightieth birthday: "I have loved you for your precious work for the dear Lord, for your loyalty to our people. You are worthy to be named with Randall, Buzzell, Marks, Hutchins, and others who have marked out paths in which our people have delighted to walk. Your eloquence as a speaker, your magnetism in influencing your congregations, your power as a teacher, are they not indelibly inscribed in the life of the Free Baptist denomination? What more in point of honor can a man ask in this world than to have thus influenced mankind? "

Our sad, sweet task is ended. We have "the quiet sense of something lost." Work for him and with him has ceased, and now the story of him has been told. There is an easy-chair vacant in the home, a chair on the platform at Hillsdale College draped in black, an empty seat

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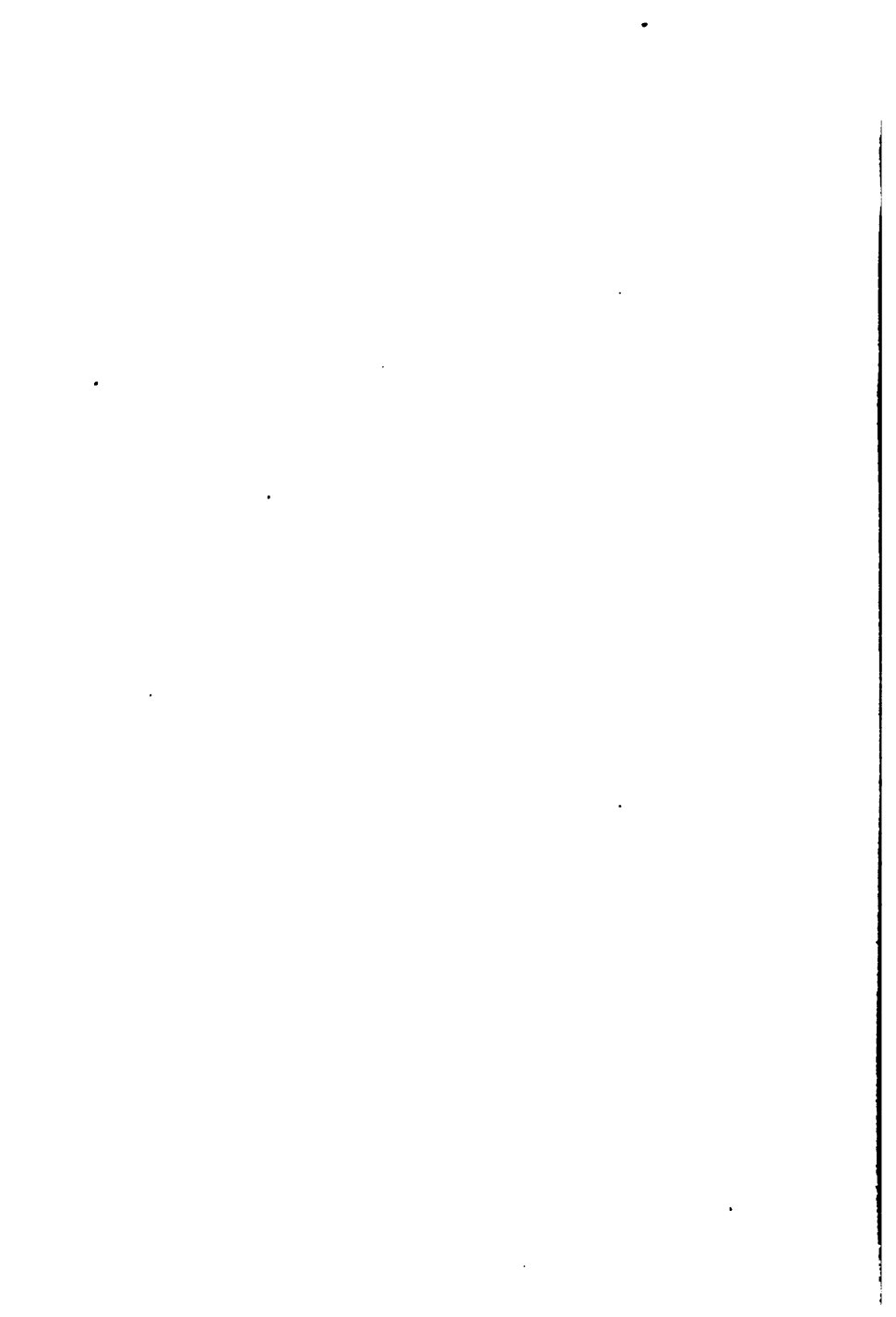
in church, a vacant place in General Conference. But with one who longed to know him better in this world we say, "We know he has gone to be in eternal, blessed companionship with the great truth-finders in the Kingdom, and sometime we shall greet him there," and claim him ours.

"So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

"But there is more that I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee."

Selected Thoughts and Words

“He, being dead, yet speaketh.”



An Introductory Word

It would be impossible to properly represent Ransom Dunn, the eloquent orator, by any abstracts of sermons or quotations from addresses. For the personal magnetism of the man, the thrilling voice, the impressive gestures so peculiarly his own, would be missing. The indescribable, sympathetic tone, and eloquence of manner as well as words that put him *en rapport* with every audience, cannot be felt as the words are read, even though it were possible to reproduce the very words spoken, which is in most cases impossible. We can hardly do him justice either in attempting to give even written articles, for most of those published were for some special purpose and suited to that time and occasion, rather than for general reading, and lose their full force when taken out of their proper setting.

"Few American pulpit stars," says Dr. Philip Graif, "have equaled Dr. Ransom Dunn in spontaneity and fire, in flow of ideas and vividness of conception, and more than all in depth and permanence of influence. Gifted with a voice of penetrating and dramatic flexibility, moving along

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with the torrent of his ideas, never hesitating for a word, he certainly had the art of casting a magnetic spell over his audience, and combined what is so rare—great rapidity of movement with lasting impression. College records, church minutes, and columns of statistics will not gauge his dimensions, but in ennobled hearts and lives has God built his enduring monument.” While this is eminently true, and the impression he made upon a vast number of people is indescribable but great and permanent, and the discourses and their effect cannot be reproduced, yet it is equally true, as the writer above quoted remarks, that “his style of diction was close and compact, his pulpit material well organized, his sermons and addresses were no haphazard structures, every word was italicized, and the whole showed that he was a profound student. He had an eye, too, for light and shade, perspective and proportion, and harmonious totality of effect.”

Perhaps even the few selections gathered may show a little of this clear, concise thinking, of the pure diction, forceful utterance, and unique illustration. And those who have heard him will supply from memory the sweet, pathetic voice or full, resonant tone as occasion demanded, the earnest, rapt expression, and let imagination add the effective, characteristic gestures, remembering, with President Mosher, “that peculiar quiver-

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ing movement of his long arm and shapely hands, as though the overcharged sensibilities and emotions were relieving themselves through this physical but eloquent channel."

A few extracts from letters have been added, at the request of friends, showing a different style, descriptive, conversational, or reminiscent, that made him a popular writer of travel sketches.

Letters

ROME, Jan. 18, 1866.

Here we are in old Rome! Age does not always destroy vanity but tends to conservatism, and creates a high estimate of the past. So here. Like some old stooping half-blind dame who still insists upon hanging the jewels under her whitened locks and tying on the toggery of girlhood, so Rome, amidst the broken brick and patched walls more than twenty centuries old, puts on modern airs and ornaments, and, with the ruins of defunct and useless forms and institutions, attempts to stand up in the pride and vigor of youth. . . . Of course St. Peter's was not omitted in our rambles. We went into it, through it, and up it, into the brass head at the top, feeling sure there were other brass heads of much less capacity. Indeed, this one differs from most others, for generally where there is a great deal of brass the size diminishes as you come nearer, but this ball upon the dome of St. Peter's looks from the ground not larger than your hat, yet when you get up to it, it is eight feet in diameter and capable of holding sixteen men. This cathedral is said to have cost originally more than forty millions of dollars, and they are constantly adding something new. The gilding of the altar cost a hundred thousand dollars. There is no use attempting a description of its parts. Even its size will hardly be realized. In a former letter I spoke of a church covering over an acre of land, but this covers five acres.

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And you are not to suppose that this is the only large and expensive church in Rome. There are three hundred and more, many of them from three to five hundred feet in length. I visited one chapel to-day the finishing and furnishing of which cost three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. It may seem strange to you that so much money can be put into some of these rooms that are only twenty or thirty feet, but it is in the gold, mosaic, statuary, and marble. Then there are paintings, some of which cost twenty thousand dollars. But the mosaic seems to absorb the most time and money in the least space, unless it be the solid gold decorations. We saw a table last week less than six feet in diameter said to have cost two hundred thousand dollars, requiring the labor of a large number of men for fifteen years. . . . And yet while millions are thus expended on churches, many of which are rarely used, and never for preaching, beggars throng the streets by hundreds, assailing you at every turn. There is more poverty and wretchedness in this city than I ever witnessed before. . . . But the past, the glorious, tragical, and awful past—Rome as she was when the world trembled at her word and kings and empires paid tribute to her greatness! Here we are walking over the hills where Romulus stood, where senators legislated centuries before Christ. I am naturally fond of the new, and have said I took more pleasure in seeing one public work performed than in looking at a dozen already finished. But I am conquered. My feelings yield as I look upon these columns, buildings, statues, and paintings expressive of the feelings of hearts that ceased to beat long centuries since. . . . There is the Temple of Fortune, erected five hundred years before Christ, and the Pantheon, 27 B. C.; and then the Arch of Claudius, while yet the apostles were listening to inspiration. And there a few of the columns of the Temple of Saturn, the remains of the

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Temple of Concord, the remnants of the old Forum in which the multitudes were exhorted to deeds of heroism two thousand years ago; and near by the prison where it is possible Paul and Peter might have been imprisoned, as tradition affirms. . . . But that grand and awful Colosseum, so often referred to and yet never comprehended, is at once the grandest specimen of ancient masonry and architecture, and the best illustration of the greatness and character of the old Romans of any remains of former times to be seen. . . . Here for four hundred years the gladiators fought, and here for twelve hundred years the Romans witnessed fights of beasts, circuses, and other amusements. But the most awful association is with reference to the early Christians, who were here tortured and martyred by hundreds and thousands. . . . As we stood upon the upper tier of seats and looked down a hundred feet into that pit, my weak head grew dizzy, the nerves trembled, and it almost seemed to me I could see the tigers and lions tearing the Christians, while their shouts of triumph rolled up those slopes amidst the wild jeers of the multitudes.

Rome, old and new, has presented two distinct phases of human development. The heroic, great, and sometimes glorious in achievement; and the æsthetic, astonishing the world with the chisel, the brush, and with music. Will she ever reach that other and higher tableland of practical life, where utility, benevolence, and piety shall sanctify her pictures and songs, remove her superstitions, and lead to good works for the race more enduring than her monuments and stately columns?

CAIRO, EGYPT, Feb. 12, 1866.

We are in Egypt, by the side of that mysterious Nile, whose annual flow made its immense valley not only the granary and garden of the world, but for ages the seat of

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empire and science. The natural scenery is still the same, and all the land, with its blanketed men and enslaved women, its camels and donkeys, its sun-dried bricks and primitive agriculture, appears very much the same as indicated in the dim morning of history, 2500 years before Christ. . . . This standstill aspect of the country is one of the first things that strikes the mind of an American. He seems not only to have gone six thousand miles from home but to have gone back three thousand years in history. . . . All the instruments of husbandry are of the most simple kind. A straight stick, about four feet long, with a piece of iron at the point, constitutes the plough, which stirs the ground about as much as a respectable pig's nose. And yet as the soil is washed by the Nile every year and is exceedingly fertile, and the people live mostly on vegetables, a large population of six millions subsist on a small space of land less than half the size of Michigan. . . . Most of the brick are of mud deposited by the Nile, made roughly and dried in the sun, just as in the days of Moses. These mud brick are laid into houses ten or fifteen feet square and about eight feet high. These huts, covered with palm leaves, without windows, constitute the majority of all the houses of Egypt. . . . The costumes and habits of the people are quite as simple and antique as their houses. Some of the Egyptian officers and nobility begin to yield a little to French tailors and milliners, but the great mass of the people, although adopting a great variety of colors and patterns, still continue some form of loose dress and enormous turban. Our guide who accompanied us to the Pyramids wore a frock that cost him seventy-five cents; a loose cloth or skirt around the loins, costing seventy-five cents more; and a turban of silver cloth that cost eight dollars. . . . The spirit of oppression seems to be universal. The higher officers oppress the lower, the under officers the

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people, and the men beat the donkeys. But of all the oppression that of women and girls is the most deplorable, and this is the secret of Egypt's fall. It is clear to my mind that the oppression of women leads to indolence, ignorance, and the decline of civilization, and is the main cause of the stagnation of countries that were once the glory of the whole earth.

After a description of the Pyramids, the quarries, and the petrified forest, he says:

We now leave Egypt, having experienced a strange and deeply interesting visit in this classic land, which is certainly, under the influence of commerce, aggressive civilization, and religion, bursting up through the incrustations of conservatism, bigotry, and tyranny to a higher life. The Pyramids may remain, but the blankets and frocks will be exchanged for other clothing, carriages will take the place of donkeys, pumps be used instead of old wheels and broken jars, ploughs for sharpened sticks, houses instead of mud huts; schools will be established, and the veils taken off from the faces of the women. Then will Egypt be one of the richest and most fertile spots of earth; and visitors will be obliged to refer to history to learn the customs of the ancients. Success to those engaged in the work, and all honor to Him whose providence overrules the whole.

JERUSALEM, March 22, 1866.

It is just one month since we left the hotel at Suez, and until last evening we have not entered a house of any kind except the convent of Mt. Sinai. We were five days and nights upon the Red Sea, in a little clumsy, open Arab boat, sometimes becalmed, sometimes stopped by head-

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winds, sometimes drifting with a broken anchor, sometimes excited in looking through the clearest water ever seen upon the most beautiful coral bottom ever imagined, sometimes reading, sometimes praying, and sometimes scolding the lazy, cowardly Arabs for unnecessary delays. You may be sure there was a shout when we leaped upon the sand at Tor, a little cluster of huts 120 miles from Suez. Tents were soon pitched, tin plates and cups brought out, and we had our first meal upon the desert, were thankful, set up the family altar, and rested well.

The Gulf of Suez is walled in with a bold, irregular, romantic series of hills. Some half dozen miles back of these there is another range extending still onward far to the south. These mountains, like almost all others upon the desert, present the aspect of clusters of Gothic points crowded together. The atmosphere is almost always a little hazy, just enough to soften the most rugged features of the mountains and, at a few miles' distance, render it impossible to see whether their sides are covered with vegetation or not. When the sun rose, giving us our first morning view of these desert hills, the scene was more grand, sublime, and beautiful than I had ever supposed possible in such a country. Beyond the plain, upon the western edge of which the waves of the sea were dashing near our tent, was stretched this long line of mountains, pressing their sharpened points against the sky, as though holding up the curtain for the sun's rising; and as the sunlight broke over some of these points the reflected light would present some bright surface, like the roof of a house, while near a little angle would leave a space shaded dark, giving the appearance of projections and recesses and open buildings. The light and shade constantly changing gave us a kind of panorama, the beauty of which was greatly enhanced by the different colors and shades of the rocks, from the blackest basalt to the whit-

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est chalk. That was a glorious morning, in spite of the miserable, filthy, half-dressed Arabs who came out to gaze upon the curious American animals.

And now comes the two great necessary evils, the most unpleasant part of desert travel—the Arabs and the camels. Which is the most stupid we have not yet decided, although the former are certainly the most lazy and untruthful. . . . They go heavily armed with swords and guns, but are great cowards, and our party of four gentlemen and two ladies felt perfectly safe amidst all this barbarous display, and at times exercised authority over those twelve armed men with a good deal of successful, if ludicrous, force. For our tents, baggage, provisions, and persons, twelve camels were necessary, and as no man is rich enough to own more than one camel, and each man must always accompany his own camel, we had quite a formidable cavalcade, and moved on from seven to ten hours a day in Patriarchal style. The camels, if less provoking than their drivers, are not agreeable companions. I am thankful for the existence of this animal, however, for as beauty is only appreciated by contrast it is well that so much ugliness should be concentrated in one animal, and turned loose upon the desert. His moaning is the worst part of it. I never could endure a sinking, sickening, complaining spirit in bipeds or quadrupeds. But here you get it to perfection. If you strike the camel he is sure to groan; if you let him alone, he groans; and his music is a composition of the wail of a starving army mule and a dying calf. . . .

But what of the "sand, sand, sand" of the imaginative writers? Most of their letters were written from hotels near by, or round about the desert, by those who never saw anything but the border of it. Upon the banks of the Nile and the shores of the Mediterranean, and upon some of the hills between Cairo and Suez, there is sand,

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of course. But through the heart of the desert for fifteen days we did not pass five miles of sand. The universal surface is rock. For fifty miles around Mt. Sinai the mountains are high and sharp and numerous. From its top I counted nearly one hundred peaks. Mt. Sinai itself is seven thousand feet above the sea, and two thousand feet above the valley below, where the Israelites were camped when God talked with Moses. . . .

Three days was the longest we had to go without finding water. The weather was delightful, the nights cool, and only for a short time in the middle of two or three days was the heat severe. But the winds were very dry, searching carefully for every drop of moisture even in the mouth and throat; and one day the wind died away, and oh, how the sun did burn! The stone and gravel threw back the rays with increased force, and within an hour the face was smarting as if by fire, the head began to swim, the nerves to tremble. Two hours of such experience was enough for me, and enough to let us see as never before the power of the sun, and what it might be three months hence. . . . Last Friday the soil began to change, vegetation to increase, and Saturday we passed over a plain of light soil, mostly cultivated, for ten miles south of Gaza. That old city is one of the oldest in the world. It was in its glory when Abraham passed down into Egypt, and was an old town when Samson carried off its gate; and it is still here, without one particle of improvement for three thousand years. There is not a pane of glass, nor a cart wheel, nor a bit of machinery to be seen. But the large olive orchards of old trees of immense size, some of them not less than six feet in diameter, are splendid, and the view from the hill towards Hebron is one of the finest of the whole route. We encamped near the spot where Abraham was encamped when he received the promise. From Hebron by Solomon's Pools, Bethlehem, and Rachel's Tomb to Jerusalem. . . .

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"The land flowing with milk and honey," and yet you have often heard of the "barren mountains of Palestine." Both of these expressions, and other apparent contradictions, are true. The most unpleasant and pleasant objects and experiences are brought into close juxtaposition in this country—ugliness and beauty, barrenness and fertility, destitution of water and the most splendid springs and fountains in the world, the best of men and the worst of scoundrels, the greatest nuisances travelers ever experienced and the most delightful travel; and, to cap the climax, the lowest superstition in the world and the most glorious system of religion which God could devise. And after all, this religious aspect and association is the one consideration that has made this little spot, less than two hundred miles long, the subject of the deepest interest to the civilized world. And yet more than half the time the people here have not been half civilized, and even now are scarcely more than a fair sample of what society was four thousand years ago. Is it not strange that such a religion should have originated in such a place with such a people? No, for if it had originated in Greece or Rome then it might have been attributed to mere human ability. But there is not now, and never was, a degree of intelligence and development in Palestine and Syria sufficient to produce such a system of ethics and religion as Christianity embraces; but Christianity did certainly originate here, and therefore it is not of human origin. And has not Providence left this people stationary, and as they were two thousand years ago, to keep constantly before the world the fact that the gospel never could have been devised by human beings, and especially by such men, under such circumstances? There are associations connected with every point. Place after place whose names are so often mentioned in the Bible were passed. But I cannot attempt a reference to all of these spots of

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interest nor to the emotions experienced. We have had a thrillingly interesting ride through Palestine, and now after visiting Baalbek and Damascus we bend our course towards Europe, and — our glorious America.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1, 1881.

The scenery west of Salt Lake is wild and romantic. The narrow valleys, or canons, with their steep and perpendicular sides and sudden turns, remind one of the awful grandeur of the mountains and valleys of Sinai. But the little withered grass and shrubbery and decayed appearance of the rocks in contrast to the Arabian desert, diminishes the sense of the grand and awful without giving the sense of the beautiful. And the gold of Sinai was truth dazzling in the lightnings of heaven, while the gold of the Sierras is dug from rocks and dust, and often with the "love of money, the root of all evil." . . .

There are wonders here besides the mines so often described. Here is the Humboldt river rising from springs into which the lead has been dropped for 1700 feet without finding bottom, receiving tributaries, increasing to a large river, flowing five hundred miles, uniting with the Carson, and then sinking out of sight like an exhausted politician. How these rivers and other streams retire in a little marsh in the mountains of Nevada without filling up the basins at all, is a mystery; and the artesian wells upon these high lands much above these "Sinks," and with few elevations above them, suggest important questions. What does the thirsty earth do with these immense drinks in these little Sinks, and what is the force that lifts these streams with energy above the mountain-tops?

Beside the wonders and the grandeur of these mountain plains there are points of interest in association and history. Here is "Starvation Camp," upon Donner Creek, where in the winter of 1846 a company of eighty-two

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persons were overtaken by a snowstorm, and thirty-six perished. Of a party of thirteen sent for help, ten perished. Relief was sent, but it was impossible to save all. Mrs. Donner refused to leave her husband, and when the spot was visited again his body was found carefully laid out by her. How long she survived him is not known.

Think you this spot was passed without thinking of the many who have perished upon these barren fields, and of personal experiences at the death bed, where clinging affections have been sundered at last? Oh, what a world! and what is life without a future life? But life is not all a desert, neither is the journey to California. From the barren mountains we soon glide down through the fruit orchards and fertile valleys above Sacramento. . . .

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18, 1881.

The most remarkable thing in this city is San Francisco. Here among these sand hills, a little while ago, there were a few earthen-covered cabins occupied by a few traders, Mexicans, and missionaries. Now a city of nearly 300,000 people, with handsome, broad streets, splendid mansions and public buildings, and all the characteristics of a large, growing city. The sand hills have mostly disappeared, and the mountains, surpassing the "seven hills of Rome" and the "tri-mountains" of Boston, are ornamented with costly buildings. The writer is now looking upon a dwelling said to have cost two millions of dollars, and others near seem almost as grand. The elevation and size give grandeur, the floral and architectural ornamentations add beauty, and the California cable cars furnish convenience. . . . With the largest ocean upon the globe, a harbor three hundred miles in circumference, mountains within and around the city, and the vast sources of wealth, it is not strange that great men with great ambition and great fortunes are found here.

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The field for Christian work in this country and city is very important, white, waiting ; may the Lord of the harvest send the reapers ! There are some choice spirits here. I met a man eighty-seven years old who attends prayer meetings regularly, and takes active part, and exhibited deep interest in the sermon yesterday. Let those who, twenty or thirty years younger, make gray hairs an excuse for not attending religious meetings while able to go to parties for pleasure, business, or politics, learn a lesson. But the secret of this man's strength of faith, and thus enduring to the end, is this : he always takes an active part in social worship, and has read the Bible through sixty-six times. "Blessed are those that keep His testimonies."

YOSEMITE, July, 1881.

A quaint old traveling companion in Constantinople, after visiting the Bazars, his usual place of resort, stretched his feet to a small fire, exclaiming in a tone expressive of great disgust : "Any man able to have a ten-foot room and grate of his own in America who will come over here and ramble over these ruins and hills, must be an uncommonly big-sized fool !" I am sure that expression, and especially that last clause, has been remembered a thousand times. And last Thursday morning, after enjoying good accommodations at Madera, and looking down the Southern Pacific Railroad toward home, thinking of ninety miles of staging over the hills and a ramble over this Big Hole in the mountain, that sentence came up again. But the mountains and health ! So when at half-past six o'clock the splendid team of six horses and coach for twelve passengers whirled up, we were off like the wind, and in less than fifteen minutes the morning breeze, immense plains and wheatfields, and the speed secured a unanimous vote that going to the mountains

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was wise, and somebody else was the big fool. As there was but one passenger, I knew exactly how the vote stood. The first twelve miles was completed in one hour and five minutes, without the use of a whip. From that point, changing teams every twelve miles, the rocks, foot hills, and mountains, with shrubbery, stunted trees, and sugar pines twenty-five feet in circumference, were successfully passed, and sixty-eight miles completed early. With twenty-six miles the next forenoon the monopolist of that coach entered the great mountain wonder. If any person wishes to try such a monopoly, if the irons gripped so thoroughly are not worn out nor the leather covering of the cushions so thoroughly pounded are not worn through, the proprietors will be thankful; and as other monopolists seek luxurious country seats so this traveling monopolist will prefer a luxurious seat for awhile. But there are compensations. The horses are the best I ever saw upon any stage route, the roads splendid, fifty miles built by the Stage Company, at a cost of \$70,000, through the most romantic scenery imaginable.

Generally there is abundance of good company, for nearly two thousand visit these wilds at a cost of about \$200,000 in three months, yet most go in parties, often crowding the coach. But as this one passenger this time is always fond of good(?) company and mountain scenery, that ride was a luxury beyond description.

Descriptive terms and figures have been exhausted in efforts to describe the scenery of this world-renowned spot. . . . It is about one mile wide and ten miles long, in crescent form. The valley is 4000 feet above the sea, its walks irregular, but ranging from 2000 to 5000 feet high and often perpendicular. The rocks are granite, generally light colored. Every type of mountain upon earth is here represented. The sharp Gothic points of Sinai, the perfect domes of Palestine, the rugged, irregular shapes

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of the Alps, may be seen here at a glance. But to get the conception of the magnitude is difficult. A man has to look three times to see the height. He sees a rock by his side—looks up to see what is over it—and then again for the top. Dean Swift's seventy-nine distinct smells in Leghorn were no more clearly defined. Let one look at the gate-post of the valley, 3300 feet high, and imagine a column made of fifteen shafts the height of Bunker Hill Monument. Or take eight churches like old Trinity of New York, hang each upon the pinnacle of the other, and then they are no more than equal to the "Cathedral Domes" of Yosemite. If Niagara Falls were elevated fourteen times as high as they are, Yosemite Falls would still be higher. The quantity of water over these falls is not large, especially in summer, but their music is constant, and the beautiful forms of the currents and spray hang like master touches of supernatural pencils. From the valley these waters seem to fall from the cloudless skies, for higher land is hardly conceivable. But from one of these domes, 900 feet above the sea level, points are seen nearly twice as high, and vast fields of mountains with perpetual snow upon their shoulders. Mount Washington is duplicated a hundred times. Indeed, if all the Green Mountains were piled upon the White Mountains, the whole would be a small pile compared with the fields of mountains with which nature has furnished this romantic walk of ten miles. . . .

The pleasure of the trip is much enhanced by the ride of ten or fifteen miles through the Big Tree forest, now held as a government park. These trees found only in California, and protected by government only in this place, are almost as marvelous as Yosemite. There are hundreds of these forest monsters, one of which measures ninety-two feet in circumference at eight feet above the ground. The stage road passes through another, leaving about eight feet each

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side of the road uncut and the top alive and doing well. These giant trees and mountains seem to be echoing the inspired declaration: "The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all them that have pleasure therein."

This week has been greatly enjoyed, and its wonders placed in the temple of memory by the side of the awful grandeur of Sinai and the beauty of Lebanon.

Skeletons of Sermons

"*The Fact of Divine Government a Source of Joy.*"—PSALM 67: 4 and 97: 1.

Introduction.

Skill and efficiency in use of single tool an honor and a pleasure; more so in many, as in manufacturing; more still in control and direction of man, as in society and in government.

In Divine government is highest joy.

I. In the physical.

1. Extent and universality—grand.
2. Utility—nothing in vain.
3. Uniformity of laws of nature.
4. Providential and physical laws of nations.

Conditions of national life and death as well as bodily health. God governs rise and fall of nations as well as tides of ocean.

II. Special joy in God's moral government.

1. Supremacy of its authority.
2. Universality.
3. Minuteness, exactness, efficiency.
4. Justice of its penalties.

In the future, as here, penalty will be just, and given in love and benevolence. Does the judge lack regard for humanity when giving verdict against criminals? Just the opposite. Cannot have government without law, or law without penalty.

5. Character and condition of its remedies.

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All government assumes human depravity. Law assumes evil and professes to remedy it. Our law allows substitution, as in case of fines. So Christ died to save us.

6. Certainty of its truths and promises.

If I were starving, the promise of some men in this audience would be equivalent to bread. So we rely on the pledges of our government. And more than these the promises of God are sure.

7. It will vindicate the right and righteous, and condemn sin and sinners.

So we rest on fact of Divine government in physical and moral world. As the traveler is glad to be under his own flag we joy to be under that of our Lord. The clouds are his banner, the forest trees his flag staff, every breeze proclaims him king. Nations bow before him.

(a) In view of these facts, do we acknowledge his authority?

If our Republic called all would respond, as twenty-five years ago. Shall we do less for our Divine Commander?

(b) Do we realize the danger of being without the protection of this Divine government, and the approval of the Divine Ruler and Master?

[This was a strong discourse, clear and searching, but comforting and assuring.]

"The Eternal Consequences of this Life."—GAL. 6: 7.

This text and this discourse assume first, man's immortality; and second, his continuous and eternal identity.

The text indicates the danger of deception respecting the consequences of present actions, and that such deception is mockery of God. The text positively affirms that the character and experiences of this life affect character and experiences of future life. This is evident

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I. From nature and surroundings of present life.

1. Universality of law of cause and effect. This law is universal over all things and actions so far as seen in human experience.

2. All the forces of life and time, in matter and mind, seem to be means to a future end, therefore affect the end.

3. Final, ultimate, and eternal consequences are constantly seen in loss of time and opportunities, senses and capabilities. An eye lost is gone forever ; a day lost, a day behind always.

II. Nature of death.

1. In general consciousness and belief, it affects body only.

2. It cannot change moral character, which is always a voluntary state of mind.

III. Universal belief and consciousness.

1. All men feel desire to correct evils and settle difficulties before they die, feeling a necessary expectation of future results from past action.

2. This is general belief of all nations and times, and there is no good reason for such general belief but its truthfulness.

3. Religious rites and sacrifices of all nations for the future.

IV. Progressive nature of mind.

1. Improvement in right secures eternal gain.

2. Neglect, eternal loss.

V. Law of habit.

It increases the fixedness of character and condition, and must produce an unalterable state hereafter.

VI. Continuous identity includes memory, and recollection of unforgiven wrong to God or man must affect the future state. Happiness with those abused is impossible while the abuse is unforgiven.

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VII. God is just. Justice is not executed in this life, upon the innocent, nor upon the guilty, for they are often deadened in feeling or conscience, or die in the very act. Hence justice must be administered in the future life.

[This was a powerful sermon, its effect on the audience wonderful, especially when illustrating the final consequences seen in this life by travelers on Alpine summits, in speaking of the power of habit, and in the closing argument on the eternal justice of God.]

A Sermon

THE POWER OF FAITH

"For verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."—Matt. 17: 20.

The supernatural power and possibility suggested in this text is conditioned upon faith, which in nature or degree is illustrated by the mustard seed. Some think the development and growth of faith is illustrated by the rapid growth from this small seed. Others suppose the object of the figure is simply to say that the smallest degree of true faith would be adequate for the most marvelous works. The difference in these expositions is not great. The smallest degree of faith will be growing faith, and thus well illustrated in both its nature and degree by this "least of all seeds."

All faith is preceded by knowledge. All knowledge implies the existence of mental faculties, and depends upon one or more of four causes or conditions,—intuition and necessary truths, sense and perception, testimony of others, and reasoning. Knowledge is either positive or probable. A comparatively small circle surrounds every intelligent finite being, within which things are so positively known that they are neither believed nor doubted. We do not believe, but know, that the sides of a true square are equal, and that every effect has a cause; that the sun shines and the wind blows; that Cæsar lived and Luther preached; that the certainties of mathematics and astronomy cannot be doubted.

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When a reasonable doubt is possible, probability takes the place of certainty, and faith the place of positive knowledge. Between that which is positively known and that which is positively unknown there is a wide field of probability and faith. In this field we find the activities, responsibilities, and duties of human life. And here is developed the mightiest force of the universe, *the power of faith*. "Through faith we understand the worlds were framed by the word of God." From the throne of God through all the experience and history of intelligent beings, individually or collectively, faith is the all-pervading, universal power.

This faith may be intellectual or moral. Intellectual faith embraces all those states of mind in believing and trusting forces, laws, facts, and statements not involving moral character. Even in this sense, without regard to right or wrong, its power is immense.

1. Subjectively, upon the mind itself. Every possible degree of mental growth and development depends upon this principle as really as physiological life depends upon oxygen. Respecting what is partially known or probable, something more is believed, and thus what is possible becomes probable, and probability more certain. Possibilities, at first only subjects of hope, become matters of belief, then inducements to action and causes of highest intellectual attainments.

2. This power is the efficient cause in scientific investigation and discovery. Some fact is known which directly or otherwise indicates other facts to be believed; and following the lead of such beliefs the mysteries and utilities of science are brought to light, and nature is made an open volume. Even accidental discoveries are not thought of until seen upon the sides of paths pursued by faith in search of something not known. Faith is the fundamental element in every scientific work, the inspiration of

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every scientist, the headlight in every true system of philosophy. It was the pilot for Columbus; the lamp with which the mariner's compass, the printing-press, the steam engine, the railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone were discovered.

3. This power is the light and life of art. In music, painting, and architecture, faith in what is not seen is the inspiration. By it palaces are planned, temples built, their walls ornamented and music furnished. Mechanical arts, manufacturing, and commerce are controlled by this same power. As agriculturists live by faith in seasons and harvests not yet seen, so teachers, lawyers, physicians, and clergymen must necessarily live and labor upon this principle.

4. Faith is the fundamental element in all social and civil life and happiness. The statesman, above all others, is and must be a man of faith. Animal instincts may control and be controlled by direct and present impulse, but men must believe in something not seen and in the future. All men are dependent, and the feeling and consciousness of such dependence necessarily leads to confidence in something upon which to depend. Rulers and generals are often successful or otherwise in proportion to their faith. Whole armies are frequently victorious by faith in their leaders, or lost by the lack of such faith. Generally, true courage is the courage of faith, without which defeat is almost sure.

5. But the most common and striking manifestation of the power of faith is seen in its influence upon the body through the mind. The wild confidence of the maniac frequently doubles his muscular force; and the waiting, loving mother or wife endures fatigue and labor for loved ones with almost superhuman strength. Love and faith give strength that nothing else could produce.

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And so in many cases of sickness. Some are cured by faith in medicines, and some by faith in doctors, when there is no virtue in either. Intelligent physicians generally put quite as much reliance upon the right state of mind in their patients as in medicine. And probably more people die from the lack of faith than from the lack of remedies. In despondency appetite and digestion are deranged, company and exercise avoided, and disease increased. Faith in something or in somebody is often a condition of health. Whatever of remedial force is experienced under the influence of mesmerism, spiritualism, Christian Science, Mormonism, etc., is undoubtedly the influence of the mind upon the body, and the influence of the mind as exercising some kind of faith. It is not all imagination, but real belief in the power professed and expectation of promised relief, that stimulates the organs and functions of the system so as to overcome disease and restore health. The forces of human nature are material, instinctive, and mental, and in general purpose unite in protecting life and promoting health. It is not always easy to distinguish one from the other, or to know exactly the limits of either, but of the fact of the influence of mind upon the body, and of faith upon the mind, there can be no doubt; and that most of the marvelous cures effected by quacks and fanatics are to be referred to this cause is quite certain. Such is the power of faith as simple intellectual belief in things and truths. But when this confidence, or faith, is exercised respecting moral beings, it is another matter altogether. As soon as man perceives relations to moral beings he necessarily feels himself under obligation, and that under such obligation something is due to others, and that love or good-will is the general duty to God and all his creatures.

This is moral faith. Not simply confidence in matter and its laws, intuitions and reasonings, historic truths and

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future events, but loving confidence in a living being. It is just as distinct from intellectual faith as the feeling of love for a father is distinct from the estimate of his portrait. A child may believe the words of a stranger, but may have faith in a mother when she does not speak. Devils believe what God says, but they 'do not believe in God. Man sees with his eyes, hears with his ears, has all his physical qualities in his physical nature, and all his moral character in his moral nature. Whenever the right kind and degree of confidence and love are exercised, it is all that a moral being as such can do. And hence love, which implies proper estimate and emotion, is the fulfilling of the law. A man may be responsible for accepting or rejecting evidence, but simple belief as such—assent of the understanding to evidence—is neither right nor wrong; but "faith in God that works by love and purifies the heart" is allegiance to God, obedience to his law, and the condition of childhood in his family. Such faith has power:

1. Over the personal character and conduct. "To them that believe on his name" he gives "power to become the sons of God." "And if sons, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." This secures the "Spirit of life in Christ" which gives power over the appetites and instincts of the flesh, securing a new "birth of the Spirit," a "birth from above," a new life "hid with Christ in God." It gives power for ruling the ambitions and fluctuations of one's own spirit, which is "better than to rule a city." In a word, the whole of true Christian character and all good conduct depends upon true faith in God.

2. This is the power that endures all things. Loving confidence in family and friends will sometimes sustain with marvelous fortitude the labor and suffering for their welfare. But faith in God surpasses in this respect all other kinds and degrees of strength. It seems to secure

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divine power, so that in the severest and most excruciating distress the sufferers are not only able to endure, but to rejoice, in tribulation. The fire and blood of torture and martyrdom are thus endured with patience and triumph. Buddhists and Stoics have tried in vain to be insensible to pain, while the luxurious and profligate have with equal failure tried to increase animal pleasures in excess of suffering, but to faith alone belongs the honor of power for triumphantly and profitably enduring the ills of life. The world's sorrows are conquered, and its tears provisionally wiped away.

3. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Whether we look at the human heart in its natural depravity and tendency to selfishness and sin, or upon the world in its bloody history and general guilt and blackness of crime, we are forced to admit that power for overcoming such a world must be superhuman. Civil authority and military discipline, art and culture, science and wealth, have all been tried in vain for that purpose. Natural religion, reason, and philosophy have all been powerless in the fight against sin. But the "good fight of faith" has been successful whenever and wherever it has been tried. No intelligent man expects victory over the world's crimes and miseries without faith in truth, and truth in morals is only successful with its personification in some living being, and none but God is a true personification of "the truth which shall make you free" and by which men are "sanctified through the truth." This is the "faith that subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

It not only conquers the world, but gives new life. It conquers to save. Stoicism only claims to deaden the pangs of pain. Pleasure seekers only pretend to furnish

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temporary pleasures. Wealth can only furnish a limited supply of gratifications, and further increase multiplies cares and troubles. The modern type of old heathenism which teaches men to deny the pain that everybody knows is really experienced, is only a denial of common consciousness and common sense. But Christian faith furnishes the good instead of evil, happiness in the place of sorrow, hope for despair. It is thus the great and the only reformatory power the world has ever seen. Faith is the vital force of all benevolent and Christian enterprises. Without this, organizations are but dead bodies. Priestcraft, ritualism, and moral machinery may operate for awhile, like galvanism upon a corpse, but the true element of life and usefulness is gone. Faith that stirs men to "take hold on God" is the only hope of the Church and the world.

4. This power is promised and manifested especially in connection with prayer, which is the condition of certain blessings not otherwise secured. All blessings have their appropriate conditions. The eye for beauty, the ear for music, the sense of taste for food. Health and strength, food and raiment, knowledge and civilization, all have their conditions. So it is with reference to happiness, holiness, and hope. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." A man might as well think of eating plates for food, studying astronomy with a plow, or clothing himself with arguments, as to expect to be saved without faith. And he might as well think of living happily with his wife without conversation as to pretend to love God and not speak or pray to him. Prayer as an act of worship has its purposes, and is the condition of many blessings regardless of specific petitions. And even specific petitions are often general conditions. Repetition, multiplicity, and importunity may be necessary to success. Cornelius was informed that his *prayers* came

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up before God. How many were necessary to secure that answer we do not know, nor how many times Jacob repeated his request. We only know that the repetition is sometimes the condition. But there are two universal, indispensable conditions of successful petition in prayer: that general, evangelical, loving trust which accepts of God's promises and embraces the living God in Christ as a real, living being, such confidence and love as lead from sin to entire submission; and "if we ask anything according to his will," he heareth. A saving faith and petitions according to God's will are requisite always. The Word of God, providential circumstances, and the influence of the Spirit are the sources of our knowledge upon that question. And then we may not know positively, and so must follow Christ in saying, "Thy will be done." Petitions thus inspired may be answered in one of two ways: sometimes by the specific blessing asked for, but more commonly by the gift of the ultimate blessing contemplated in the specific petition. A widow may ask for money to purchase bread. If the money is not given, the prayer is answered if the bread is bestowed. A patient may ask his physician for a certain medicine to cure his disease. The doctor, knowing better, may effect a cure by other means and thus answer the petition. Every praying man has some end more generic and ultimate than his specific petition. A man prays for wealth or health, but neither could be a blessing without a right state of mind, nor a real good if asked for animal and selfish purposes. If, in the loss of both, the higher happiness is secured, the prayer is answered. Any prayer offered for the life of James A. Garfield as a mere animal life, or a life in insanity or crime, was an abomination; but every prayer offered for that life in true faith was answered in the general good of the nation, the ultimate end of all true Christian citizens. All true faith reaches above and be-

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yond mere facts, to God himself. There is scarcely a greater absurdity conceivable than the assumption that the belief in certain historic facts or future events is faith. A belief that a sick friend is going to recover may be entertained by a praying Christian or an infidel quack without any faith in God. An unbelieving worldling may believe that church prosperity is sure to follow the eloquent sensationalist, while the true believer sees no grounds for such expectations. Belief in a coming revival may be firm without the least faith. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and any such man to whom God reveals his will and purpose respecting any blessing or desired event, requiring prayer as its condition, is in joint heirship with Christ, and can never fail in anything asked in his name. There is no limit to the power of faith in prayer but the will of God. To stop the sun, transplant the mountain, heal the sick, or raise the dead is possible for the Almighty, and for those whom he authorizes. But let no one imagine that his belief in such possibilities is evidence of divine authority. Indeed, there is not a particle of evidence that the power to work miracles was ever given to any one as a continuous gift to be employed at his own pleasure. Once Joshua stopped the sun, once Elijah prayed for rain, and once Paul shook off the deadly viper, but never to gratify ambition or curiosity. To prove divine authority, miracles were wrought, and undoubtedly only upon the revelation of God. If anybody has such revelations now, let him show the power. "These signs shall follow them that believe." And so it has been, but not all believers at all times and places, but so as to prove the presence and authority of Christ. Even Christ did not work miracles alike in all places. If miracles are necessary, the power of faith is the same as ever. And they were never wrought when unnecessary. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." But not all the sick; if so, none would die.

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There remains yet one other question respecting this power of faith. Where or in what department of the divine administration is this power to be exercised? In the physical or moral government of God. One method was adopted in talking with Adam, another with Moses, another with the prophets, and yet another in the Gospel dispensation. John prophesied of Christ and the baptism of the Spirit. Christ, after promising to "be with his people to the end of the world," and to "meet with two or three who should meet in his name," said it was "expedient" for him to go away, for he would send "another Comforter who should abide with them for ever." Ordering the Apostles to "wait in Jerusalem until endued with power from on high," he left the world to be governed under the influence of the Spirit. This spirit was poured out at the Day of Pentecost, at the opening of the kingdom to the Samaritans and the Gentiles, and in all the Christian churches. The church is now a "spiritual building," and its praying is "in the Holy Ghost," which teaches men how they "ought to pray," and all its work is to be "led by the Spirit." Evidently the works and faith and prayers are now in the spiritual dominion of the King eternal. All physical divine manifestations typified and represented the mental and spiritual. Instead of physical phenomena, we now have the spiritual; instead of miracles upon rocks and seas, we now have the miracles of grace; instead of circumcision, the spiritual birth. Answers to prayer and the promise of faith are now upon the heart, and *through the mind* upon the body. "The prayer of faith saves the sick" by its marvelous influence upon the mind and nerves, which is frequently more effective than medicines. That this is the nature of *real* faith cures is evident from the fact that the best authenticated cases are those more closely connected with the mind and nerves, while new eyes, new hands and feet, and resurrec-

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tion from the dead are not even pretended. There never was a time when the power of faith was stronger or more effective than it is to-day. Never were its results and possibilities greater than at present, nor the demand for its exercise more imperative. Divine power over material forces has been sufficient to prove the presence and spirituality of God and the divine authority of his revelations. And now it only remains for believers to trust in him and lead the world to surrender to his spiritual and gracious dominion. "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Articles from Papers

CHRIST'S PRAYER FOR UNION

"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."— John 17: 21.

This petition could not have referred to church or denominational union.

1. God is a Spirit, and the only conceivable union between the Father and the Son must be spiritual. To affirm a physical, ecclesiastical, or organic union in the Godhead is absurd, if not blasphemous.

2. Christian, spiritual union is experienced where organizations are not the same. True Christians are one in spirit, and love confined to associates in ecclesiastical organizations is not Christian love; and those who look for union only in such organizations fail to appreciate the prayer of Christ and the spirituality of his Church.

3. Christ's prayer was consistent, according to the will of God, for God's own people, offered by the most worthy suppliant who ever prayed. To suppose that this petition is unanswered respecting the millions who from different churches have gone to heaven, or that it was answered respecting the members of the one Roman Catholic church during the Dark Ages, is inconsistent with the character of Christ, the doctrine of prayer, and the promises of God.

4. The greatest degree of ecclesiastical unity has prevailed under the Pope of Rome, but the multiplied denom-

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inations in *Christian union* have led more of "the world to believe" in Christ during the present century than ecclesiastical unity ever effected in a thousand years before.

Christ's prayer is heard and answered, and would be if sects were doubled. Some men talk about visible churches and sects with seemingly as little conception of the spirituality of Christ's Kingdom as the Jews evinced eighteen hundred years ago.

REVIVALS.

The finite forces of matter and mind are vibratory. The air that moves the infant's lungs and floats the snowflake away soon in the currents of a cyclone moves fifty miles an hour with force that sweeps fruits and fortunes, houses and occupants, to destruction. The gentle shower may increase to a cloudburst that washes the mountain-side, and the smooth river with unobserved current may soon form a cataract which makes the mountain tremble. The slumbering forces of the earth may break forth in the earthquake or volcano. In the vegetable kingdom the growing trees grow for a few days or weeks, and then remain stationary for months. The bodies and instincts of men and animals are not developed by regular, invariable processes, but with much more rapid growth in some months than others. This is just as true of mental as animal development. Students and apprentices frequently improve as much in one term as in two other terms.

Thus by analogy and the universal laws of nature we are taught that development and improvement cannot be expected by continuous unchanging progress, but by special waves of force, human or divine, in individuals or society.

The history of religion furnishes no exception to this general rule. Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedan-

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ism, and Roman Catholicism, in spite of their high professions of uniformity and infallibility, have developed many changes in the degrees of their success. They all had revivals.

And so it was with the Jews. That was a grand revival of Abrahamic faith under the labors of Moses and Aaron. And the revival in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah is worthy of special note in this connection. John the Baptist as a successful preacher of repentance and faith will be a good example in all revivals in all evangelistic labors to the end of time.

But Jesus himself was the greatest and most wonderful and exciting revivalist ever seen upon earth. When we consider that he had at one time five thousand men, beside women and children, a hundred miles from Jerusalem, the only large city in Palestine, without civil authority, royal display, or other worldly advantages, with nothing to attract but the plain truth of man's depravity and God's offer of mercy by the death of his Son, we must conclude that there must have been tremendous excitement to draw ten thousand people such distances, over such roads, and hold them there until evening. Modern revivals, with all the attractions of the music, art, and eloquence of advanced civilization, produce no equal excitement. But he "continued all night in prayer," and "wept over" the wicked city, in the real revival spirit.

And the Apostles entered into that same spirit at Pentecost after the ten days' prayer meeting. And the book of the Acts of the Apostles is mainly the history of "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

But the absolute necessity of seasons of special revival is not only vindicated by analogy and the laws of nature, the experiences of the world, the history of Israel, the experience and practice of Christ and the Apostles, but the

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nature of things and circumstances proves the indispensable necessity of such works and experiences at the present time.

1. Religious and moral errors are very numerous, and they are seldom removed by logic and philosophy. Combined heart forces and divine influence are more effectual.

2. There never was a time when art, appetites, false reasoning, habits, pride, and the fear of the world produced so many excuses, apologies, false arguments, false garbs for sin as at the present day. A public revival that affects public sentiment affects these difficulties.

3. Every one by his nature and environment is carried by strong currents in the "broad road" of the world that leadeth to destruction. Thus habits are fixed which can only be broken by vigorous effort and excitement.

4. This is a busy world, in which the people not only ask, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" but, "How shall we get money, and how shall we make it more productive?" How can it be expected that these strong habits of thought and feeling will be changed, and worldliness and wickedness be abandoned for God and heaven, without some special impulses, human and divine? The Spirit is promised to "reprove the world" for this very purpose.

5. A very large proportion of the world will never move in public enterprises, politics, or religion, until moved upon by the public. And very few persons remain unmoved when the public is moved. One man may do his own work, but he cannot alone man a war-ship, or even pull it into the dock for repairs. This is the greatest cause of failure in revival work—too much expected of one man.

It sometimes takes the vote of a whole State to induce one man to vote. It often requires a whole church to produce a public sentiment sufficient to influence one into the way of life.

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SUBSTITUTIONAL ATONEMENT

Every leaf and flower, every nerve and muscle in all organic matter, is provided with remedial force for the relief of disease and the prevention of death. All disease is not remedied, nor is death avoided, but the universality of remedy in nature indicates the divine plan, and the probability of remedy for moral evil. These natural provisions for relief and safety are largely substitutional, and so it is in the moral government of God. If a hand or eye is injured, other muscles or senses are quickened for extra service. If individuals of families or civil society fail, others must bear the extra burdens, and so fulfil the laws of nature and "of Christ." The existence of society without this provision is inconceivable.

Substitutional service and sacrifice are required in all relations of life. It was indicated in the divine voice to the tempter in Eden, and more fully stated respecting the offering of Abel; not forgotten by Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the Israelites. By revelation Moses gave specific instruction respecting atonement and sacrifices. Lev. 5 : 16; Exod. 32 : 30; Num. 6 : 11. In all the offerings and sacrifices of the Jews two objects were evidently in view : (1) Such obedience to divine law as to secure the favor of God. (2) The continued presentation of the promised Messiah. Failure in this regard was counted robbery of God. Mal. 3 : 8. In the promises to the patriarchs—the prophecies of Moses, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Malachi, and others—and in the preaching of John the Baptist, Christ is brought forth as the great offering. The preaching of Christ and the Apostles recognized the divinity of Christ and the manhood of Christ, and the worship and honor rendered to him and the demands for general belief occupied so much attention that the personal character and work of the atonement was not generally made prominent in their preaching. The military spirit of the age led to

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the recognition of the "rights of conquest" as a ground of governmental claims to authority, so that many supposed the conquest of Satan in Eden gave him a claim to the proprietorship and governorship of the first parents and their posterity. This theory with modifications continued for a long time, especially with the Ebionites, who were of Jewish origin and denied the divinity of Christ. The Gnostics with assumed superiority of knowledge and philosophy virtually denied the humanity of Christ. And so between these extremes the nominal Christian Church was agitated until Anselm in the tenth century made a statement of the doctrine of Christ and the atonement generally satisfactory to evangelical Christians.

It is now generally believed that the Creator is the proprietor and universal Ruler of the universe—that he has established such physical laws as best to represent the attributes and character of the Creator and to promote the happiness of universal being. That as a moral governor he has published such laws and penalties as required by the nature and relations of mankind. But the revelations of God's works and word prove that voluntary substitutional penalties may be accepted when the principles of justice and benevolence are recognized and motives against vice and for virtue made as effective as personal penalties. And so "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life," and the Son voluntarily gave his life for that purpose. Matt. 20 : 28 ; Isa. 35 : 10 ; John 1 : 29 ; 3 : 16 ; 6 : 54 ; Rom. 3 : 25 ; 5 : 91 ; Pet. 3 : 18. Every family, church, and state is based upon this law of substitution. And society is inconceivable, and benevolence impossible, without the law of bearing one another's burdens. This is the law of Christ. Gal. 6 : 2. And so the innocent suffers for the guilty.

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Moral evil is the greatest evil in the universe, and moral rectitude (the right state of mind towards God and man) the greatest good in the universe. Penalty is for preventing one and promoting the other, and if a substitute endures the penalty with benevolent purpose he thus secures the highest happiness possible. All penalty must be evil to the sufferer or it is not penalty, but it need not be equal to the desert of the criminal. If so, it would not diminish suffering as a whole. But if the character and relations of the substitute are as effective against sin and for justice as the penalty would have been, law and justice are satisfied and the criminal is pardoned.

Such is the relation of Christ and his sufferings to man and his redemption. But such could not be the case if the object was only to show God's hatred of sin—and he died as an example for that purpose—or if he died regardless of law and public justice simply as a moral influence. What would a human government be that should enact laws and penalties, and then say that any transgressor might escape the penalty by reform and petition, or without either? But Christ died for sinners, and that upon condition of repentance (the right state of mind respecting sin) and faith (the right state of mind towards God) they shall be pardoned. This is God's plan of salvation. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4: 12).

COMMON SENSE AND RELIGION

Common sense sometimes means common consciousness, or the sum total of man's intelligence; and sometimes just enough of human intelligence to distinguish him from the lower animals. But more generally and in this paper it means the intuitive action of the mind towards a reasonable end, without the process of reasoning. It in-

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cludes the common action of the "five senses," the intuitions respecting original suggestions and all the necessary truths implied in reasoning and logical or practical propositions; in which all honest men with equal intelligence and advantages of environment will commonly agree.

Common sense teaches and proves the existence of a God.

1. There are certain original suggestions, or elementary thoughts, never proved or denied, but early and always in the field of consciousness, and necessary in all mental activity. The infant sees the light, then the mother, thus indicating the original suggestion of entity, or *being*. It soon reaches for the picture or its mother, and thus shows the idea of *space*, the where. But in that reaching there must be idea or notion of *power*, the most tangible and universal idea in the universe. Immediately that child observes the difference between the time of asking and receiving, and thus arises the fourth original suggestion, *duration*. And this as a simple idea may be applied to eternity or an hour. Any limitation or qualification of duration makes it a compound idea. And so of any element of thought or thing. No one can in thought or feeling pass these four elements of thought without coming to the principle of *causality*. Not by finding an effect of which the mind necessarily affirms a cause, for the idea of cause must be there before we speak of cause and effect. Cause is therefore considered elementary. The individual has found himself and his mother, and thus the original suggestion of being or existence, the notion of space that is between himself and others, the idea of power in efforts for objects of desire, and simple duration in succession of events and cause in effects always. These are included in, if not the whole of, the natural attributes of God, and as they are original in human nature may be considered the facts or attributes of the Creator, fixed by himself in

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the mind of man indelibly, so that the normal activities of mind and men shall reveal God in every place and period of the universe.

There are other ideas which, if not as simple and philosophical, are of equal importance. All moral law is the claim of one or more to whom an obligation is due upon those owing the obligation, and therefore must always be according to the nature and relations of the subjects. Anything less or more is not just, and therefore not binding. All law must be a revelation from the party to whom the obligation is due. "Where no law is, there is no transgression." Revelation of laws may be general or specific, to individuals or society. Laws may be revealed by works or words. God's laws to men are revealed in nature, providence, and grace, and in his Word.

2. Common sense approves of common and special testimony. The character, ability, and numbers of believers in the existence of an intelligent, independent God is another evidence of the truth of that belief. A large portion and proportion of the human race have believed in a divine existence. Even polytheists while worshipping many gods have believed in the supreme agency and divinity of a ruling force, and generally in a central, supreme Author and Ruler over all, and considered the others as inferior deities. This will include the best class of pagans and deists. Probably more than ninety-nine hundredths of the most civilized, best educated, and benevolent of our race have believed in one God, and as a rule they are the best able to testify upon this subject.

3. The general utility of this belief is an argument in its favor. The Greek philosophers considered it of great importance in civil government, without which it was said an efficient government could not be maintained. The usual form and practice of oaths in evidence and among

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civil officers, whatever may be thought of their necessity or propriety, indicates the permanency of the belief in the utility of religious beliefs and practices.

But in the social experience of the world the utility of theism is best seen. It is under the influence of that belief that the family relation has been established and perpetuated, and most of the enjoyments of life are made possible. Public conscience, so indispensable in commercial and business relations, depends largely upon public convictions respecting God ; and when he is set aside governments fail and anarchy prevails.

Institutions of learning have been established and maintained only where men have believed in a God and worshiped him in some way. Poetry and books have been successfully published under that influence, and nowhere else. The great English statesman expressed a willingness to consider favorably the claims of infidelity when it could show its schools and benevolent institutions, which are now found only in Christian countries. This world is full of sin and sorrow. Most of the criminals are godless in belief and character, but most of the institutions for reforming the wicked and relieving the suffering are built and upheld by faith in God. Whoever heard of a free thinkers' free school, a Voltaire hospital, or an Ingersoll rescue mission ?

But personal experiences may be multiplied until they assume vast proportions. Millions of Christians die every year in hope and peace. Probably many unbelievers die without fear, like the animals, but never with hope and peace. Even if belief in God were a fiction and the Christian's hope a dream, the peace of the dying is a great comfort, and the hope of their friends of inestimable worth, such as an unbeliever in God can never know. Belief in God furnishes more happiness to the sick and dying and

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their friends every year than a thousand millions of golden dollars could possibly impart. The utility of this doctrine is a sound proof in its favor.

4. The argument of Paley and others, based upon the statement that the exhibition of intelligent design proves the existence of a designer, has never been refuted, but is too well known to demand a repetition. The force of this argument depends upon the number of adaptations, as in the thousands of cells and fibers of the biceps muscle, which produces a single motion of the forearm, and the thousands of works designed by that single action. There are hundreds of thousands of cells and fibers or parts of the human body, not one of which is useless or without design. And the relations of parts and forces of the body reveal more of skill and intelligence than the steam engine or a silk factory. No wonder that with few exceptions men have everywhere and always believed that the world was the work of a God.

There are four great facts revealed respecting the character of God, the consideration of which necessarily includes the subject of moral character, and therefore are known as his moral attributes.

Wisdom is defined as the choice of the best ends, and the selection of the best means for their attainment. That God is wise in the true sense is clearly revealed in the existence and government of the universe, in which the happiness of universal being is evidently the great end proposed, and the innumerable sources of divine, angelic, human, and animal pleasures are proofs unlimited. That his holiness—love of truth and right—is beyond all finite appreciation is evident from the facts of his government and repetitions of his highest worshipers, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"

The goodness of God equals his wisdom and holiness, whether contemplated in his personal rectitude of charac-

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ter or benevolence of action. "Every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father," and, although not appreciated or even recognized, yet every minute of time, particle of food, comfort of life, and hope for the future are indications of the infinite goodness revealed in the "unspeakable gift" of his Son for man's redemption.

But we must not insult common sense by omitting her testimony respecting the justice of God. Justice is not simply love, and yet there can be no true love without justice. As a personal trait it is implied in the consideration of other moral attributes. So every moral attribute is implied or assumed in every other, and yet they are not exactly alike.

Mythological philosophy brought out the goddess of justice, with her robes of dignity, stern face, and sharp eye, with the even-balanced scales in her hand. Her march is not ended nor her decisions entirely ignored, nor is the justice of God lost in his fatherhood. He is still upon his throne, executing justice upon individuals and nations the same as ever.

"Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever; a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of thy kingdom."

PREACHING THE GOSPEL

Who should preach the gospel? Those who are called of God. The will of God is seen in the natural ability and gifts. No man is required to see without eyes, hear without ears, or preach the gospel without the necessary ability. But as a man is dependent on mirrors to see his own eyes, and upon scales to learn his own weight, so he must learn his ability by external circumstances and the judgment of others. The voice of the people with whom he is associated is generally the voice of God respecting a man's call to the ministry.

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There may be also a providential call. A drowning man or a burning house may be a plain call to specific duty ; so a sinking church or the spiritual destitution of a district may be a Divine call to one like Jonah to go forth and do the preaching demanded.

The general commission has gone forth to preach the gospel to every creature, and the accompanying influence of the Spirit is promised to lead into all truth. And what path of truth and duty can be more important than the proclamation of salvation for sinners? The nature of the work, the promised Divine presence, the general conviction of the most devoted Christians of all times and places, and the actual experience of the most successful preachers, justify the belief in a spiritual call to the Christian ministry. It does not mean a self-reliant confidence in ability, nor miraculous dreams or visions.

But although we know not how mind influences the nerves and muscles of our bodies or the mind and feelings of others, we know that such influences are positive facts. So while we know not the methods of the divine Spirit, yet we know that, agreeable to divine promise, he leads into truth and duty, and persons are impressed in such a way and to such a degree that the conviction of duty becomes clear, and one finds no rest but in yielding to the conviction. Thus Christians are impressed to labor in Sabbath schools or as missionaries, and thus the true ministers of Christ are called to preach the gospel.

This call may not always be understood, and mistakes may be made in this as in other spiritual impressions. But we are to "try the spirits" by the voice of God, and then take that course that is least doubtful. "He that doubteth is damned if he eat." That is, to take the most doubtful course is always criminal. Many persons go into other callings without even a question of the Divine mind, but refuse the ministry because they do not *know* it to be

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their duty. They never can know by mathematical certainty, as they know a whole is greater than its parts, or that the sides of a square are equal. No duty is thus known. The strongest probability, the least doubtful course, is the rule of life in religious work as in all other work.

THE SUCCESSFUL PASTOR

(An Ocean Park Lecture.)

Each human being by his natural peculiarities is called by the God of nature to his appropriate profession or calling. And the voice of the people and other circumstances furnish a providential call.

Being thus made a minister by creation, providence, and the Holy Ghost, he is sent to the world with the message of mercy, responsible ultimately only to God, and bound to do the work assigned as best he can, whether men will bear or forbear, whether he is paid or persecuted. Pastors are ministers appointed, called, or elected to particular churches or assemblies of believers to co-operate with them in the great work of evangelization. Natural ability, education, piety, and spirituality are necessary conditions of success in this office; but, assuming the importance of these qualifications, let us select for our present purpose four conditions of success in the pastoral work.

1. The assumption of a right position respecting the work and relations of a pastor.

A pastor is not a civil officer nor ecclesiastical governor. He is not called simply to teach or to amuse or entertain the public. He is not a hireling. The worth of his labors can no more be measured by money than music with scales. The pastor is an elected officer and not a hired man. The man who learns how to prepare and deliver public orations and then hires out to preach sermons approaches about as near to a real pastor as the mechanic who polishes an

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organ does to a musician, or a hired courier to a general, or a hired man to the real father. The church organization is not complete without a pastor as well as deacons, and when elected he is to be considered a part of the church and not "a party of the second part" in a contract. Hired men have been useful in caring for families and churches, and yet for real and ultimate prosperity of the family or church, there is generally something more needed, a real, living entity.

2. Intensity of conviction is another indispensable condition of pastoral success. Truth may be received and employed for literary purposes, to fill out a plot, for speculative purposes, for opinion's sake, for didactic purposes in mere instruction. It may be received and delivered with doubt as a kind of choice between probabilities, as mere opinions, or with all the confidence of moral certainty, as statement of reality. Only by such positive convictions, as influential upon the speaker as demonstration itself, can pulpit labors be successful.

A pastor must not only have unwavering convictions of the truth spoken, but deep convictions of its importance. Some truths are more important than others, and that pastor who talks and preaches of God and heaven, of Christ and salvation, of sin and damnation, with as little earnestness as is shown by common traders and secular teachers, can hardly expect success. Emotion is not piety, nor proof of piety, but every man ought to be moved in feelings, expressions, and actions, according to the importance of the subject in hand, and a minister who exhibits less earnestness in the eternal realities and truths of the gospel than other subjects, can scarcely expect to convince others. A celebrated actor is reported as saying to a clergyman, "We speak fiction as if it was truth; you preach truth as if it was fiction; therefore theatres are filled and churches are empty."

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But there must be intense convictions respecting duty as well as truth. Not a mere professional choice, or even a hope to be happy and useful, nor, upon the other hand, a struggle against duty, but a deep, settled conviction of duty to God and man—the feeling that “woe is me if I preach not the gospel,” enforced by the law of God, the example of Christ, and all the claims of a ruined world. This feeling of obligation pressing stronger than love of happiness or fame, stronger than love of friends or life, is the secret of apostolic success, and must be the most potent force in every successful pastor’s life.

3. And this will lead to self-abnegation and self-denial. An author writes successfully only while absorbed in his subject and forgetful of himself. A general in true patriotic service is not studying upon salary and fame. In every work and calling, success depends on concentration of attention and force. Especially is this true of pastoral work, which has in view objects infinitely more important than any earthly good. Who has not seen ministers withered and shriveled, dejected and rejected, because of special care for themselves in reference to reputation (“influence,” they term it), support, etc.? And whoever saw a successful pastor who was not self-denying? A sensation-alist may seem to succeed for a time with selfish ends, a minister may succeed in pleasing the people and hiring out to preach sermons; real pastoral success we have never seen without self-denial and sacrifice. So Christ and the apostles worked, and the same spirit must be in the laborers of all ages. This spirit is scarcely less important or less difficult to maintain in the midst of worldly promises of self-satisfaction than under the threatening of persecution, torture, and death. (Mark 10: 29, 30.)

4. But, in addition to all other conditions of success, confidence and hopefulness are indispensable. A noted evangelist has said that God will not use a discouraged

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man. What cowardly general ever gained a victory? What weakling in the ministry who with weekly and weakly complaining of his own inability, the coldness of the church, and opposition of the world loads himself and others with discouragements, ever fed the Church of God or converted sinners from the error of their ways? Cheerful hopefulness and godly courage are the special wants of our churches and ministry. Cowards were worse than useless in the days of Gideon, and cowardly pastors are worse than none, discouraging, perhaps, some women who might otherwise repeat the story of the risen Christ. There can be no truths and motives so powerful as those of the Gospel, nor promises that will compare with the promises of God, nor help for any work like the influence of the Holy Spirit. With these divine encouragements, enough to make soldiers of children and victors of the weakest, we have the history and experience of the Church, which in spite of the numbers and strength of its enemies, and the weakness of its friends, has advanced from victory to victory, showing thousands of instances of marvelous successes under great difficulties. These are prophecies of future triumph, encouragements to every faithful worker, and a reproof to every hopeless pastor.

Let pastors, then, assume the right position in the field, engage in the work with earnestness, self-denial, and hopefulness, and they may expect success. "The word of the Lord endureth forever," and "all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him are amen, unto the glory of God by us."

WHERE SHALL I GO TO SCHOOL?

"Where I can secure the largest opportunities, of course. I cannot afford to waste my time in second-class institutions any more than the Chinaman could afford to get a No. 6 boot to fit his own foot when he could get a No. 12

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which would make more show and secure notoriety. What if the large telescope cannot be used by seven in a thousand students, nor the old manuscripts be studied at all by those giving their time to college studies, still the honor of going to a university or a great college is an object, and these large faculties and large salaries show their greatness. Is not wealth always the sign of greatness, and large salaries proof of ability? To be sure, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Henry Wilson, and some such men died poor. But great scholars can get money, and as no other motive is possible, teachers with large salaries must be great men, and *vice versa*."

But, my friend, schools are not reflectors to be estimated by the extent and brilliancy of their surface, nor tunnels through which to pour knowledge into empty heads, nor millinery or tailor shops for furnishing personal ornaments, nor echo halls to re-echo technical terms and fulsome praises, nor marble shops for inscribing names and titles, nor literary tables for supplying delicacies and luxuries of taste; but they are mainly for the development of mind and character. They are to make men, and to make men useful and successful parts of society. The adaptation of the school to the student, and to the student in his relations to circumstances and society, is a question of much greater importance than the magnitude of the institution, or even the facilities for imparting theoretical knowledge. Learning, like water, in itself is always pure, but its mixtures, compounds, and reservoirs may render it a deadly poison. The moral atmosphere, false philosophy, and social surroundings may stupefy the conscience and sensibilities, and lead to associations and habits worse than ignorance itself.

But another consideration of no small account is the probability of usefulness. A student has no right to stultify himself and ignore responsibility while in school,

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and the habits formed in doing so will prove a serious injury through life. Student life may be very useful, and not one half the pastors are as useful as some students. With most men this is impossible, excepting in institutions for which there is a special affinity. Let every student make this matter one of special inquiry—"live each day as though it was the last."

"Where shall I go to school?" (1) Where there is a *strong* religious influence. I need this for my personal safety and spiritual improvement, and for help in securing qualifications for usefulness. (2) Where I can harmonize with the doctrines, and the spirit and modes of worship, thus avoiding jealousy, unpleasant feelings, and controversy. (3) Where I probably can be of service in moral and Christian work. (4) Where the probabilities of conversion are increased. (5) Where, at least by my presence, I can help an institution for which my friends and church are more or less responsible. (6) Where there is not too much conservatism, nor too much radicalism, but where the spirit of energy and enterprise accords with the spirit of the age and of the field where I shall probably live and labor. (7) Where, with these considerations, I can expect sufficient help to make a man of myself, with independence, education, and piety combined.

July 23, 1885.

BRIEF QUOTATIONS.

"Church and denominational worth and beauty do not consist in numbers, wealth, or external appearances. The real worth and beauty of the church consists in its doctrines, spirit, and practice. It was not lack of numbers but longing for the 'leeks and onions,' and lack of faith and courage, that kept the Israelites upon the deserts forty years. The same causes will keep any church in the

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desert. Jesus did not glory in numbers or temporalities, but, without either wealth or the smiles of the great, preached to the poor, the common people. Let us not glory in men, nor ask the world's smiles upon external beauties and apparent successes. 'Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me.'"

"Any head of a family who can keep a dog or buy a carpet, take a secular paper or pay fraternity fees, drink tea or coffee, and yet refuses to subscribe for such a religious and family necessity as a good religious periodical, ought to find the 'anxious seat' or give some other indication of a change of purpose immediately. At any rate, let him be prayed for.

"But if there is any professed Christian who dares to spend his Lord's money for tobacco instead of taking a religious family paper, let him read Gal. 6: 7, 8, and learn the consequences of sowing to the flesh."

"Unbelief is the greatest sin on earth. It involves the coldest ingratitude for the richest blessings, personal abuse of the best Friend, rebellion against the best government, and the loss of all hope."

"Is there anything in the New Testament, or in the nature of the case, making it the exclusive duty of ministers to visit strangers and the sick, to make religious calls upon individuals and families, to personally invite sinners to Christ? From the Bible and experience, these duties seem to belong to Christians as such, and not exclusively to the ministry, and yet most pastors are engaged for that very work, and not one church member in three hundred expects to do any religious family visiting. They have a hired man to do that work for them!"

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"Those who talk of duties to themselves ought to understand they are not law-makers, even for themselves, and that their first law is to God, who orders all things for the best. There can be no duty without a law, nor law without relations, nor relations without obligations, nor obligations without conscience, nor conscience without intelligence. This golden chain is fixed in nature by the Creator, thus uniting man with God, earth with heaven, time with eternity."

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD AND BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

[This article was the last Dr. Dunn wrote for publication.]

According to Webster, there are fifteen different meanings to the word "father." God is not a father in the same sense that a man is the father of his own children; nor in the same sense that the devil is the father of his children. If he is the father of all men, as cause of all men and things, then as universal cause he is the father of everything in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms of nature.

But this phrase came into use in the early days of Universalism as expressive of Divine sympathy for man regardless of atonement or character. There are three kinds of feelings possible respecting the sinful and suffering: (1) Sympathy, which is purely instinctive, involuntary, and without moral character. (2) Benevolence, which is voluntary, intentional good-will to being, and the foundation of all good character. "God is love," but not a God of sympathy. (3) Approval of right or wrong in others. This, of course, must be of the same moral character as that which is approved.

A large proportion of parental sympathies are purely instinctive, the same in animal as in human parents. The